THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y) 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Vol. LXXII, No. 8 New York, February 25, 1922 Whole Number 1662

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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THE BONUS BECOMING A BIG POLITICAL ISSUE

TO THE JOBLESS EX-FIGHTER who needs cash, to the Congressman who needs votes in November, to the taxpayer who must eventually foot the bill, the question whether a bonus shall be paid to our soldiers of the Great War, and how the money is to be raised to pay it, is of increasing interest. Public opinion is becoming more vocal; it is taking sides; it is being heard in newspaper editorials, in the speeches of Senators and Representatives, in statements issued by organized bodies of citizens and in the truckloads of letters and telegrams being sent to the Capitol and White House. Press correspondents play up the bonus controversy as a leading political factor, which may be the turning point of the Harding Administration and which may furnish a big issue for next fall's elections. In Congress, as the Washington *Post* notes, the bonus discussion "continues with increasing gravity as the time approaches for meeting this problem face to face." In *The Post's* opinion, which is thought to reflect that of the White House, "a long debate that may become most controversial would not be unexpected nor can a thorough airing of the subject do any harm." To help make the "airing" thorough, and to enable the reader to judge for himself which side is winning the debate, it may be useful to gather together the chief arguments of leading spokesmen on both sides and to outline from the Washington dispatches the story of the evolution of the bonus as a storm-center of politics.

CAN'T DODGE IT.

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

The bonus became a live political issue, it may be remembered, when an "adjusted compensation" bill was adopted by the House of Representatives last year and then failed to pass the Senate only because President Harding came in person to plead against such action. When the subject came up again at the present session of Congress, President Harding was reported by the correspondents to have joined the Congressional majority favoring the bonus, but on the distinct understanding that any bill must carry a provision for raising the needed funds. In a letter quoted in these pages two weeks ago, Secretary Mellon explained to Congressman Fordney that the Treasury could not stand any bonus borrowings, and that the taxpayer would find it most difficult to pay new or increased levies. Legislators began to devise plans for raising the money, but as David Lawrence observes in one of his dispatches, "no comprehensive plan has yet been offered by anybody whereby the funds can be raised without adding to the cost of living and the already numerous burdens under which American business is struggling." As the weeks go on, another correspondent, Mark Sullivan, finds Congressmen imprest by opposition to the bonus from Chambers of Commerce and organized trade bodies, and from farmers in the West and South. Louis Seibold writes in the New York *Herald* that members of Congress are being overwhelmed with protests against the bonus and that in the letters of protest "the most general reason urged against the bonus is that it would compel the Government to impose more taxes instead of responding to the universal demand for less taxes." Secretary Mellon comes before the Ways and Means Committee to repeat that present taxes can not be increased to pay for the bonus, and new ones must be raised. Army experts put the cost of a bonus at $2,500,000,000, about half the maximum sum hitherto mentioned. To raise this money various new taxes are suggested. The idea of legalizing and taxing the sale of light wines and beers wins the enthusiastic advocacy of the New York *World*. The National Grange comes out for an excess profits tax. Some Congressmen suggest that taxation might be avoided by paying the bonus out of savings realized by reductions in the Navy and in Army and Navy personnel. Why tax anybody, asks Arthur Brisbane in the New York *American*, "why not simply print the currency and pay the soldiers with perfectly good money manufactured by the Government at the cost of paper and printing without taxing any one or disturbing any business?" Senator Watson of Indiana spoke for many of his colleagues when he predicted that it would "come to a bond issue." Secretary Fall suggested that the bonus could be paid without burdening any one, simply by making use of the vast resources of Alaska. Secretary Hoover, in his turn, advocated

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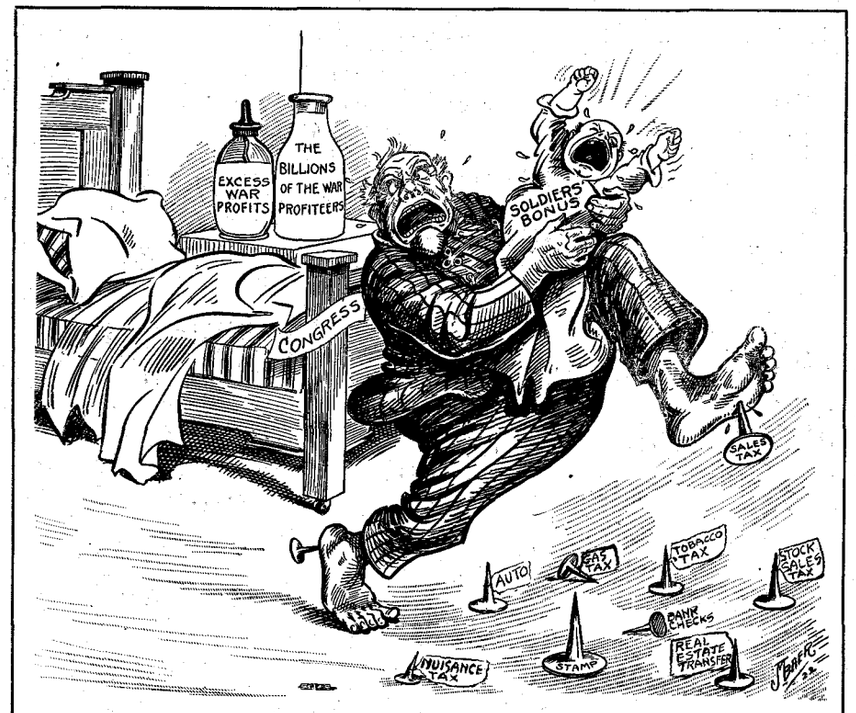
substituting for the bonus a blanket insurance covering unemployment, sickness, accident and old age. Finally the House Ways and Means Committee recommended to the Senate Finance Committee this specific schedule of new taxes:



GIVE HIM THE BOTTLE!
—Baer in *Labor* (Washington, D. C.).

"A tax of 50 cents per 1,000 on cigarets to yield $25,000,000.

"A tax of 1 per cent. per gallon on gasoline to raise $70,000,000.

"Doubling the present theater admission tax to yield $75,000,000.

"A tax of $2 per $1,000 valuation on real estate transfers to yield $20,000,000.

"A tax on chewing and smoking tobacco of 2 cents a pound to yield $5,000,000.

"A tax of 2½ per cent. on undivided profits of corporations to yield $20,000,000.

"A tax of 25 cents a horse power on automobiles to yield $50,000,000.

"A tax on stock and bond transfers to raise $60,000,000.

"Increase of the parcel post rates to their former level, or an addition of 1 cent for every 25 cents, to yield $20,000,000."

But the publication of this program brought protests from automobile owners, theatrical managers, financial houses, real estate concerns and organizations of farmers and business men. It met with jeers from individual Senators and with disapproval from the President. In three or four days after it was made public, said one press correspondent, "the storm of protest from farmers, commercial, financial and industrial interests, large and small, and even some former service men themselves, had reached such proportions that the Congressional leaders were dismayed by the situation they had created." When a definite expression from President Harding was sought, he replied with a letter in which he declared himself unable to suggest any commendable plan other than that of a general sales tax which would distribute the cost of rewarding the ex-service men. And he said, "if Congress will not adopt such a plan, it would be wise to let the legislation go over until there is a situation which will justify the large outlay." A sales-tax measure now under consideration provides for a levy of one-half of one per cent. on virtually all commodities in general use, except agricultural products sold by farmers, and is expected to raise as much as $350,000,000 a year. One House leader is quoted in the New York papers as saying that sentiment is so strong for a bonus that Congress will pass the bill no matter what kind of tax is imposed. Some correspondents, however, regard the feeling against the sales tax as so dominant that the President's pronouncement means the rejection or indefinite delay of the whole bonus proposition. We are reminded by the New York *Evening Post* that "farmers through both their conservative and radical organizations, the Farm Bureau Federation and the Farmers' National Council, have served notice that they will not endure a sales tax." *The New Republic* does not see how any sales or consumption tax can be so administered as not to raise greatly the cost of living and this is "something the public would not take kindly to at the present juncture." But in view of the "injustice and the absurdity" of the other taxes which have been suggested, the only form of tax which the President could have acceded to has been "that from which the Congressional stalwarts have shied in trepidation—a sales tax," and, continues the Boston *News Bureau:*

"So we see Senator Smoot again encouraged to present his sales-tax bill. The 'bloc' and other elements in Congress have been averse to accepting such a measure. Now it apparently becomes the one bitter expedient."

While the party leaders in the White House and in Congress have thus been trying to settle upon some means for raising the bonus money, the debate over the justifiability of any bonus has been waxing more heated and more loud. A definite anti-bonus group of eleven Senators has appeared,

"AW, LEMME DO IT!"
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

notes the New York *Times*, which thinks they will be joined by several others. Senator Borah's vigorous attack on the bonus idea in his speech of February 13 is accepted by the press as a final statement of the position of these Senators and also

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of editors who share their views. Senator Borah's main argument is that the country's welfare must be placed even ahead of the ex-soldier's:

"The young men throughout the country who came back unimpaired in body and mind can not recover until the country

WHAT'S ONE MORE TWIST TO THE TAXPAYER?
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

recovers. What avail will it be to the soldiers of the country if they receive their five or six hundred dollars and impose an additional burden upon the country so as to continue to prostrate business, and prevent a recovery?

"If we are going to recover in this country at all, we can not recover along the road over which we are now traveling. We have $24,000,000,000 of indebtedness. We have from four to five billion dollars of annual expenses. We have confronting us the task of taking care of the wounded soldiers, at an expense of some $75,000,000,000 in the next forty or fifty years.

"The interest on our public debt amounts to almost a billion a year. Our obligation to the soldier will take over a billion five hundred million a year. How can we recover if we continue to increase these obligations and this burden of taxation? What shall it profit these young men with their five or six hundred dollars if their country continues in distress?"

On the other hand, the argument of those who favor adjusted compensation is well summed up by Senator Jones of New Mexico in a brief reply made to Senator Borah's speech:

"The legislation which provided for the recruiting of men for service in time of war embraced something over 24,000,000 men, each one of whom was subject to the call of his country and to be put in the ranks of the country's Army. Out of the 24,000,000 we selected only 4,000,000. The other 20,000,000 remained at home, remained in private employment, many of them, the great majority of them in private employment of their own choosing. They slept under comfortable roofs; they slept in good beds at night; they had their meals regularly. They were subject to the call of their country just the same as the 4,000,000, but they remained here in civil life, receiving the highest wages ever known in the history of the country.

"I ask the Senator if he does not realize that that puts upon this Government some sort of a special obligation to the 4,000,000 men who were called, as compared with the 20,000,000 who were subject to call, but who were not called, who remained in civil life and worked for the highest wages ever known in the country, who remained in the ordinary walks of activity, keeping in the channels of business and industry and commerce, retaining their jobs, their employment, and building up for the future, whereas the 4,000,000 were taken away and deprived of those opportunities and those privileges?"

The reasoning of these Senators is reflected in the editorials of the papers which take sides over the bonus. To quote first from dailies which share the belief of Senator Jones in the justifiability of the bonus, we read in Mr. Hearst's New York *Evening Journal:*

"There is real public opinion behind the soldiers' bonus. The nation feels that men taken from their jobs, added first to the army in Europe, and then brought home here to be added to the army of the idle and the temporarily 'down and out,' should have some consideration."

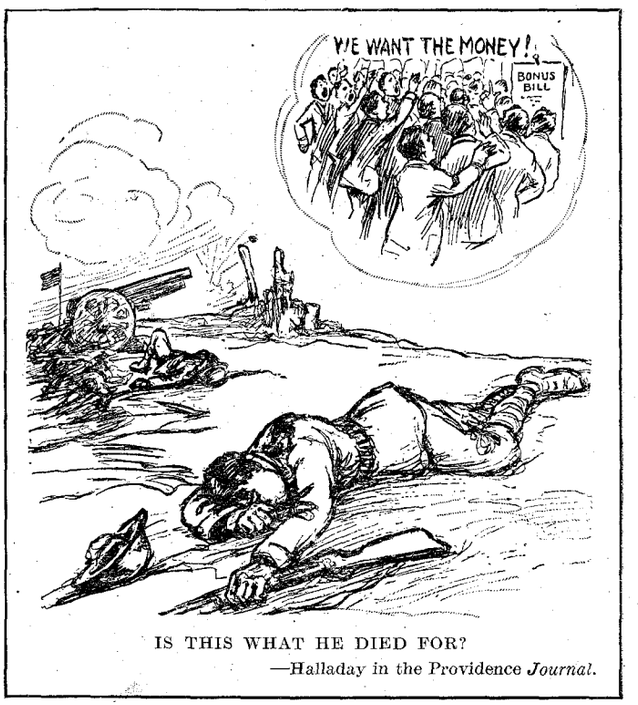
Another New York paper, *The Daily News*, defends the bonus as "simple justice to the nation's defenders" and "an investment in good-will." The financial objections to the bonus do not greatly impress the Seattle *Times*, which "ventures the modest prediction that bonus legislation will be enacted at this session and that money will be found with which to finance the payments to former service men. It also believes this end will be accomplished without breaking the back of the taxpayer or rifling the Treasury."

Turning in conclusion to the newspaper opposition to the bonus we find the daily press of New York almost a unit against it except for the papers already mentioned. The bonus fight is characterized by the New York *Globe* as "the most tragic, the most sordid, and in certain ways, the most ridiculous issue which ever divided the American people." The legislation, it says, "has been sordidly advocated and meanly opposed":

"The only important argument against the bonus is that it would defeat its own ends. It is inherently impracticable. The reason is simply that raising of the sums sufficient to pay the bonus would cost the veterans as well as their fellow citizens more than it would give them. Prices, wages, employment, and general economic conditions would be adversely affected.

"Still it is insincere to pretend that the country can not afford to meet an obligation of the magnitude of the bonus. Some of the very men who are against the bonus approve loans to railroads, and others favor subsidies to ship owners. If the nation can afford to lend money and give money to transportation interests, it can without bankruptcy pay the bonus."

But the opposition to the bonus is by no means confined to



IS THIS WHAT HE DIED FOR?
—Halladay in the Providence *Journal.*

New York, being vigorously voiced by such widely scattered dailies as the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, Newark *News*, Syracuse *Herald*, Buffalo *Commercial*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Dallas *News* and Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

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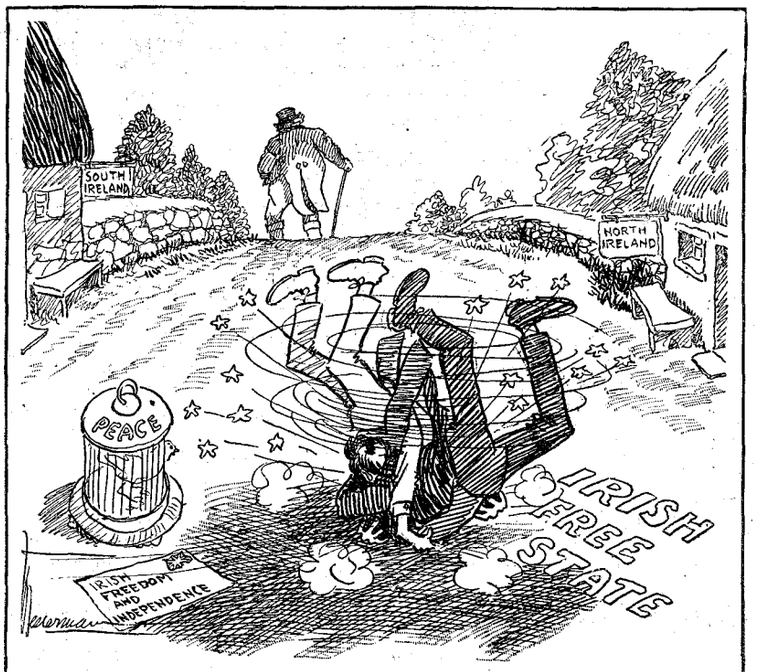
STORMY DAWN OF THE IRISH FREE STATE

THE DESPONDENT IRISHMAN who feared that a period of stagnation would follow the ending of the war with England seems to have had his worry for nothing. As an American editor remarks, recent events prove that "there is still as much old factionalism as new freedom" in Ireland. "If struggle is the sign and accompaniment of life, the Irish Free State can proudly challenge any one to deny its existence," notes the New York *Times*, reviewing the series of crises recorded in the Irish news dispatches of the last few weeks. First, the whole-hearted but premature rejoicing among friends of Ireland everywhere over the alleged agreement between Collins and Craig on



AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
—Westerman in the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*.

the difficult question of the Ulster boundary was jarred by the news that the "agreement" was all a mistake, and that the two leaders had entirely misunderstood each other's position. In the meantime, to celebrate this illusory agreement, Southern Ireland lifted its boycott of Ulster goods, and Ulster firms agreed to reemploy Catholic workmen. The first of these, however, to return to his job in a Belfast shipyard, dispatches tell us, was shot dead before he could enter the yard. Later came news of the murder of a number of Catholic citizens in Belfast by "Orange gunmen," and of murderous raids across a hundred miles of the Ulster frontier by Irish Republicans, who kidnapped scores of Ulstermen. By the middle of February the casualties in Belfast had mounted to about thirty killed and a hundred wounded. At the same time friction in Southern Ireland between Republican extremists and supporters of the Irish Free State necessitated the declaration of martial law by the Provisional Government in several districts about Cork and Tipperary. Add to this situation an extremely radical and communistic labor movement, the correspondents tell us, and we get some slight idea of the difficulties confronting the new Irish Free State.

Yet through all this confusion in Ireland, avers the New York *World*, "the line-up of the main forces remains clear":

"On one side is the Provisional Government of the Irish Free State working in harmony with the Government of Great Britain. On the other are the De Valera rebels against the Dail and the Carsonite rebels against Parliament. Between the two stands a very considerable body of moderate Ulstermen who want no more war and no more boycotts, and would sooner or later adjust themselves to the Irish Free State."

As to the outcome, *The World* goes on to say:

"So long as Mr. Michael Collins and Mr. Lloyd George keep faith on the agreement as made, there can be little question as to the success, in the end, of the Irish Free State. Each has a dangerous minority of die-hards to deal with. Behind the Tory die-hards there are many of the most powerful vested interests in the British Isles who care little for Ulster and less about Ireland but a very great deal about defeating so great an advance of British liberalism. Behind the De Valera die-hards is a certain amount of fanaticism, and a very considerable vested interest by some Irishmen living outside of Ireland in keeping the Irish question alive.

"They are the ultimate hope of all the die-hards, British and Irish. Their money and their encouragement will decide the fate of De Valera. The amount of disorder he can create will determine the amount of sabotage the British Tories can practise. Irishmen in America take upon themselves a very grave responsibility in supporting rebellion against the Irish Free State."

"Ultimately," remarks the New York *Evening Post*, "the conflict between Michael Collins and De Valera within the new Free State, and the menace of war between extremists in Southern Ireland and in Ulster resolve themselves into the single problem of Irish unity." "If Collins and James Craig can come to terms and the prospect of Irish unification thereby be brought nearer," adds *The Evening Post*, "De Valera's power for mischief will be reduced, and Ireland will be relieved of the menace of a double civil war, within the Free State and across the Ulster border." And in the New York *Herald* we read:

"It is evident that the British are relying upon the Provisional Government of the Irish Free State to hold its own in Southern Ireland. The announcement that the British troops held in Ireland are kept only for possible use in Ulster is an indication of London's policy. Ulster, which has not come into the Free State, is entitled to British protection against the irreconcilable snipers, and it doubtless will get it.

"The Griffith-Collins Government has no easy job of it in the South. Four years of guerrilla warfare has put its mark on some Sinn Feiners. They can not get used to peace in a hurry. De Valera is taking advantage of this element and of the unrest that is caused by labor troubles. But now that his hand is exposed and he is seen to be a chronic mischief-maker, it will be easier for the Free State leaders to combat him."

The charge that the followers of Eamon de Valera are taking advantage of all these elements of unrest to embarrass the Free State's Provisional Government is echoed by Michael Collins himself. In a cablegram to the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic Mr. Collins warns this organization "not to assist or countenance the *coup d'état* being planned against the new government, as witness the affair of Cork, where the departing British police had their arms seized by De Valera's supporters." "The only object of such action," he says, "can be to destroy the Provisional Government and hamper the evacuation of the British forces." On the question of the ultimate acceptance, by a vote of the Irish people, of the treaty which establishes the Irish Free State, Mr. Collins says:

"You know well that the alternative to the treaty, sooner or later, is a reversion to war conditions. That is the issue I want the people to decide. If they decide for war, none of you need doubt where I shall stand.

"Meanwhile do not torpedo us."

Many American papers take up and indorse this appeal of Ireland's hard-prest Provisional Government—"don't

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torpedo us." Sir Horace Plunkett, leader of the Irish moderates, said recently that De Valera has many followers, and added: "I devoutly hope he will see the harm in separating them from the majority." "Strange," exclaims the New York *Evening World*, "that De Valera, the most fanatical friend of Irish freedom, should be the worst foe of practical Irish peace!" He is proving himself "a poor loser," remarks the New York *Herald;* and in a New York *Globe* editorial headed "Ireland's Choice," we read:

"Mr. De Valera asked a Dublin crowd if it wanted 'King George of England' as its monarch, and got the obvious 'No' as an answer. His question forecasts the kind of campaign the die-hard Irish republicans will make, and indicates the strength of its appeal. The Irish respect and love Mr. De Valera for much that he has done. They will listen to him. Probably they would like to get what he holds up before them. But their decision will be made with the consciousness that his program seeks to bargain a wild hope for a desirable certainty. They have seen British soldiers march out of Dublin Castle. They are living now under an Irish Government. These are realities. The king, so distasteful to Mr. De Valera, and the republic, so alluring to him, are, under the circumstances, both no more than phantoms."

The situation, notes the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, is one to test to the utmost the diplomatic resources of Lloyd George, Sir James Craig, Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins. "Griffith and Collins," says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "are striving, amid serious handicaps, to prove that Ireland is really fit for self-government." A cablegram from Dr. Patrick M. Donovan, of New York, to Michael Collins, states that "eighty-five per cent. of the membership of the American Association for Recognition of the Irish Republic is firmly behind yourself and Griffith"; and in a statement made to the New York *Times* by Edward L. Doheny, president of that organization and a liberal contributor to Irish causes, we read:

"I am in favor of the treaty, and I think the vast majority of Irishmen are. Give the new arrangement a chance. In

HARD TO LET GO.

—Clubb in the Rochester *Herald.*

twenty or thirty years from now, after a neighborly relation has developed between Great Britain and Ireland, then it will be time to strike out for the republic—if the people want it. . . .

"I regard the election which is soon to take place in Ireland, at which the people will indicate their willingness or refusal to accept the treaty signed last Fall, as an extremely important step and one upon the result of which the fate of Ireland depends. I do not believe there is much doubt as to what the expression of the Irish people will be on that occasion. I believe that when the treaty is submitted for the approval of the

GROWING PAINS.

—Kirby in the New York *World.*

people, that approval will be given by an overwhelming majority. I hold to the view that no one who supports the present treaty need abandon his hope nor the support of the hope that Ireland may yet become a republic.

"The effort now being made, as evidenced by the campaign started by Mr. De Valera and his supporters, I regard as merely a political attempt to have his views adopted by a majority of the people. I believe that when Griffith and Collins start their counter-action it will amount to nothing more than a measuring of strength, as our own parties do every four years.

"I can see in the Irish Free State as at present provided for and constituted the most wonderful opportunities for our kin to work out their destiny.

"It must be remembered that all of the Irish sympathizers who do not live in Ireland are not included among the inhabitants of the United States. Many hundreds of thousands of the children of Irish forbears live in Canada, New Zealand, Australia and the Union of South Africa, under the influence of the same flag which floats over England and Scotland and Wales—a part of the same commonwealth to which the Irish Free State would belong. It is not reasonable to think that those people of Irish origin, who by choice live under British influence, should be very much out of sympathy with the desire to separate themselves completely by the establishment of an independent republic.

"The Irish people of all the world, outside the United States, therefore may be looked upon as fairly well satisfied with the results obtained by Griffith, Collins and his associates."

In estimating the possible results of the present unrest in Ireland, some of our papers remind us, we must not forget that our own nation had its "teething troubles" too. As the New York *World* says:

"The Constitution was framed to a running accompaniment of musketry practise for Shays's rebellion in staid old Massachusetts. Vermont remained an Ulster of discontent, entirely independent, for four years because of her quarrel with New York, before joining the Union. Seven years after the Constitution was framed, and five years after government under it was begun, a farm bloc in Western Pennsylvania staged an armed revolt known in the histories as the Whisky Insurrection. Nor was that the end of political strife. De Valera is perhaps no more outspoken than was the Hartford Convention."

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THE NEW CROP OF SWINDLERS

WHEN AN ATHLETIC PRIEST, the other day, pummeled into unconsciousness a thief caught robbing the church poor-box, he was regarded much in the same way as the press view the efforts of Federal, State and city officials to bring to justice the various kinds of swindlers who "deliberately seek to rob the poor and the ignorant." During the last five years the American people have been swindled out of $140,000,000, by "wildcat" promoters, and crooked stock "brokers." And what makes it worse, we are told, is that the victims are largely among the poor, who can least afford to lose their savings. We read, for instance, of a New York widow, frantic over the loss of all her little savings in a "bucket-shop," who planned suicide and was only dissuaded by the oldest of her three children. A Chicago Lithuanian slaves twelve years to save money to bring his family here and give them a home. He sends $500 to pay transportation to New York but "invests" the remainder of his small fortune with a smooth-tongued gentleman who promises to double it in three months, and when the family arrive at Ellis Island the promoter is in jail, the money has vanished, and wife and children must be sent back to Europe. "Chicago is honeycombed with sharks," says the city Chief of Police. One has just "failed," with $100,000 in assets to balance against $7,000,000 taken from would-be investors. This man, as the papers note, made his prospects seem so alluring "that his patrons were glad to take promissory notes for interest as well as principal." Another operating along the same lines is thought to have cleaned up $2,000,000. Practically the entire foreign colony in the Chicago stockyards district has lost everything, it is said, in the collapse of these two promoters, now under arrest. The Attorney-General of the United States announces that there are now 480 swindling cases before the United States courts, most of them concerned with fake oil companies, altho all sorts of fraudulent bucket-shops, mining ventures, patent promotions, and real estate schemes appear. These are now to be rushed to trial. Mr. Daugherty is also trying to bring about unified action among State authorities, and is being backed by the Treasury Department, the Federal Trade Commission and the Post-office Department.

In New York City the District Attorney's office is concentrating on bucket-shop prosecutions. More than thirty firms are under investigation, and total losses are estimated at from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000. The District Attorney is being besieged with complaints in person, by letter and by telegram, from thousands of victims. Bills for penalizing bucket-shop operators are being prepared in the New York State Legislature, and the New York Stock Exchange is carrying on its own campaign to curb the activities of irresponsible dealers who evade existing laws but whose methods "are abhorrent morally and directly in contravention of the spirit of fair dealing." Grand larceny is the commonest charge against these operators who, according to articles in the New York *Herald*, cajole their victims into parting with hard cash or Liberty bonds, buy stocks to set the records straight, sell again quietly, pocket margins and deposits, keep demanding more margins and finally, when the market turns or when customers grow too suspicious, "fail" or decamp with the customers' funds.

The word "bucket-shop" appears so often in the newspapers that it may be well to call attention to the dictionary definition of it as "an office where people may gamble in fractional lots of stocks, grain, or other things which are bought and sold on the exchanges. The bucket-shop uses the terms and outward forms of the exchanges, but differs from exchanges in that there is no delivery, and no expectation or intention to deliver or receive securities or commodities said to be sold or purchased." The New York *World* further explains that:

"The average bucket-shop is a brokerage establishment having little or no capital and frequented by the $10 margin followers of the stock market who are usually bulls and bet 'on the old United States.' As their orders to buy are ordinarily never placed, the shop's operations become mere wagers on price fluctuations. When those fluctuations vary on a steadily rising market the bull patron more often wins than not and the bucket-shops begin to 'fail.' When the reverse tendency prevails the shoe-string margin crowd become cleaned out very closely after the manner of their $100 brethren in the regular establishments. Then there is a great outcry and a movement starts to clean up the byways of the Street in the interest of honest and responsible Stock Exchange dealings."

There is nothing especially new about this, remarks *The World*, and we read in the Philadelphia *Record* that "the bucket-shop has been exposed as often as wood alcohol has been, but men crave financial and alcoholic stimulation and if the genuine thing is out of reach or is beyond their means, a good many people are reckless enough to take their chances with fatal imitations." In commenting on the recent call of the President of the New York Stock Exchange for action against bucket-shops, the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* admits that here is "a great and growing evil, more rife now than ever":

"The line of gullible persons who believe true what they would like to have true and persuade themselves that there is a short and sure crosscut for quickly getting rich seems inexhaustible.

"It is estimated that these bucket-shops, which are scattered through the financial district of the city, despoil the people of this country of at least 100 millions a year. This must remain an estimate, for while thousands of victims make piteous complaint, many others perceive good reasons for suffering in silence."

This financial authority agrees with President Cromwell that "the war created an army of small and inexperienced investors who need some kind of protection":

"Thousands of them took Liberty bonds, and were afterwards gulled out of them; vendors of paper mining stocks and of oil concerns, which may not have owned even a hole in the ground, used to respond with a prompt and cheerful affirmative to letters asking if they would 'take' Liberty bonds; they took them unhesitatingly, and 'allowed' par for them!"

While "no fair-minded person will charge that the Stock Exchanges are directly to blame for the existence of swindlers who infest the Wall Street district," there is no doubt in the New York *Tribune's* mind that "indirectly they are to some extent responsible." In this way:

"Reputable firms, for example, accept orders from houses which they know to be disreputable. Men known to be bucket-shop proprietors and suspected, at least, of being crooked, are countenanced by members of firms whose own standards are high. There is far too much tolerance among brokers of shady institutions and shady individuals. . . .

"If every brokerage firm whose transactions are bona fide and whose methods are honorable would treat the bucket-shop men as outcasts, refusing either to trade with them or to tolerate them, the bucket-shop evil would be very largely mitigated."

And the law can not be too severe upon these swindlers who "deliberately seek to rob the poor and the ignorant," *The Tribune* goes on; "the more of them caught and punished, the more others of the same scoundrelly inclinations will be discouraged." But this will not entirely cure the evil, it admits, and the Rochester *Post-Express* is inclined to think that if the "easy marks" are protected from these swindlers, "they will give their money away to other swindlers." Yes, comments the Brooklyn *Eagle*, there have been other anti-bucket-shop campaigns, with their "fan-fare of trumpets" and sensational disclosures, but "nothing was done to prevent the sowing of a new crop of dragon's teeth." "This must not happen again," it insists:

"Regulation, bonding and control from above are threatened. Every house affiliated with the Stock Exchange can and must know who is using its quotations. Its authority over its own members is unlimited. For the rest, the State must act."

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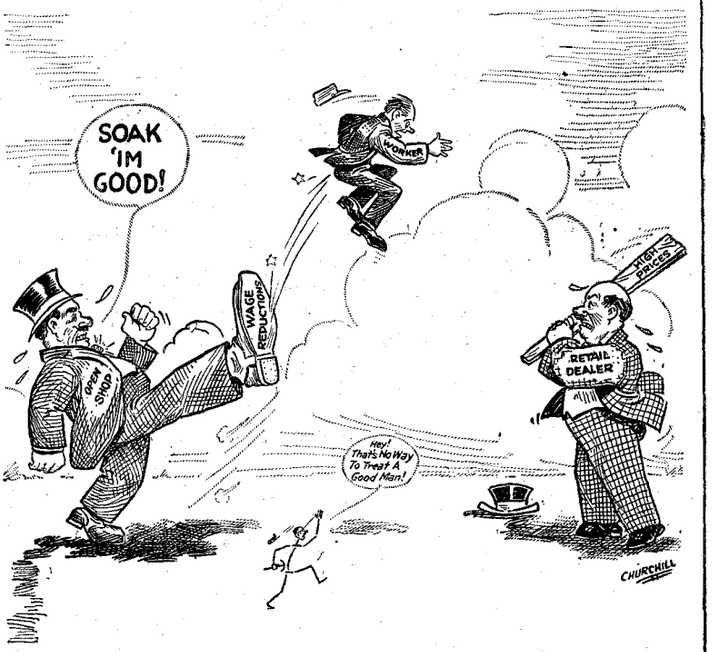
GETTING MAD AT HER BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T GIVE AS MUCH MILK AS SHE DID TWO YEARS AGO ISN'T GOING TO HELP THE SUPPLY ANY.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.



THE WAY IT WORKS.

—Churchill in the *United Mine Workers' Journal*.

TWO VIEWS OF WHO DOES THE KICKING.

A BIG STRIKE AGAINST WAGE CUTS

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST TEXTILE STRIKE, called in protest against wage cuts of 20 per cent. and increases in working hours from 48 to 54 per week, affected, in the month between January 15 and February 15 approximately 100,000 men and women—half the number employed in the cotton manufacturing industry of the section. In Rhode Island alone, reports the Boston *Post*, 27 mills were closed in the first four weeks of the strike. The complaint of the union workers is that their wages have been cut 42 per cent. in sixteen months; the manufacturers reply that, with hours and wages at their present notch it is impossible further to reduce the prices of goods, and that with goods at their present prices there is little or no demand. Southern competition, with its less expensive labor cost, is also said by some correspondents to be a factor in causing a reduction of wages and an increase in working hours, but this is doubted by the Springfield *Republican*. "A determined effort by manufacturers to stimulate buying by reducing the cost of production—and incidentally the price—of their goods," is the reason given by this New England paper. In Manchester, N. H., which is witnessing its first strike in 25 years, and where the largest cotton mill in the world is located, the Manchester *Union* admits that "costs must come down. The trouble is that all of us have been perfectly willing to have the other fellow liquidate." As the Lowell *Courier-Citizen*, with its wealth of local knowledge, tells us in detail:

"During the war textile wages went up by leaps and bounds to meet the necessities of the war conditions. The result of it all was a textile wage scale here that was something like 150 per cent. of increase over pre-war conditions. Since the war ended the 'deflation' of wage scales has proceeded but slowly.

"The wage scale obviously can not continue at its highest levels if the local textile mills expect to be able to compete with other textile centers, particularly those in the South. It seems the part of better judgment to get orders, keep the mills running, and have more and more people employed even at lower pay, instead of forcing short hours, limited employment and steady loss of business by holding up the wage scale at a prohibitive figure.

"The wage-earner is entitled to his proper proportion in the costs, but he also is interested just as any business man is interested, in doing business at as good a price as he can—and still get the business. That appears to be the whole matter in a nutshell."

"High wages," agrees the Springfield *Republican*, "can not be maintained, with foreign markets half dead and agriculture prostrated. For the farming population of the United States accounts for a large share of the industrial output." Besides, points out the neighboring Springfield *Union*, "our textile manufacturers have suffered a shrinkage of value of output of more than $250,000,000 during the past year." According to the Brooklyn *Citizen*, therefore—

"Economic conditions furnish a good warrant to the textile mill owners for their action. It is impossible for them to keep wages and hours of labor up to the level of prosperous times in the most severe trade crisis the country, perhaps, has ever experienced."

The contention of the New England textile workers, however, as reported by a special correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, is that their individual output per working day is greater, and of a better quality, than that of the Southern mill worker. Therefore, they declare, their wages should not be reduced. In the South, they point out, wages are lower, conditions are poorer in general, and children are employed in the mills—all of which go to make costs of production cheaper. The Socialist New York *Call* also objects to what it terms "this campaign of deflation, which has continued with the precision of an organized plan." As the workers' side is argued by the Boston *Post:*

"There will be a good deal of public sympathy for the thousands of cotton-factory workers now out on strike. They may be pardoned if they feel that their pay has been cut out of proportion to that of other laboring men and women since the war, and that the reduction of living expenses has not kept pace with the reductions of their wages. And as they see huge dividends paid by the companies, they can hardly be blamed for feeling that they are not getting a rightful share."

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TO TRUST THE FARMER WITH TRUST METHODS

A SERIOUS EFFORT to give the farmer a chance to sell his products at higher prices, without extra costs to the consumer, is seen by the Philadelphia *Inquirer* in the passage by the House and the Senate of the bill providing for the cooperative marketing of farm, dairy, orchard and ranch products. The bill provides that whatever associations are formed must be operated for the mutual benefit of the members; that no member be allowed more than one vote, no matter how great his financial interest in the association, and that dividends on stock or membership must not exceed eight per cent. per annum. In the opinion of the New York *Globe*, "the enactment of the Cooperative Marketing Bill by Congress is a milestone in the history of the business organization of the country; it testifies that the era of pretense in economic life is drawing to an end, and that the nation is beginning to consider present realities, rather than historic fictions, in the drafting of laws."

The bill was passed by a vote of 58 to 1 in the Senate, and some editors hail it as a great victory for the so-called agricultural bloc. But there seems to be little cavil on this score: "To sensible legislation, whether promoted by a party, or bloc, or by individual Congressmen, there is no objection," asserts the New York *Tribune*. That there is no danger of a wheat, corn, fruit, or live-stock monopoly resulting from the enactment of the bill is agreed by such well-known and widely separated papers as the Springfield *Republican*, the Kansas City *Star*, the Newark *News*, and the New York *Evening Post*, among others. As *The Post* puts it:

"It is clearly impossible for any cooperative agency ever to obtain a monopoly of wheat, corn, or any other great staple. Prices of most such crops are fixt in the world markets. Even were they fixt in America, it would be impossible to enroll and hold millions of farmers in a monopoly. Powerful as is the Dairymen's League, the prices it charges here are regulated by competition and by the world price of butter, cheese and condensed milk. The California Fruit Growers' Exchange, the most successful of American cooperative bodies, has never approached the ability to control prices. By cost marketing, widening the field of sale, improved auction methods, standardization and advertisement of product, and improvement of fruit culture, it has given the fruit-growers rich profits where once they sold at a loss. But at the same time it has benefited the consumers by giving them ten times as much fruit as they formerly took, of a far higher quality, and at prices much lower."

According to the last Census figures, the products of less than eight per cent. of the farms of the United States were sold through cooperative organizations, we are told by the *Pennsylvania Farmer* (Philadelphia). Of the rest, writes Richard Spillane in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "the middleman got a very large toll." According to the figures of the New York *Evening Mail*, out of every dollar "the farmer gets on an average only about 30 cents of what the consumer pays; the remaining 70 cents goes for marketing the product." At the same time that the farmer is receiving low prices for what he sells, points out the Fargo *Courier-News*, freight rates, interest rates, taxes, and the manufactured goods which the farmer must buy "remain almost as high as ever." "It takes much more wheat to pay for a wagon or a suit of clothes than it used to," remarks this paper, "and the farmer is disgusted with the old system of marketing. He believes there is too much speculation in grain and other farm products, and that the route from producer to consumer is too roundabout. He objects to taking what is offered for his wheat, and to paying what the other fellow asks for manufactured goods. He therefore favors cooperative marketing."

Of the new plan, which authorizes the formation of associations to establish common marketing agencies, we are told by the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

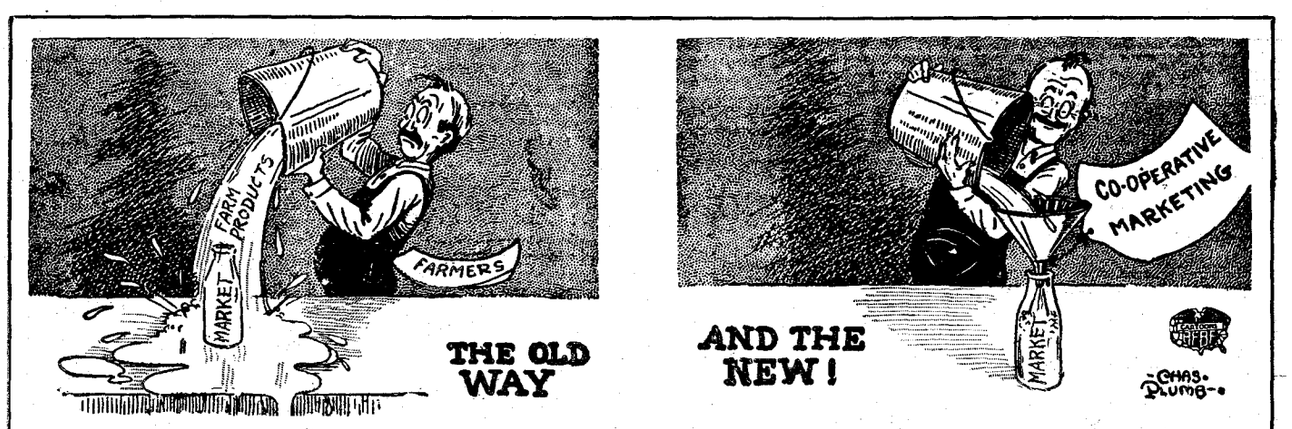
"These associations are to be wholly outside of the anti-trust laws, except that the Secretary of Agriculture may interfere to prevent monopoly, should occasion require. As this plan is new to this country, grave doubts have been exprest as to its workings. That is something for the future to determine, but back of the scheme are said to be able organizers with a large amount of capital.

"In Europe, notably in Denmark and Holland, such cooperative societies have been in existence for many years and with great success. It can be seen that in small countries it might be impossible to carry out such a plan more easily than in the United States, but certainly it is worth trying. It is hoped that Mr. Hoover, with his experience in dealing with large subjects, will be a prominent factor in establishing the association.

"It is unfortunate that at present the farmer is obliged to sell all his products at the lowest prices soon after they mature, while he is obliged to buy everything he needs at the highest prices. If the new system can hold for sale all agricultural products to meet the best market and yet give the consumers the same prices as at present, it means the elimination of a large number of middlemen, and that is the precise object of the measure. It should be thoroughly tested, and every one should hope for its success."

"What manufacturers are forbidden to do by the anti-trust law is to conspire to throttle competition and impose exorbitant prices on the public," notes the Duluth *Herald*. "What farmers are permitted to do by the new law is to cooperate in their marketing in the hope of getting living prices for their products." As the New York *Tribune* explains:

"Farmers, because of their number, find it difficult to combine to sell their products and to stabilize their markets. They are scattered, small producers, with poor facilities for carrying crops over for a season or a part of a season. On the other hand, the big, highly organized industries have systematized production, distribution, and sales and can easily protect themselves



WHY POUR GOODS INTO THE MARKET AT GREAT WASTE, WHEN COOPERATION WILL SAVE AND MAKE A PROFIT?
—Plumb in the *Long Island Agriculturist.*

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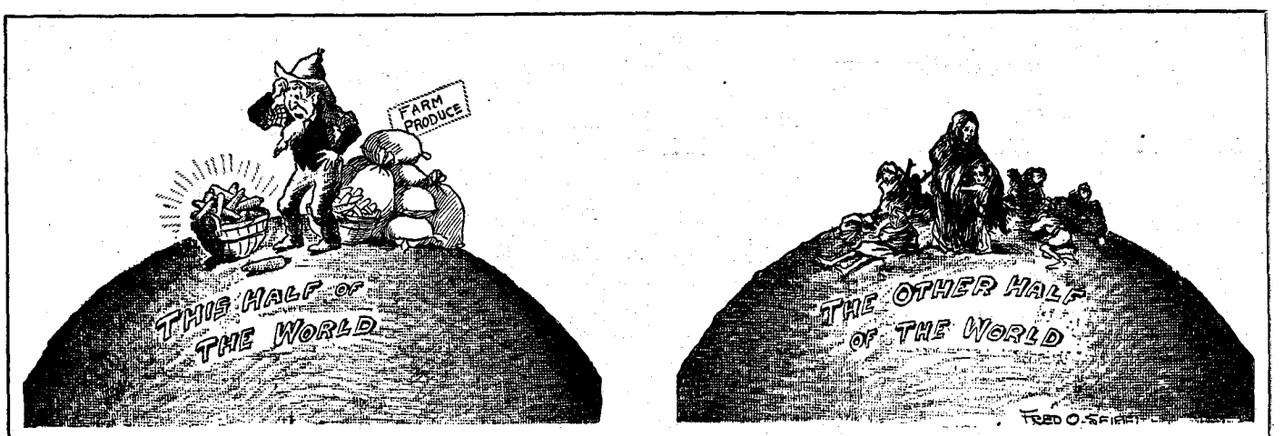

A STRANGE WORLD! —Siebel in the Albany *Knickerbocker Press.*

from sharp price fluctuations. They can live within the anti-trust laws and yet achieve the purposes of cooperative marketing."

The Cooperative Marketing Bill, thinks the New York *World*, "will tend to put the farmer on equal terms with the business interests of the country, and as such is an excellent thing." Moreover, points out the New York *Evening Mail*—

"It is not merely that the farmer gets less than he ought of what the consumer pays for the food actually reaching the market. The farmer also loses every year on produce he is unable to market. With proper organization there should be no such waste of good food on the farms in times when people are starving in the city.

"All the benefits of organized business will come the farmer's way through properly organized and operated cooperative societies. And the townsman will gain not only from the opportunity to buy food cheaper through the elimination of brokers who perform no real economic service; he will gain also from the fact that the farmer will have more money to spend on what the town produces."

Even before the bill had gone to the President for signature the American farmer had begun to arrange for the erection of great cooperative grain elevators and commission houses at strategic points throughout the country. The United States Grain Growers, Inc., composed of 45,000 farmers, arranged, for instance, for the erection of many elevators in order to compete against the professional trader in grain, we are told by the New York *News Record.*

A warning against allowing the farmer such wide latitude in the conduct of his business, however, while the manufacturer, the coal operator, and others are restrained by the Sherman Anti-trust Law, is issued by the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, in an editorial headed "Legislative Madness." As this paper sees it:

"The agricultural interests may resent the suggestion that they would never act in restraint of trade and hold up the general public with exorbitant prices for their products, but they can not deny that under the terms of the proposed law the opportunity is given them to do so. There have been too many examples of temptation following in the path of opportunity to warrant the confidence that any particular group is free from danger in that connection."

The New York *Journal of Commerce* also points out what it considers a danger:

"It would be an intolerable condition in this or any other country were we to establish a closed market for foodstuffs by the imposition of fabulously high tariff duties and were we then to proceed to authorize the absolute establishment of prices by farm combinations, yet that is what we are doing. Meantime the foundation is being laid for a dangerous agrarianism of the most offensive type. The farmer can be a tyrannous master, as the methods at Washington now show."

RED RIVALRY IN RUSSIAN RELIEF

ARE FUNDS BEING COLLECTED in the United States for the Russian Soviet Government by organizations thinly camouflaged as relief agencies? Or are these bodies only supplementing, unofficially, the work of the American Relief Administration? And, even if the latter is the case, why waste a portion of the funds collected in additional overhead expenses? Such are a few of the questions prompted by the recent report to President Harding by Secretary of Commerce Hoover, who is also head of the American Relief Administration. Under the pretext of the collection of funds for Russian famine sufferers, we are told by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, "the sympathizers with Bolshevism now in this country are being gathered into a vast nation-wide organization, to which Senators, Governors, Bishops, a Cardinal, and many other eminent persons have lent their names." "The Russian Red Cross, which is the agency through which funds raised by these bodies are sent to Russia, is virtually a semi-official agency of the Soviet Government," further charges the Department of Justice, and "the organizations that are collecting funds are under the direction of men who were connected more or less closely with Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, the unrecognized 'Ambassador' of the Bolshevist Government, who was deported from America some time ago." According to the Department of Justice, which is investigating their activities in behalf of Russian relief, the funds and supplies which they collect "are shipped to Russian Soviet officials for distribution by them." Hence the suspicion that these so-called relief committees throughout the United States are in reality Soviet bureaus collecting funds for the Bolshevist Government.

There are more than two hundred such organizations in the United States, and they are "frankly Communistic," according to Secretary Hoover. "Of the money raised by the different committees, which is said to run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, very little seems to have gotten to Russia as yet," notes *The Times.* Four relief committees are said by the Department of Justice to be officered and managed by well-known Communists or sympathizers, one of whom, Dr. Dubrowsky, is the successor to Ludwig C. A. K. Martens. It was Dr. Dubrowsky, we are told by *The Times*, who authorized Walter Liggett and A. W. Riker, of Chicago, to organize the American Committee for Russian Famine Relief, and who advanced an underwriting fund of $3,500 to start the organization. Another organization, the Red Cross of Soviet Russia, is said to have collected $500,000 since its New York City offices were opened last September. In a letter to Governor Davis, of Idaho, and in his report to the President, Secretary Hoover wrote:

"I understand Dr. Dubrowsky states that all supplies collected through the Russian Red Cross are dispatched to the

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Soviet authorities for distribution; in fact, that all supplies so far shipped have been sent to these authorities. I have not the slightest criticism to any one of any faith recruiting supplies for the famine sufferers, but I doubt whether all of the eminent men who have joined your committee are aware of the above facts. They might prefer to direct their support to such organizations as the Friends' Service Committee and others, who are represented in Russia by Americans and whose distribution is directly in the hands of Americans. I feel that aid by Americans should be distributed by well-known American organizations in Russia as a matter of national pride, if for no other reason.

"The American Relief Administration operates under agreement with the Soviet authorities. . . . Under this agreement the Soviet authorities furnish free all transportation, warehousing, buildings and currency required for payment of Russian staff. American personnel is largely voluntary and the whole overhead is borne by its own special funds so that the entire Congressional authorization is devoted to purchase and transportation without other charges."

THE LITTLE END OF THE HORN OF PLENTY.
—Shafer in the Cincinnati *Post*.

The Secretary then reports that the total resources at the command of the American Relief Administration since beginning its work in Russia amounted to $52,599,700. The famine is proving larger than anticipated, and there is congestion and delay at Russian ports and on Russian railways. The free use of Finnish and Polish railways, however, has been offered, and in this way the distribution of grain will be facilitated. Nineteen million persons was the estimate made in January by Dr. Nansen of the men, women, and children suffering for want of food, and the total population affected is 33,000,000. It is the greatest famine the world ever saw, declares the Buffalo *Commercial*. The drought of last year, it seems, left twelve Russian states with only 69,000 tons of grain to feed the 15,000,000 who normally consumed 938,000 tons.

"The obvious thing for Americans to do," thinks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "is to help the Russian people through organizations in the hands of Americans whose motives are beyond suspicion." "To help the Soviets separately," points out the Rochester *Post-Express*, "is to help continue them in power; to aid them to keep up the work of oppressing and starving the Russian people." Moreover, declares the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "Russia should help by disbanding, or at least reducing, its vast Red Army." As the New York *Tribune* puts Mr. Hoover's case:

"When Martens, the Soviet Ambassador, was sent home, he left behind several of his assistants. These have suddenly become interested in alms, and have organized two hundred collecting societies. Martens baited his hook with offers of contracts, hoping to enlist American cupidity; his successors are fishing with appeals to the humanitarian spirit of America.

"The American Relief Association has been recognized by the Government as the proper agency for distributing food in the Russian famine districts. Yet for some time in various publications of radical tendency have been appearing suspicious advertisements asking for funds. What is the idea? If any one would give to Russia's famine victims, why not contribute to the American Relief Administration? Why confide money to a branch of the Government which stript the Russian peasants of their grain and left them to starve? Why a desire to duplicate managerial expense or to send money to Lenine and Trotzky?

"The public thinks it understands for whose benefit the hat is being passed—that solicitude for the starving is the thinnest of camouflage.

"Exposure has come none too soon."

Mr. Liggett, of Chicago, however, declares that "the American Committee for Russian Famine Relief has not distributed funds through the Soviet Government, and does not intend to do so." In a telegram to the editor of the New York *Times* Mr. Liggett goes on:

"We have not the remotest connection with the American Federated Russian Famine Committee, on whose letterhead you say our members' names appear, nor any of its subsidiary organizations.

"The American Committee for Russian Famine Relief decided to distribute its aid largely through the Russian Red Cross, because that organization has the same international standing as the American Red Cross. The Russian Red Cross, moreover, has field workers all over the famine area in districts untouched by other relief organizations. Supplies consigned to the Russian Red Cross have priority of shipment to the famine region. Supplies are not subject to Government control or inspection.

"The American Committee for Russian Famine Relief recognized, too, that the Russian Red Cross, organized in 1863, is no more controlled by the Russian Government than is the American Red Cross controlled by the Republican Administration."

The attack upon the relief organizations is characterized by the New York *Globe* as "silly." The Departments of State, Justice and Commerce, says this paper, are merely "carrying on a private war with the Bolshevist Government." We read on:

"It has been discovered that men and women in sympathy with the Bolshevists are raising funds for Russian relief. That is not a wholly amazing discovery. Famine is not political. People who have nothing but contempt for Communist theories are willing to feed starving Russians. It certainly is not surprizing, therefore, that those who approve of the Messrs. Lenine, Trotzky and company should also be sending food to Russia.

"It is conceivable that some of the Bolshevist partizans in this country may have said foolish or prejudiced things. But what difference does that make? The anti-Bolshevist partizans are not less mad. The vast majority of the men and women concerned in Russian relief are thinking about the hunger of women, of little children, of simple farmers who are wasting to death, and not about Bolshevist politics. The attack made upon these organizations is consequently as infamous as it is absurd."

The New York *World* takes a similar view:

"It is now charged that a few of the organizations are manned by Communist sympathizers. No doubt they are. It is charged that the Russian Red Cross, affiliated with the International Red Cross at Geneva, is related to the Soviet Government. No doubt it is. But just where, how, and why this constitutes a plot, it is hard to see. For it is not charged that the money is used for anything but the relief of needy Russians, and until that charge is made and proved, it is no use hinting that the American Republic is in danger because there are Russian Bolsheviks here who are collecting money for stricken compatriots in Russia."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE doldrums invariably succeed the war drums.—*Columbia Record.*

IDLE talk won't put the men to work.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

THE idea is that the bonus will put the "vet" in velvet.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

ABOUT everything has been deflated except the national government.—*Columbia Record.*

WELL, trusts may solve the world problems if trust in God is one of them.—*Fresno Republican.*

SENATOR NEWBERRY has his $eat. So much for the $anctity of $uffrage.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE only two who can live as cheaply as one are a flea and a dog.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

LITTLE brown jug and little town jug are never empty the same day.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

SOME one says that the year 1921 was a blessing in disguise. There is no question about the disguise, all right.—*Charleston Gazette.*

IF you chance to meet a sneezer, swat him promptly on the veezer; thus you stifle his cadenza and avoid the influenza.—*Louisville Times.*

THE California climate may be full of octogenarians, but at any rate the movie folks out there don't seem to go in for longevity.—*New York Evening Post.*

WELL, maybe the ten-year period of peace guaranteed by the Four-Power treaty will pass while the Senate is debating its ratification.—*New York Tribune.*

IN the past six years 94 peers, 235 baronets, and 2,016 knights have been created in Great Britain, which is said to be a record. And they all have to acknowledge a plain mister as their political leader.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE United States appears to be placing chief stress on the "no" in Genoa.—*Indianapolis Star.*

IF ever we get ambitious and start out to break a record, it will be the one the neighbor plays about 11 P. M.—*Kingston Whig.*

NOW that the armament race is stopt, the only remaining obstacle to universal peace is the human race.—*San Diego Tribune.*

OPPORTUNITY knocks but once, and that may be the reason it has a better reputation than other knockers.—*Pasadena Evening Post.*

IT is really encouraging the way diplomats turn at last to the sensible thing after every darn-fool scheme has failed.—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

AS we understand it, the wreck of civilization will follow immediately if any European nation is denied whatever she is demanding.—*Kitchener Record.*

A JUDGE rules that a wife is worth $8,000. At that rate, the doughboy on the Rhine will soon collect our share of the indemnity.—*Sherbrooke Record.*

THE dry waive shows signs of becoming permanent.—*Columbia Record.*

THE real crime wave is the failure of juries to convict.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

WILL the Senate O. K. the treaties or give them the K. O.?—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

WHAT the tax experts should do is to devise a method of painless extraction.—*Columbia Record.*

THERE are exceptions to all rules—especially the British rule.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

IF you drink enough moonshine, you won't see the sunshine.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

MEXICO is discussing a prohibition law; but not as much as we are.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

THERE are three-year-old children in Mexico now who have never seen a war.—*New York Tribune.*

AND so the earth is losing speed. Well, that sounds hopeful. Perhaps it is on the up-grade.—*Birmingham News.*

AN eye-specialist says green quiets the nerves. This is especially true of green backs.—*Fort Smith Southwest American.*

THE only difference between stumbling-blocks and stepping-stones is in the way you use them.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

TWO-CENT stamps are now being counterfeited, but marks, crowns and rubles are apparently still out of danger.—*Springfield Republican.*

PROFESSOR FISHER admits now that Germany isn't making ersatz gold. She is still making ersatz promises, however.—*New York Tribune.*

THE new income tax blanks are easier to fill out than the old ones, but it is still as hard as ever to fill out the checks to accompany them.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

NEXT war might not impose such heavy burdens on us. We might have the luck to lose it.—*Wall Street Journal.*

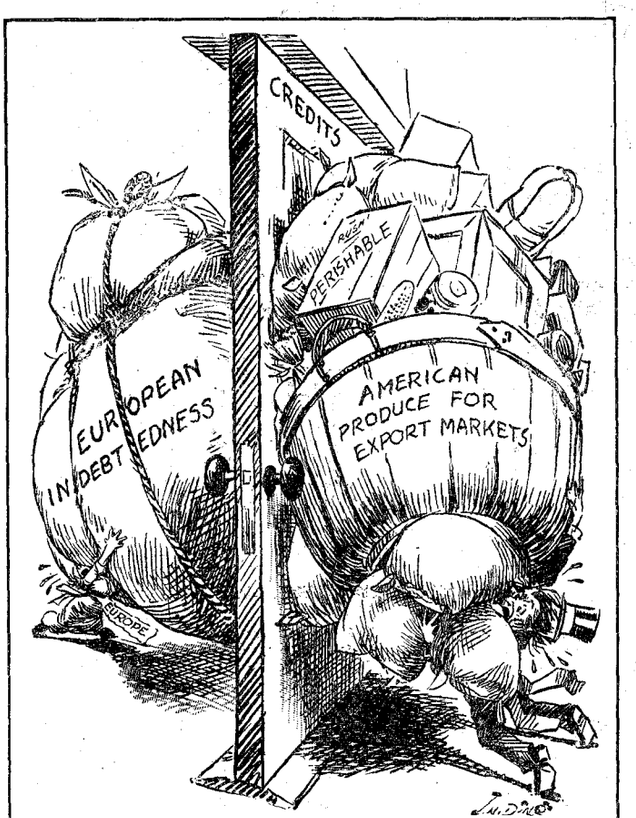
THE Government has adopted a new design on the dollar. Every tax law it's passed has done that.—*Manila Bulletin.*

MAYBE after ten years Japan will have everything nailed down, and then we won't need a naval base in the Pacific, anyway.—*Edmonton Journal.*

HORSE-POWER has been sufficiently developed in the motor. What we need now is the development of a little horse sense in the driver.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A VERY marked difference between the Harding treaties and the Wilson treaties lies in the fact that Mr. Harding knows his Senate.—*New York Telegraph.*

GERMANY was militaristic because she called a treaty a scrap of paper; France is militaristic because she wishes to keep another treaty from being a scrap of paper.—*Long Beach Telegram.*



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SOMEBODY'S GOT TO LAY DOWN THE BUNDLE LONG ENOUGH TO OPEN THE DOOR.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune.*

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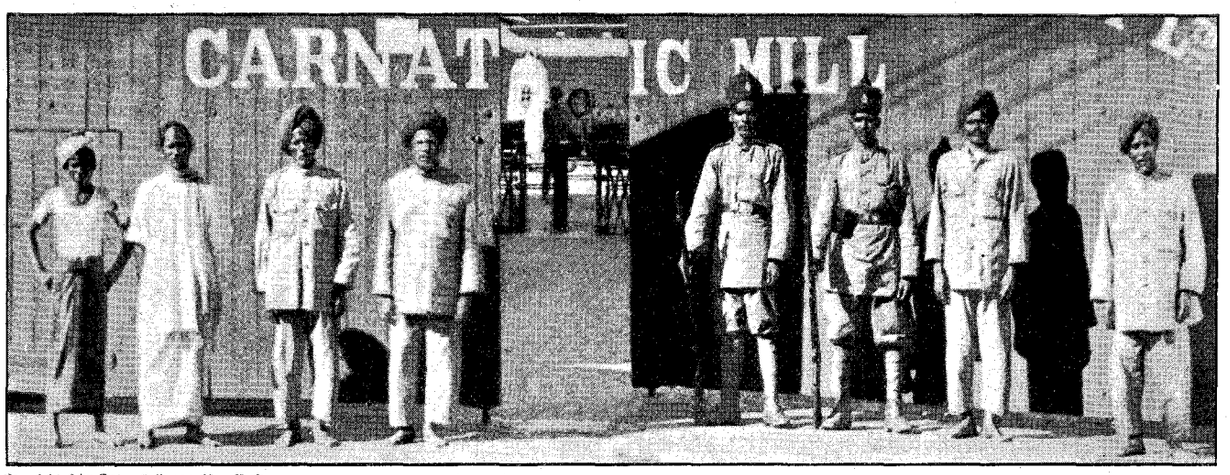
FOREIGN - COMMENT



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STRIKE DUTY AT THE CARNATIC MILL IN MADRAS.

Troopers guarding the entrance to a big manufacturing plant in Madras, where labor troubles are part of the general disturbances in India, and where the situation is "regarded as so menacing that all Europeans are being enrolled as special constables by order of the Government." Madras dispatches say also that the constables are armed with military rifles and ammunition.

BRITAIN'S PERIL IN INDIA

THE HORROR OF AN INDIA left by the cowardice of Great Britain to its own bitter dissensions must be averted at any cost, say some English writers in approving the policy of stern repression inaugurated to cope with the Non-Co-operative leader Gandhi, who it is said is working hand in glove with the Moslem rebels. His work must be stopt at once, for he can "no longer plead that he does not intend bloodshed," writes one British correspondent in India, and the Government of that country is "right at least in dealing with him as an avowed and dangerous rebel committed to a policy of forcible expulsion of the English from this land." The first sign of Britain's strong arm, we are told, was the order of the Indian Government for the arrest of Mahatma K. Gandhi, because, as the India Office stated in an official communication to the London press, of his "campaign of civil disobedience" and his recent manifesto which "no government could discuss, much less accept." Yet India is gradually to take her place as a partner in the British commonwealth of nations, probably as a federation of provinces, we read in cabled reports of a speech by the Secretary for India, E. S. Montagu, who is quoted further as saying:

"We are in favor of 'swaraj,' as they call it, within the Empire. We will lead them there in the only way we believe they can be successfully led there. It is pathetic that those disturbing the peace in India to-day bear on the forefront of their banner the demand for precisely the same 'swaraj,' or self-government, but they think they can get it faster by revolution.

"It is by evolution, not revolution, that progress is possible; therefore there is no way of dealing with their efforts except by the rigorous enforcement of the law and the severe repression of those seeking to disturb it."

Meanwhile, American newspapers publish a statement issued by Dr. Sarat Mukerji, National Executive Secretary of the Friends of Freedom for India (New York), in which we read:

"Indian Nationalists are enrolling themselves by thousands as volunteers as a challenge to the British Government's threat of stern repression. Mr. Gandhi's terms of peace, which include the evacuation of Syria by the French, and of Egypt by the British, and of the immediate departure of the entire British Army from India, were considered impossible by the British Government. As a result the entire program of Non-Co-operation, including boycott of British goods, civil disobedience and nonpayment of taxes is put into force among the masses."

Additional evidence of the gravity of the situation in India appears in a speech delivered by the British Governor of Bengal, and reported in an Indian dispatch to the London *Daily Chronicle*, in which he said:

"It would be the height of unwisdom to close one's eyes to the gravity of the situation with which not the Government only but society in the widest meaning of that term is now faced. It seems desirable to call attention to this because there still appear to be quite a number of people who in spite of all that has happened, in spite of the resort to violence which has characterized the Non-Co-operation movement in Malabar, Nalegaon, Giridih, Aligarh, Bombay, and many other places, have not yet grasped the seriousness or nearness of the danger with which the country is threatened."

The Daily Chronicle's correspondent, who writes from the Prince of Wales's camp, at Gwalior, India, declares it is unfortunate that "up to the present the terms employed by both sides in this contest of law against anarchy have been either cumbersome or misleading." Nothing has helped the cause of Gandhi more in England, this correspondent avers, than the apparently innocuous air of such words as "volunteers," and "Non-Co-operators." We are told that "mass civil disobedience" would be better understood throughout the English-speaking world had the homely word "rebellion" been used from the beginning, and this informant adds: "In future let us call a spade a spade, for only by abandonment of these pernicious euphemisms can the reality of the situation here find its right place among the many crises which now threaten our work and well-being in the new constitutions of our imperial life." But this writer's dispatch becomes most interesting when he suggests that "only by a final and honorable settlement with Turkey can sedition in India be crusht out"; everything he has witnessed during

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the past year in India tends to confirm this view, and he continues:

"But as that settlement still suffers postponement after postponement, a second and equally vital need has forced its way to the front—the need so to handle the Indian situation that when at last friendly relations are established with the chief Moslem Government the opportunity for reaping the benefits of the settlement shall not have passed. . . .

"In some respects India is as far away from home as in the days of the East India Company. In spite of cables and steamships it takes almost as long as then for those in England to realize the processes which from month to month are changing the nature of sedition here.

"It was true a year ago that Hindu and Moslem agitators were equally pressing their methods of rebellion upon the population of India, and it was true that the particular grievances of each—the Khalifat question and Punjab memories respectively—still bulked largely among the real causes of discontent. To-day, however, from end to end of the peninsula it is to the influence of the Moslems that the authorities look for the prime cause of each succeeding trouble, and it is no longer either guardianship of the holy places or vengeance for Amritsar that stirs deepest antagonism among our enemies.

"Gandhi to-day is merely an instrument in the hands of the Mohammedan rebels whom nothing but express disavowal of their objects and methods by their coreligionists friendly to Britain can convert, or at least dishearten.

"Above all, the blind confidence at home that in the long run the present unholy alliance between Hindu and Moslem must break down needs to be disturbed. It will break down, but without strong action now it will break down too late."

This writer goes on to relate that one of Gandhi's most notorious Moslem colleagues confessed to him in person that what the Mohammedan agitators aim at is nothing less than "a sovereign State of India," and he proceeds:

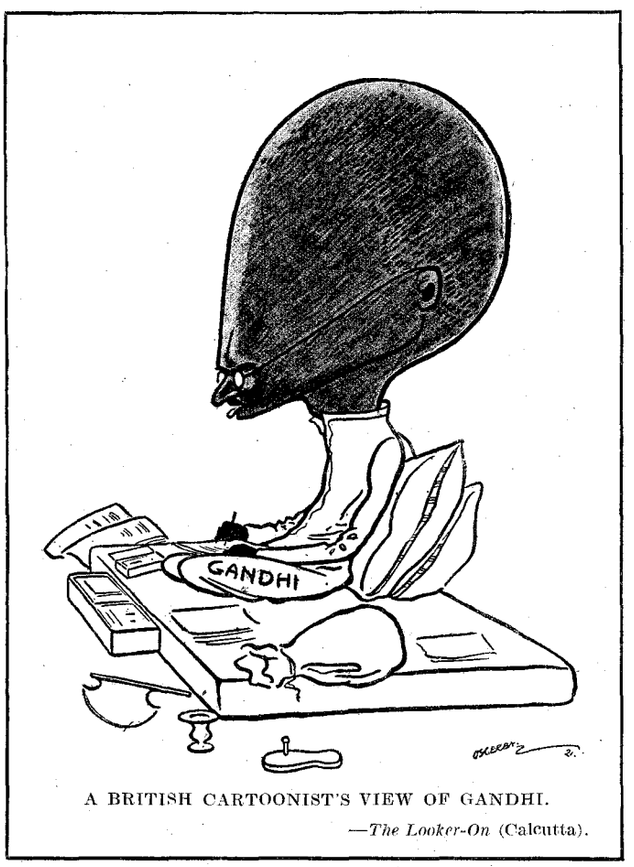
"'A Mohammedan State of India?' I queried. 'Of course,' said he.

"I suggested that under any principle of self-determination the Hindus enormously outnumbered the Moslems.

"'The Hindus!' he burst out. 'You leave us to deal with the Hindus. We are a fighting race. We have the tradition of empire. We have behind us the whole strength of Islam outside India. You leave the Hindus to us.'

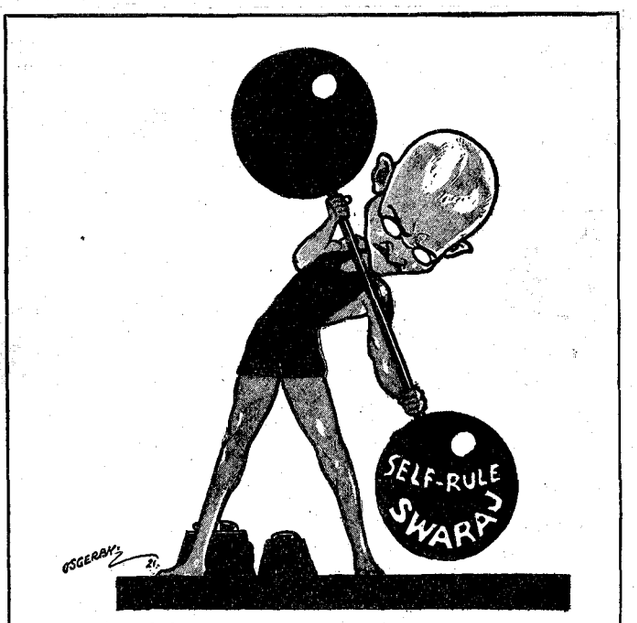
"No comment is necessary except that there is not a Moslem in India in whose heart this grandiose scheme, should British rule be removed, does not find an echo.

"Perhaps it should be added that, tho Gandhi can not be ignorant of this aspiration, he continues to work with the Mohammedan agitators. The truth is that each side is firmly convinced that it is making use of the other to pull chestnuts out of the fire, and than this there can be no more certain cause of a fearful clash between the two faiths and an ultimate internecine catastrophe which more, perhaps, than any other imperial disaster we are in honor bound to prevent."



A BRITISH CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF GANDHI.

—*The Looker-On* (Calcutta).



THE GREAT QUESTION ABOUT INDIA.

"Will he be able to lift it?"

—*The Looker-On* (Calcutta).

A special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* says that authoritative information shows every effort on the part of the Government in India to meet Moderate opinion, and "where there is any reason for thinking that action has been unnecessarily severe, steps have been taken to remove the cause of complaint, and care is used to differentiate between those who are merely tools in the hands of the Extremists and those who are prime movers in any disturbance." To some extent this policy of "greater discrimination" has had a good effect, we are told, but "it has not evoked as yet all the support that might have been expected from the Moderates." Somewhat different is the view of the Bombay correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, who writes:

"The Moderates were triumphantly aware of the extent to which the Indian Legislatures had already justified the first instalment of self-government, and frankly jubilant because they had chosen the better part. The abler and more reasonable Extremists were watching the Moderates' growing power with a mixture of chagrin and envy. The Kemalist victories and Franco-Turkish Treaty foreshadowed redress of the Khalifat wrongs and a change of temper in the British Cabinet. The Non-Cooperators had no more cards to throw on the table. Their exchequer, moral and monetary, was bankrupt and a serious schism at the annual Congress imminent.

"All these dangers to the movement were averted by the arrests. Suddenly the Executive, without consulting any party leaders, or the councilors themselves, embarked on a policy of drastic, if legitimate, repression, using as its instrument the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1908 and Seditious Meetings Act, two measures already condemned by the Repressive Measures Commission, tho actually still on the statute-book. . . . Yet Indians of every shade of opinion rushed into one camp to attack the Government."

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AMERICA'S "MORTGAGE" ON EUROPE

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS is considered too brief a period for complete repayment of the Allied debt even by certain British financial experts, while in France the feeling is wide-spread that Uncle Sam as a money-lender is entirely too severe in the terms of his "mortgage on Europe." A British argument that, it is said, must be plain to American bankers, is recorded by Mr. Arthur W. Kiddy, Financial Editor of the London *Morning Post*, and it maintains that "even under ordinary conditions any Government raising large foreign loans would require a longer period for amortization, let alone transactions running into almost thousands of millions." Yet the London financial district, he writes in his cable letter to the New York *Evening Post*, recognizes the old-time propensity of our Government for making out rosy pictures of the future, instead of facing facts; and it believes that the best tonic for all sections of our community is a clear and stern recognition of our war losses and the necessity for economy and hard work." The idea behind the Genoa Conference may be excellent, this British expert remarks, "but nine-tenths of the remedies suggested could be applied by each individual government without moving a mile from its own domains." He tells us further that British financiers would like the scheme for repayment to take some form through which "bonds could be marketed in England from time to time, thereby giving British investors an opportunity of converting external into internal obligations."

ALL EUROPE WANTS HIM IN THIS RÔLE.

UNCLE SAM: "What part can I play in your production?"
MARIANNE: "Why—you play the American billionaire, of course."
—*La Victoire* (Paris).

To the French view, as indicated by the semi-official Paris *Temps*, the settlement of the American debt in capital and interest, is inseparably bound up with the settlement of the reparations debt. Consequently a choice between several methods has to be made, and the principal of these are two, namely:

"Either arrangements for settling the American debt must be adjourned until it is definitely known how the reparations debt will be recovered, or else if the United States maintain her decision to collect interest and demand full repayment of the capital in twenty-five years all measures must be taken as soon as possible to secure payment of the German debt in the same conditions with interest on the total and full acquittal in twenty-five years.

"The measures which will probably have to be taken against Germany to do this may be contrary to the more tolerant policy which we have supported. But we hope that if the attitude of the American Government makes it necessary the United States Army will contribute to their enforcement, and that it will contribute in proportion as the money recovered from Germany is destined to pay the United States."

To this influential Paris paper the moment seems opportune for recalling some past mistakes of American policy in these words:

"At the close of the war the United States could have assumed the financial direction of the world. She had only at that moment to take into account the fact which is now being forced on her: Recovery of the Allied debt to America is impossible unless the Allies recover the reparations debt from Germany.

"If these two debts had been combined three years ago the United States would have ranked among the direct creditors of Germany. Her presence would have discouraged those Germans who have preached non-fulfilment of the treaty. Further, as the United States would have had an immediate interest in making Germany pay, she might have extended the credit which would have made Germany solvent. Europe would have been kept in a state of economic convalescence, and the wheat of the American farmer would have sold more largely.

"The United States has followed the opposite policy. She has withdrawn from European questions, and Europe has painfully fallen into the quarrels which come from empty pockets."

The London *Statist* believes that cooperation with Europe "will certainly not be forthcoming from the United States while expenditure on armaments by European countries, which profess their inability to balance their budgets, continues to be on a big scale." Yet it admits that current military expenditure in Europe is "to a large extent unavoidable," and consequently it observes that the "Washington decisions provide only a very partial remedy, and something much more drastic in the way of retrenchment is needed, as a preliminary to general reconstruction."

A GERMAN-SWISS VIEW.

EUROPE: "Uncle Sam! Help, Help!"
UNCLE SAM: "Sorry, I can't. Don't you see my hands are in my pockets?" —*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

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RUSSIA RESENTS "COLONIZATION"

ANY ATTEMPT on the part of the Allied Powers or of Germany or of both forces together to capitalize Russia's weakened condition will be met by passive resistance in which she is ready to sacrifice the greater part of her population. Such is the declaration of the Soviet Russian leaders, Messrs. Lenine, Krassin, Chicherin, as quoted by a Russian correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who tells us that Russia's leaders will go to Genoa determined not to permit cooperative employment of Allied and German capital in Russia, nor will they allow Russia to become an Allied colony, as they believe she would become, if foreign money poured into the country under the conditions proposed to them. This German correspondent reports further that if Germany found herself decisively bound to the Western Powers, Russia, tho thereby subjected to the severest privation, would continue to drag on in self-imposed isolation until the general economic situation forced the rest of the world to be moderate toward her. This informant relates further that the appointment of Dr. Walter Rathenau as Germany's Foreign Minister has sharply called the attention of Moscow to the attitude of Germany and of the Allies toward Russia.

In Czecho-Slovakia the Premier and Foreign Minister Edward Benés, gives us information through the *Prager Presse* about the various companies that have been organized for the Russian business development that Messrs. Lenine & Co. frown upon. Certain German capitalists have enterprises under way and there are international consortiums, either Anglo-German or American, which are preparing to enter Russia for trade purposes. He tells us further that there is great haste among all these business circles and a nervous anxiety to secure commercial treaties, due to the fact that there is some uncertainty about what political policy will be adopted toward the country. As

THE GREAT BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY IN RUSSIA.

—*Evening News* (London).

to Czecho-Slovakia's policy, he maintains that it is more liked than ever by Western Europe, and goes on to say:

"We have persistently opposed military intervention, for we were convinced that Russia can be helped only through a long and painful policy of reconstruction, engineered chiefly through broad economic intervention. Two years ago we outlined the idea of economic intervention in Russia, which should be bound up with certain efforts non-political in character, and having as their sole aim the repatriation of war prisoners. Following this repatriation, there should have come economic order and reciprocal interchange of trade missions between the two countries. When the recent famine overtook Russia, we endeavored to stir up a mighty international movement into Russia to help the great masses of the population. The object of this movement was to

THE LEAGUE RUSSIA WANTS.

"If only the Genoa conference would establish a League of Rations."

—*La Democratie Nouvelle* (Paris).

open Russia to Europe; for it is clear to us now, as it has always been clear, that the only way to reconstruct Russia is to have Europe in person at Moscow, to control the economic Russian system, Russian foreign policy, and the Russian Soviet army, Soviet propaganda and the secret police, and all this in combination with an intensive economic penetration from all parts of Europe. This is and can be the only way to help Russia, and without it the eventual fall of the Soviet régime would benefit nothing and no one."

Such has been the aim of Czecho-Slovak policy toward Russia, for it has wished to bring an end to Russia's martyrdom and to set the country on its feet without interfering with her domestic concerns, says Mr. Benés, who holds that this is the only policy toward Russia that can possibly succeed. We read then:

"The development of Russia's internal situation has gone so far that it is no longer possible to mistake the impending transformation of the régime of soviets into a normal régime of cooperation between the various political, economic and social classes. Serious observers of the Russian situation are now not interested in the question whether the Soviet Government must collapse or not, whether Lenine or Trotzky will remain in power or not, or whether the course of events, rapid or leisurely, inclines toward the Left or toward the Right. To-day we are much farther advanced, for we are not interested in such matters, but in the concerns of millions of needy human beings, and we wish to have Russia fit into the framework of the general policy of the world and its economic coordination. As soon as all effort is bound up in this common task, litigious questions about régimes and personalities will quietly resolve themselves automatically."

It is to Russia's own interest that such an understanding of the country become international, Minister Benés adds, and it does not mean more than that international opinion should intervene actively in the political and economic development of Russia. Thus the Russian people would cease to suffer, and all classes would regain the place that is their due.

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THE SHRINKING PACIFIC

A FABLED OCEAN full of dim distances and lonely dwelling-places and strange peoples, such was the Pacific to the forefathers of the Europeans of but a few removes, and to-day their descendants see it shrinking before their very eyes. This is the thought of a contributor to the *Auckland Weekly News*, who recalls that in those days the voyager from Europe looked into its weird mystery with fascination, "musing upon its invitation to travel and trade, yet not so intrepid as to venture his hopes across its waters." Men thought of it as the birthplace of the moon, we are reminded, and gave it a name which testified they had never pushed far into the wastes they pictured as tranquil in contrast to the better known Atlantic. But now it takes on the character of "an inland lake, bordered by peoples who arrange the courtesies of traffic upon it, and use its islands as stepping-stones," and we read:

"Up to the end of the seventeenth century it was virtually unknown of Europe. The peoples upon its northwestern shore had been visited by adventurous missionaries and traders, who found their way thither by land routes perilously trodden out of old. The road to India, and so to what was then really the Far East, lay not yet past the Cape of Good Hope, and few European keels had touched the waters that Polynesian canoes traversed. But the romantic venturings of those days were the forerunners of the expeditions of definite discovery and scientific intent, by which the eighteenth century was marked. Colonization followed. Trade grew. Across and across the stretches of the newly known ocean the routes of travel threaded."

Then came into the Pacific the influence of international politics, we are told, and soon the South Seas as well as the waters of the Far East, were the scenes of national rivalries. The struggles of the West "reverberated in the Pacific with growing clearness" all down the nineteenth century and on to the days of the World War. In that terrible clash of arms, it "lay within the arena, and altho not central, was shaken and spattered by the fray." The writer recalls that—

"The Pacific as the nineteenth century knew it was the concern chiefly of four nations—Great Britain, the United States, Germany and Japan. The activities of others were less momentous and prominent. Holland had long-standing interests in the adjacent East Indies. France had intervened with force of arms in Mexico, and snatched New Caledonia from under the very nose of Britain; and between these two extremes was meditating seizures of territory. But it was German aggression that counted for most in this new development.

"As the century's last quarter dawned, Germany's policy of world dominion found expression. The Bismarck Archipelago was seized. New Guinea and the two large islands, annexed by Carteret for George III, before Captain Cook explored the Pacific—New Britain and New Ireland—were soon flying the German flag. Bismarck, who had played upon British anxieties over Egypt, where France was then fomenting trouble, in securing Britain's acquiescence in these annexations, affected at first not to understand Australian protests against them. Becoming imprest by their vehemence he put against them the weight of popular feeling in Germany. He had forsworn the views that as 'a no-colony man' he aforetime propounded, and was eager for colonial expansion at all costs. Mr. Charles Lowe, his biographer, states that so far as Australian opposition was concerned, "he denied the right of the Australians to apply the Monroe Doctrine to their Polynesian neighborhood, and thus it was that he came to characterize the due regard of England for the cohesion of her great Empire as wanton obstruction to the colonial expansion of Germany.'"

Japan came to the fore in the course of events, and Germany sedulously opposed this new claimant for a place in the Pacific, and the writer points out that "along with Russia and France, Germany succeeded in robbing Japan of the fruits of victory over China." It is recalled that Wilhelm II made much of the Japanese menace to civilization, with the "made-in-Germany phrase," "Yellow Peril." At the close of the century Kiao-chao was obtained from China and established as a German naval station at Japan's front door. The writer reminds us that then the German High Seas fleet came into being, and gives a picture of the Bismarck method as follows:

"Bismarck's acknowledgment of his policy in acquiring Schleswig-Holstein was frankly phrased: 'I wished to acquire Schleswig-Holstein because unless we had that province we could not hope to have a German fleet. It was a question of national dignity that in case of need Germany should be able to hold her own against a second-rate navy. Formerly we had no fleet. I should consider it an exaggeration for Germany to compete with the French or English navies; however, we must be strong enough on the sea to be able to deal with those second-rate Powers which we can not get at by land.' So Japan's claim to be a Power in the Pacific was made an excuse for Germany's naval program, which had (as the years inexorably proved) even a wider aim than Bismarck's words acknowledged.

"How he meant to uphold the national dignity, and to hold his own against second-rate Powers was specifically instanced in his charge to the expeditionary force that left Kiel for China at the time of the Boxer rebellion. 'When you meet the foe you will defeat him. No quarter will be given, no prisoners taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Just as the Huns a thousand years ago, under the leadership of Attila, gained a reputation in virtue of which they still live in historical tradition, so may the name of Germany become known in such a manner in China that no Chinaman will ever again dare to look askance at a German.' Chinese statesmen have declared that on the road between Tien-tsin and Peking the Germans hardly left a dog alive on the blood-drenched road. Bismarck succeeded even better than he intended. He would have no Chinaman look askance for evermore at a German; since then no self-respecting Chinaman has wanted to look upon a German at all."

In this spirit Germany entered into the politics of the Far East and of the Pacific that it bordered, says this writer, who points out in fairness that not everything Germany did was so ill done as its treatment of the Chinese. Nevertheless, the subjugation of the second-rate nations was "an integral part of the German expansion policy," and he adds:

"The treaty between Great Britain and Japan foiled the Bismarckian purpose, and his Emperor's subsequent bullying of the 'yellow' peoples give an unintended impetus to a union of the nations settled upon the shores of the Pacific. Germany missed, through overreaching, the opportunity of taking a creditable part in the ultimate settlement of the Pacific; and the pact that now comes from the conference at Washington, a settlement of Pacific problems that promises to be stable and practicable, significantly has no place for the Power with the mailed fist. More significantly still, the nations that Germany condemned are given 'national dignity' such as he could never have contemplated with complaisance. Japan joins, not as a 'second-rate' power exactly, with the three great nations of the recent alliance against the Prussian attempt to place 'Deutschland über Alles,' while China, which was to be Germany's boot-black, is given honorable undertakings of security and happiness.

"Thus has the dwindling Pacific, growing in importance as it has shrunk in mystery, become the scene of a great achievement in international politics. Once as a horizonless expanse it was enveloped in a haze of mysterious legend. It became the arena of eager enmities. Now, by virtue of the new covenant of peace, it has become the council table across which the great nations of the earth shake hands."

One danger spot to political navigation in the Pacific still remains visible to certain Japanese newspapers, and this is what the Tokyo *Yomiuri* calls the "discriminatory treatment accorded to Japanese residents in California" and the violation of their property rights." On this point it remarks:

"In the reservations in the quadruple entente treaty, the United States intends to exclude the application of the treaty to these questions on the ground that they should be dealt with as matters relating to her internal administration. So the Californian questions are outside the pale of the quadruple entente treaty and will be an important cause of dispute between the United States and Japan. . . . Furthermore, no one will undertake to do away with the possibility that American missionaries in Chosen may incite the Koreans to rise up against our rule. Indeed, there are causes of disputes between the United States and Japan galore."

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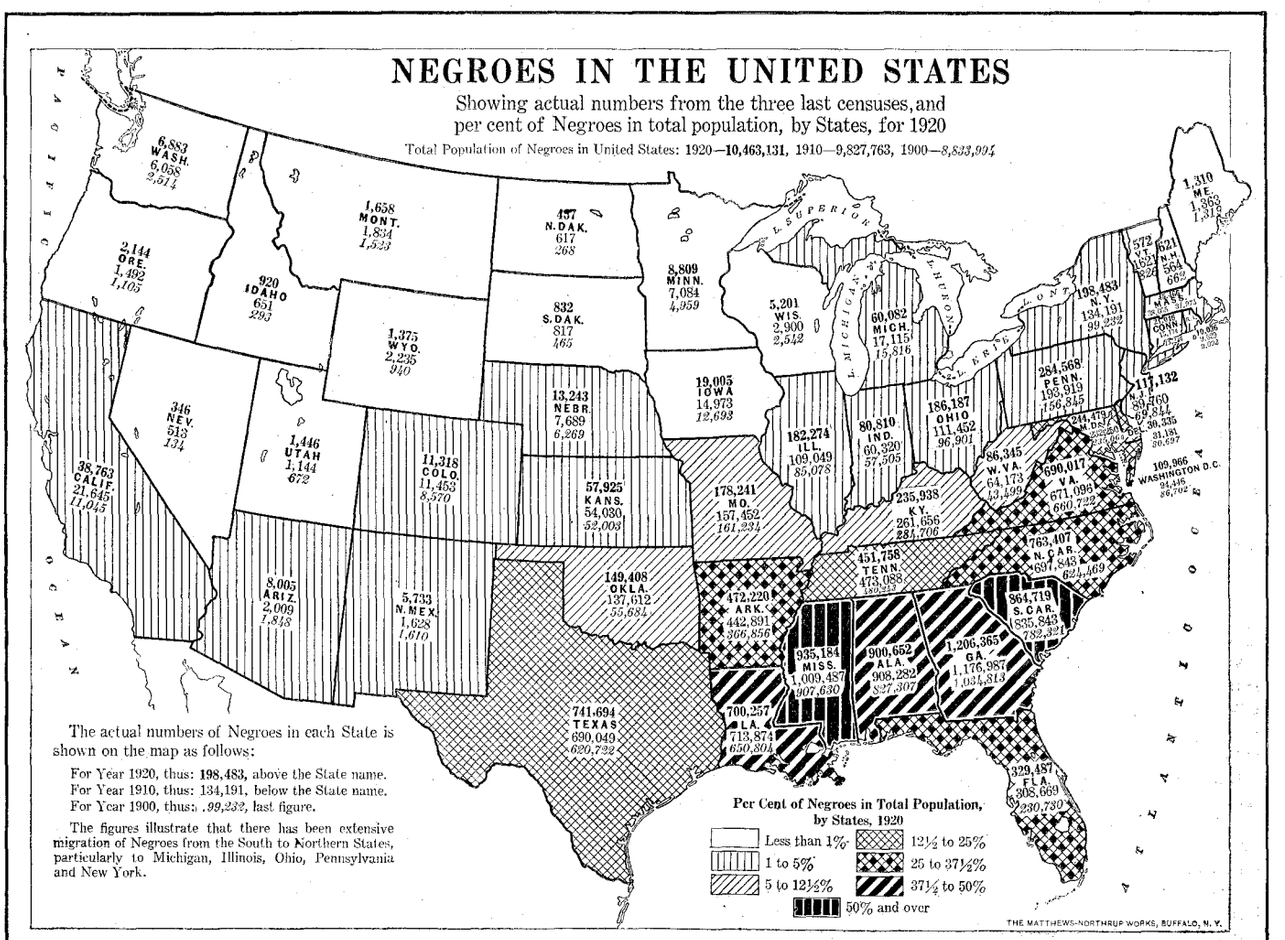
SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

IS THE "BLACK BELT" FADING?

CONCENTRATION OF THE NEGRO POPULATION is rapidly giving way to wider distribution and dilution, and with it will pass away also the "Solid South," we are assured by Judge A. S. Van de Graaff of Tuscaloosa, Ala., writing in *The News and Times-Gazette* (Tuscaloosa). The colored people are migrating northward and westward, and the day when there will no more be "black counties" in the Gulf States is surely approaching. This, Judge Van de Graaff believes, is the solution of the negro question, so far, at least, as the South is concerned. The negro, he thinks, has no bent for independent farming; he works best in masses and under control, so that he will naturally drift to the cities and to the great mining and construction camps. Judge Van de Graaff fortifies his position with ample statistics, but we have room here only for his general conclusions. The writer is a native of Alabama, was educated in boyhood in California, graduated at Yale and returned at once for his life work to his native state, where he has now lived for forty years. He tells us in his introduction how in 1866 he saw Forrest's cavalry surrender near his father's home and the next year, on the same spot, gazed on "a limitless sea of black faces" at a Fourth of July celebration. Remembering this, Judge Tourgee's prediction of "eight black republics" in the South long seemed to him certain of realization. Statistics of what is now taking place dispel utterly any such idea. Writes Judge Van de Graaff:

"I soon came to believe that the question whether the South was to be permanently differentiated by a negro population large enough to determine standards or to dominate, was to turn upon whether the negro majorities placed by slavery in its lowlands and greater river valleys were to remain fixed and to grow under freedom, or on the other hand, to diminish and break up. And when the returns from the census of 1890 became available I learned that the rural-dwelling negro was nowhere fixed, but everywhere fluid, and moving not only 'southward and westward' as stated in the general report of that census, but also from the plantations into the towns and cities, and from these passing on to those of the North—a movement not yet large enough to receive general recognition, but in my judgment much the more significant. For my fundamental fact of direct observation was that the negro was failing as a farmer. The discipline of slavery had left him only a 'hand.' The life of the quarter and the work of the squad on the big plantation had not given him the qualifications required of the successful small farmer, self-reliance and self-control, and strong love for home and family—the indispensable attribute of a stable country-dwelling people.


NEGROES IN THE UNITED STATES
Showing actual numbers from the three last censuses, and per cent of Negroes in total population, by States, for 1920
Total Population of Negroes in United States: 1920—10,463,131, 1910—9,827,763, 1900—8,833,994
The actual numbers of Negroes in each State is shown on the map as follows:
For Year 1920, thus: 198,483, above the State name.
For Year 1910, thus: 134,191, below the State name.
For Year 1900, thus: .99,232, last figure.
The figures illustrate that there has been extensive migration of Negroes from the South to Northern States, particularly to Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York.
Per Cent of Negroes in Total Population, by States, 1920
Less than 1%
1 to 5%
5 to 12½%
12½ to 25%
25 to 37½%
37½ to 50%
50% and over
THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

STATES LOSING AND GAINING NEGRO POPULATION.

Several Southern States show losses, while some Northern manufacturing States show large gains

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And my anticipation was that as he had thus far failed, in any broad view, to fit into new agricultural relationship; as he had failed to make good either as wage-hand, share-hand, or tenant on the plantation, so he would continue to fail, and would continue to carry his muscle and his superior fitness for work admitting of being done in massed numbers under supervision to the cities and towns, the construction camps and mining districts; and because of the greater demand and better conditions there, progressively more rapidly as he came to know these, into the larger industrial centers and muscle-markets of the North."

That this redistribution of the negro has been taking place, and is still taking place, under country-wide conditions, statistics show very remarkably. We read further:

"The cumulative effect of our statistical facts may perhaps be better realized by contrasting the white regions [of the South] with the black. Upon four-fifths of the South's area, then, in 1910 there were 20,097,000 whites and 3,960,000 blacks, the blacks constituting less than one-sixth of the total population. The twenty year gains were for whites, 6,936,000; for blacks, 1,070,000. Upon the remaining one-fifth there were 3,348,000 whites, and 4,851,000 blacks, the black percentage being 59; twenty year gains were for the whites 46 per cent. or 1,058,000; for the blacks 24 per cent. or 926,000.

"There is to be no such racial conflict, no such catastrophe, no such explosion, as it was predicted by De Tocqueville and feared by Calhoun, would follow emancipation. The safety-valve was long since opened by the Civil War—the volume of its discharge was only made greater by that World War of which it has been well said that 'one wholly unlooked for result has been to reveal the color line as the question of the twentieth century.' If De Tocqueville could again voyage down the Ohio and contrast the two banks, he might yet observe lingering traces of slavery's baleful influence upon the left. But for more than half a century both banks have been alike free, and close observer as he was, he could not fail to discern the change brought to the right bank also by the coming of freedom on the left. There are now more blacks in Cincinnati than in Louisville—more in the border States of the North than in the border States of the South. On the northern side of the old line of cleavage which the Civil War removed, the number of negroes has been increasing through all of fifty-six years, and has had its greatest increase within the last four. On the southern side there has been as steady a decline, at first only relative, but later absolute, until in Kentucky there are now fewer negroes than in 1860, and the black percentage of its population has become less than that for the United States as a whole; until also, as is even more significant, the last census has shown the loss of black population in all the four contiguous subjacent States—Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. This radical change of trend—this decisive turn toward uniformity in the redistribution of the negroes between North and South under the conditions of freedom, is thus shown to have already operated over wide areas, and it is now being extended over the whole country. From the returns of the census of 1920 we find in the northern group 1,236,000 blacks, showing a decennial gain of 380,000 or 44 per cent.; and in the southern 1,917,000, showing a gain of 26,000, or less than 1½ per cent. And if we again extend the comparison back to 1860, as the beginning of the new dispensation, we have in the northern area an increase of 1,002,000 negroes or 448 per cent., against one of 538,000 or 40 per cent. only, in the southern."

What, asks Judge Van de Graaff, is to be the effect of this migration of the negroes, if it is to go on, as certainly it must if his analysis of its origin is sound, with the boll-weevil still stripping the cotton fields, and with the restriction put by the war upon foreign immigration now continued by law? There may be some local consequences, he thinks, that seem disquieting. Still—

"In the long run and in the broad view, only good can come from the continuance of the movement to both South and North, and to whites and blacks alike. In no State of the North was the percentage of blacks as high as 4 in 1920, and in only six States did it reach 2. With the first turn of the industrial tide the cities and industries of both North and West will again need and bid for negro labor. For the South answer might well have been made to the Nebraska inquiry by the secretary of the Montgomery Chamber of Commerce, which within six months preceding had raised $100,000, not to bring back any of the 16,000 negroes Montgomery County lost between 1910 and 1920, but to induce the coming of white farmers from North and West. Now, as twenty-five years ago, it is plainly to be seen in agricultural Alabama that progress and prosperity vary in inverse proportion to the relative numbers of their blacks. Wherever the negroes are in the majority there is stagnation and decay. And this holds in other realms than the material. The negro has risen and is to continue to rise in America. But it is none the less true that American standards are to remain white standards, and community standards ought everywhere to be fixt by the whites. If the number of negroes be such that by their mere mass they fix the community standards, these decline; the negroes rise more slowly, if they rise at all; and the whites, who live with them, may themselves sink toward a lower level. This has been always felt, if not declared in words, in the South. The life of its black belts has not been acceptable to the white man—the standards, political, industrial, and other, of the black belts, have been hardly less unsatisfactory to the Southern white man than to the man of the North.

"Not alone the breaking up of the big plantation was needed for the realization of Lanier's vision of 'The New South'—his last prose essay written just before his death—the passing of the black belt was also required. This is now at hand, and with it will also pass that 'Solid South,' which rose out of it in the last century, and come that 'more perfect and indivisible Union,' with parties no longer sectional, but truly national, which was the aspiration of Webster and Clay and Calhoun alike."

BIRTH CONTROL AS A CURE FOR WAR

OF ALL THE WISDOM that has been uttered about war, its origins and causes, the editor of the "Men and Things" department in *American Medicine* (New York) thinks that the profoundest, truest, and most far-reaching is hinted in a brief paragraph or two in one of H. G. Wells's recent articles. The one reason for the persistence of war he finds in the problem of population, a solution for which has not yet been found aside from the historic process of the subjugation of other people to make room for one's own. The problem of population he believes to have been the chief underlying motive for the late war. Germany had no room for her swarming population, she had to expand, and she made the only experiment open to her through the inadequacy of modern society. He continues:

"The next war will be a war brought about by the problem of population. Japan is teeming and she must expand, and unless modern social and political organization supplies a new and more humane process of adjustment before it is too late, Japan will go to war, unless——. And here lies the wisdom and vision of Wells. The solution he suggests is so simple, so uncomplicated, that at first blush it seems almost absurd. The historic process, the process which creates wars, is to expand the territory over which a swarming population may spread its activities. The suggestion of Wells is that it would be far better both for the world at large and for individual nations to shrink the population to conform with the areas available to it. To accomplish this, an intelligent understanding and application of the principles of birth control, to be internationally furthered and adopted, is indispensable. A homely remedy this may appear, the adoption by the world of a principle which even limited groups of society have failed to recognize or approve, yet no single fact or remedy would bring such effective results if properly applied. 'I have made a British official blush,' says Wells, 'at the words "birth control," but it is a fact that this aggressive fecundity of peoples is something that can be changed, and that this sort of modesty which leads to the morbid development of population, and so to great wars, calls for intelligent discouragement in international relations. Japan has modernized itself in many respects, but its social organization and its family system are very ancient and primitive, involving an extreme domestication of women and the maximum of babies. I submit that the troubles arising from excessive fecundity within a country justify not aggressive imperialism on the part of that country but a sufficient amount of birth control within its proper

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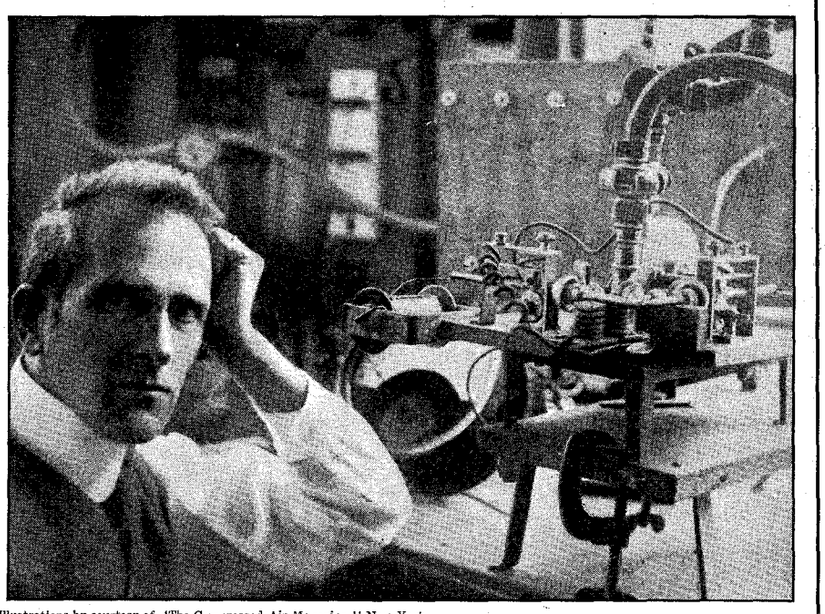
boundaries.' It is assumed as a matter of fact that Japan will go to war within the next generation in order to provide breathing space for her overcrowded population. Disarmament may prevent such a war and it may not. The only certain preventive would be a realization by Japan that she could provide her needed breathing space by reducing her population to the area available to her at present, and she could do so without the terrible cost that the historic method would involve both for herself and for the country which she would victimize."

SPRAYING WITH MOLTEN METAL

ONE'S THROAT MAY BE PROTECTED against infection by spraying it with an antiseptic liquid. In like manner metal objects are now made rust-proof by spraying them with a non-oxidizable metal made liquid by melting. A writer in *The Mining and Scientific Press* (San Francisco), who takes his facts from *The Compressed Air Magazine* (New York), tells us that increasing appreciation of the usefulness of comprest air has facilitated research in connection with the application of protective coats of various kinds of adhering materials. Painting is now done by spraying; the fire-proofing and the protection of timbers underground are effected cheaply by the use of the "cement-gun." With regard to the metal spray, which is the invention of M. U. Schoop, he says:

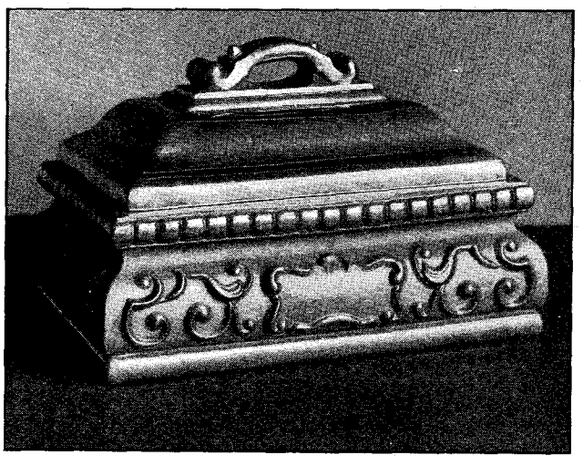
"Among the earlier tests was one in which a small cannon shot tin and lead granules against sheet-iron plates, the idea being to form a protective coating. Later, molten metal was used in such a way that a thin stream was diffused and deposited by the atomizing action of superheated steam or air at high pressure. Subsequent work showed that satisfactory diffusion could be obtained with air at a comparatively low pressure. The use of metal in the form of dust or powder was the second step in the development of a practicable system, the material being projected by a stream of comprest air that was blown through a Bunsen burner of concentric design, the flame from which rendered the metal soft or molten. The primary idea was to find a means to utilize powdered zinc, which is available and cheap, for the galvanizing of iron and steel. The inventor next used metal wires, which could be melted by an oxyacetylene flame, or by means of an electric current, and then sprayed and deposited by the impulse of expanding gases or by comprest air. Electricity proved to be the more flexible heating medium, because the temperatures obtainable by the use of the arc make it practicable to use a larger variety of metals for the purpose, some of high melting-points. The 'pistol' that is used carries two metal terminals, connected with the source of current; these are brought together and then separated so that an arc is formed. A suitable mechanism feeds the wires forward at the requisite speed. As the metal is melted it is blown toward the object to be coated by means of a jet of comprest air, delivered at a pressure of about three atmospheres.



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Compressed Air Magazine," New York.

THE INVENTOR AND HIS INVENTION.

Mr. M. U. Schoop and the laboratory apparatus from which his "Electro Pistol" was evolved.



TERRA-COTTA BOX SPRAYED WITH BRONZE.

The lustrous finish gives perfectly the appearance of metal.

"In some cases powdered metal is obtainable at a low price and is then used in place of the wire. The dust is delivered by comprest air into the flame of a specially designed oxy-acetylene burner, or an incandescent electric arc, in which carbon electrodes are used. Mr. Sidney Mornington states that the projection and adherence of the metal take place faster than do the reactions that are necessary to promote oxidation. It has been demonstrated repeatedly that lead can be fused and sprayed by means of a stream of heated oxygen, to form a homogeneous layer of metal, and without evidence of any oxidation having occurred. The apparatus is mounted on a portable truck, which can be moved wherever spraying operations are necessary. A skilled workman can coat one square yard of surface in about six minutes.

"The process has found extensive application for the galvanizing, as a protection against rusting, of bridges and railroad cars. High-tension porcelain insulators are partly coated with copper to ensure a satisfactory contact. Iron containers are protected with a deposit of aluminum, and thus the expense of the solid-metal article is avoided. Lead surfacing is adopted to protect apparatus from the corrosive effects of acid; a further use for the process may be predicted in connection with the coating of equipment that is used for the leaching of copper ores. An interesting application has been described in connection with the coating with lead of Pelton-wheel buckets. In one Swiss hydro-electric power-station it was found that the buckets were abraded by the sand and gravel in the water; experiments then demonstrated that buckets that had been coated with lead by the new process were peculiarly resistive to the abrasive action of the sand, the explanation being that the impact serves only to hammer the lead more deeply into the minute crevices on the surface of the casting. Other applications will doubtless be discovered,

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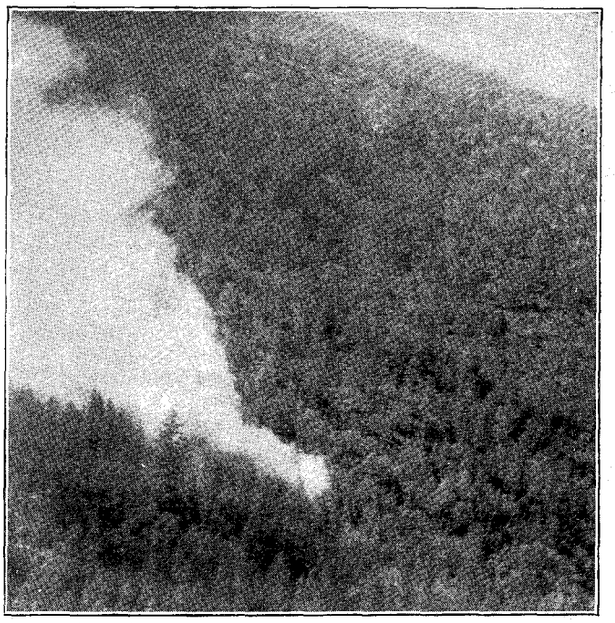
all of which will serve to emphasize the growing importance of the mining of copper, lead, and zinc, and the fact that expanding civilization and inventive genius will demand an ever-increasing supply of these primary essentials to industrial and domestic progress."

AIRPLANE FIRE-PATROL ABOLISHED

DISCONTINUANCE OF THE APPROPRIATION which made possible the cooperation of the Air Service and the Forest Service in patroling forested areas by airplane gives special interest to the results of the past season's work in spotting forest fires from the air. *The Engineering News-Record* (New York,) states that during the 1921 fire season in California, of 595 fires reported by airplane, 288 were "spotted" within one-quarter of a mile of exact location and 422 had been reported to Forest Service men within ten minutes after discovery. In Oregon this season 653 fires were reported. Of this total 482 were reported by radio from airplanes, and of these 339 were reported to Forest Service stations within ten minutes of discovery by the aerial observer. This paper proceeds:



Courtesy of "The Engineering News-Record," New York.

FOREST FIRE SPOTTED FROM AN AIRPLANE.

"It is now pointed out that radio compasses at the landing-fields could be used very effectively in locating a plane circling over a fire. With radio compasses at two or more ground stations whose distance of separation is known, the exact position of the fire could thus be readily located on the map. This plan would obviate the necessity for an observer in the plane, as the pilot could easily trip an automatic transmitter that would operate while he was over the fire. The season's experience in California has shown that radio amateurs for operating the ground stations can be readily secured. Many instances are cited to show the superiority of airplane observation for this work as compared to the lookout stations maintained by the Forest Service. Where necessary aerial photography may be used as an aid in planning method of attack. In the case of small fires in rough country the aerial observer can spot the location more accurately and usually quicker than the 'lookout' or observer stationed on a mountain peak. These mountain stations, however, are to be continued even if the plan of air patrol is again made possible."

Discussing the policy of discontinuing the patrol, *The Journal of Electricity and Western Industry* (San Francisco) says:

"As a part of the Dawes economy curtailment, Congress has cut off the appropriation which made it possible for the Aviation Service to cooperate with the Forest Service in maintaining the airplane patrol of the National Forests that has been so effective in the past two summers. Those who are acquainted with the great aid rendered in preventing fires and preserving the timber of the National Forests know that a curtailment of this sort is false economy, because without the air patrol the country stands to lose timber of value far exceeding the cost of maintaining the patrol.

"Officers of the Aviation Service are anxious to have the forest patrol continued because it affords a 'field service' training for pilots and observers. The Forest Service is convinced that the Air Patrol is a very valuable agent in forest protection. However, it should be remembered that the people's interest is far greater than the interest either of the Aviation Service or the Forest Service, and that the training of aviators and the cost of fighting fires, which in themselves seem to be good and sufficient reasons for continuing the air patrol, are exclusive of and in addition to the fundamentally important consideration of conserving our timber resources. There is no citizen of the west coast who is not in some way, directly or indirectly, interested in our forest resources or their products. If the need and will of the people can be shown to be contrary to legislative enactment, we have faith enough in Americanism to believe that the offending measure will be changed."

WHAT TO EAT IN COLD WEATHER

MORE FATS; LESS SALT; ENOUGH WATER—this is practically the winter regimen prescribed by Dr. I. H. Kellogg in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.) Cold weather, says Dr. Kellogg, should not be feared, but we should prepare for it. Cold weather stimulates the vital activities, but only on condition that one is kept comfortably warm. Heat production and all forms of vital activities are accelerated. This fact is announced by the instinctive demands of the appetite. He continues:

"In cold weather there is a natural reversion to fats and a craving for farinaceous and saccharine substances. The significance of this craving is the need of the body for fuel or heat-producing material. An ounce of fat has more than double the value of an equal quantity of dry starch or dry albumen as a source of heat. To be exact, an ounce of starch has only 44 per cent. of the value of an ounce of fat as a source of energy. The amount of fuel food needed in cold weather is considerably greater than that which can be utilized in warm weather, not only because of the large amount of heat required to keep the body warm, but because of the greater amount of muscular activity which cold weather naturally encourages.

"Instinct teaches, then, that in cold weather we should make a somewhat larger use of fats and of fat-containing foods, such as nuts, butter and cream, than in warm weather. The amount of fats may in cold weather be increased one-fourth or one-third without injury, and generally with benefit.

"Cold is a natural gastric stimulus. The exposure of the body to the influence of the cold, dry air leads to the production of an increased quantity of gastric acid, so that the stomach is able to tolerate without injury a considerably increased amount of fat. In this fact we have an explanation of the cold-weather appetite for griddle cakes, rich pastry, fried pork sausage, rich gravies and various greasy mixtures, exhibited by many people, who, however, find themselves suffering from headaches, dullness, 'biliousness' and various other inconveniences with the approach of the warmer months. This is the explanation of the so-called 'spring biliousness' from which so many suffer, relief from which is sought by the use of bitter tonics of various sorts. These medicines give temporary relief in some cases because they stimulate the stomach to produce an increased quantity of gastric juice; but the ultimate result of this artificial stimulation is an aggravation of the difficulty, because the real cause—the excessive use of fat—is not removed.

"Persons who spend their whole time indoors, and practically live in an atmosphere of summer temperature during the winter do not require and can not take care of the extra amount of fat needed by those who are much in the open air. Those who live much out-of-doors and during the nights sleep with their windows open, so that they are constantly breathing cold air, require an

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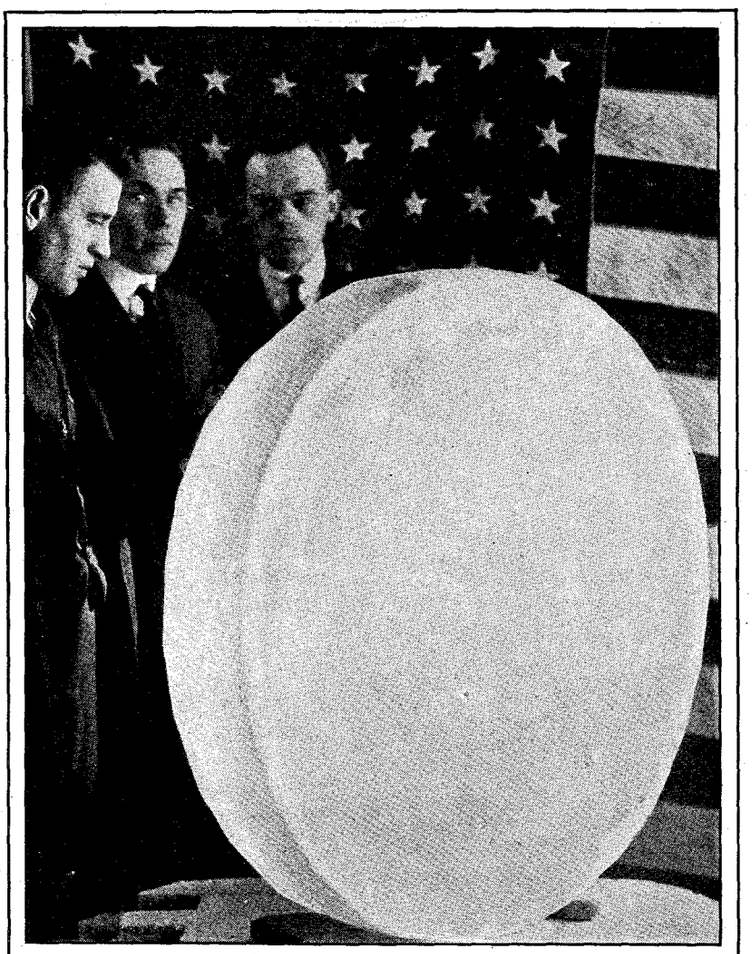
increased amount of foodstuff to maintain body heat. The amount of extra food required depends, as in all other seasons, upon the amount of exercise taken. In general, the amount of food required in the winter season is about one-fourth greater than is necessary in summer."

Another interesting modification of the winter diet considered worthy of attention by Dr. Kellogg relates to the use of common salt. The fact was long ago observed by travelers that the Esquimau and other dwellers in the Arctic make no use of it. This may be in part due to the fact that they subsist largely upon flesh, but it seems probable that in very cold climates the activity of the skin must be diminished, not only by the low temperature, but by the clothing. This must diminish the amount of salt eliminated from the body by perspiration. We read on:

"What is true in the Arctic regions is to a very large degree also true in the cold season of the temperate climates. The diminished activity of the skin greatly lessens the elimination of sodium chlorid, and consequently there should be a decided lessening of the intake of this food element. Modern investigations have shown beyond any chance for doubt that the addition of sodium chlorid to the food, at least in more than very small quantity, is quite unnecessary. Ordinary foodstuffs contain sodium chlorid in quantity amply sufficient to meet the demands of the body, which are really very small. Achard and others have shown that the actual need of the body for salt is not more than half a dram daily, that is, half of a very small teaspoonful. The majority of persons consume eight or ten times this quantity. Ordinary foods contain twice the amount actually required by the body, and hence there is no danger of a salt famine in the system, even tho no sodium chlorid whatever should be added to the food. If a small amount of salt be eaten habitually without injury, it is only because this mineral substance is very little irritating to the tissues when taken in moderate quantity, altho its large use certainly does result in injury to the stomach, kidneys, and probably other organs as well.

"Another point of interest in connection with this question of a cold-weather régime relates to the amount of water or other liquids which should be taken. As the skin is so much less active in the winter than in the summer season, there is naturally less thirst. There are, in fact, many persons who will scarcely drink at all during cold weather. The writer has met several persons who frequently pass several months without drinking water or other liquid than that naturally found in the fruits and various foodstuffs taken at the table. There are many birds and some animals, such as the giraffe of the African wilderness and the prairie dog, which seem to be able to live many months without water.

"The human system, however, requires a considerable amount of liquid, and in cold weather, when the instinctive demand for water is much less than in the summer-time, it is well to cultivate a systematic habit of drinking at least four to six glasses of water daily."



"MADE IN AMERICA."

Forty-inch telescope lens ready for grinding.

THE ALL-AMERICAN TELESCOPE

LARGE ASTRONOMICAL telescopes entirely of domestic manufacture are now possible. Science Service's *Science News Bulletin* (Washington) tells us that telescope discs forty inches in diameter are now fabricated in the United States, the announcement being made on January 16 by Donald E. Sharp, of the American Chemical Society. The feat, unparalleled in the annals of optical glass-making in America, was performed at the factory of the Spencer Lens Company, Hamburg, New York. It took Europe many years to progress from the manufacture of twelve-inch discs to large sizes. We read further:

"Until very recently gas furnaces were used for the slow cooling process, necessary for the elimination of strain in the glass. After many failures in attempting to make the larger sizes in gas furnaces, due to variable gas pressure and temperature inequalities, an electric furnace was installed. The electric furnace, altho successful on the second trial in making a 23-inch disc, repeatedly proved a disappointment on the 40-inch size. It was, therefore, redesigned by the users, and additional apparatus was invented to adjust automatically the temperature controllers, so that any cooling rate desired between two-tenths of a degree and one degree centrigrade per hour could be obtained.

"The gas furnace equipment, which had been scrapped as useless, was restored and redesigned. An automatic thermostatic control mechanism was also devised. A trial of the two methods was started seven weeks ago, and culminated in the announcement that both were successful.

"These enormous discs of glass in the rough weigh as much as a half ton in the case of the 40-inch size. The researches of the Geophysical Laboratory of Washington, D. C., determined the proper annealing temperature and cooling schedules. The next problem was to obtain the desired conditions in the furnace, and it is significant that this was accomplished by American scientists in a much shorter time than it took Europe to do the same thing.

"One of the huge discs will be sent at once to McDowell's of Pittsburgh, where it will be ground and polished by a master workman to an accurate parabolic surface. The finished article is for a huge telescope now being erected at the Stewards' Observatory of the University of Arizona.

"It is a tribute to American genius and scientific ability that a large astronomical telescope can now be built entirely of domestic products. The last problem in the manufacture of optical glass in America has been solved."

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RECAPTURED THRILLS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

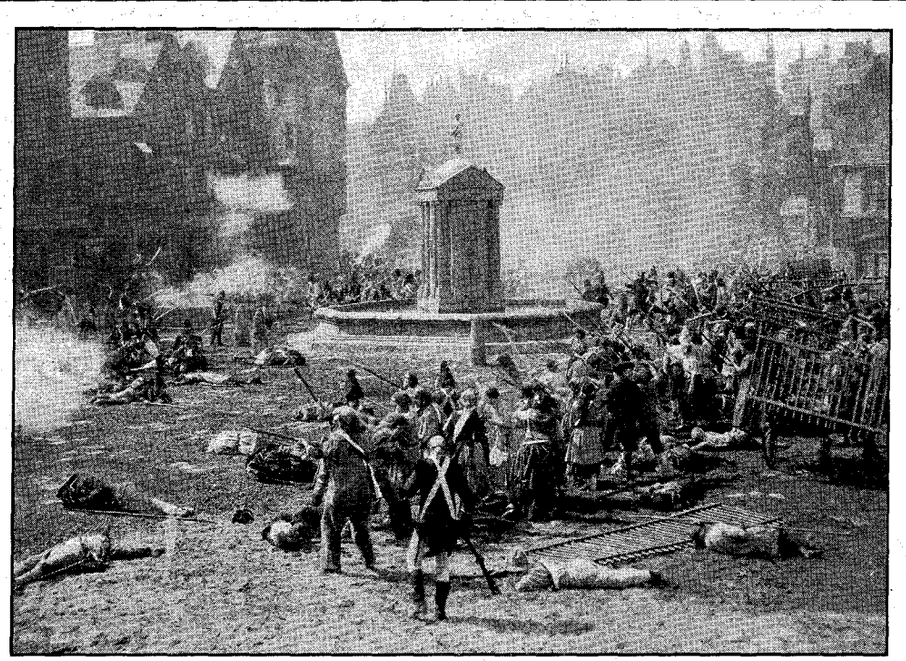
CARLYLE AND A POPULAR SCREEN IDOL seem to compete desperately for points in one of the latest of the great spectacular films—"The Orphans of the Storm." Through the medium of an old melodrama that thrilled the country an an earlier generation, Lillian Gish and her sister Dorothy are thrust by the film magnate, David Wark Griffith, into the turmoils of the French Revolution, giving to the story such inequalities of balance that Alan Dale, critic of the *American* (New York) jocularly asks, "Did Lillian Gish cause the French Revolution or did the French Revolution cause Lillian Gish?" No greater scenario for moving pictures is offered by history than the French Revolution, maintains one writer, but such is the impatience of the movie audience with didacticism that we must have our lessons sugar-coated. Hence the personality and fame of a screen star come to play a part where, even with the added aid of the old play, her presence seems a bit far-fetched. "The Two Orphans" was produced by the late A. M. Palmer in 1874 and contained a line that justified, at least in Mr. Griffith's mind, annexing the French Revolution. The compassionate *Chevalier de Vaudrey* observes that the aristocrats of France will one day pay dear for their inhumanity. The Revolution is in fact not far off, but what the play modestly forebore the movies take in overflowing measure. There are two ways of looking at the film: one is as an educational vehicle for presenting with vividness some of the facts of the French Revolution; the other is to try to recapture the melodramatic thrills of an old play whose familiarity to the present generation is likely to extend not much further than the title. Boston, which was granted the first showing of Mr. Griffith's film, is properly proud and appreciative. In one of the Boston papers Sylvia Cushman lays her emphasis on its educational value and applauds the producer's purpose "to make the spectator see in his own mind what would take place in this country if the mob took charge":

"First we hope, we sincerely hope, that it will be a lesson of warning to our great Government and to the people, for what has happened once can happen again, and we do not care for any repetition of the French Revolution in these United States; secondly, it places Dorothy Gish, always known as a comedienne, in the front ranks as a dramatic and emotional actress. We feel sure that there will be no hard feelings among the members of the cast, if we give Dorothy first place in honorable mention, for her work deserves it. Sister Lillian has a dangerous rival in the gentle art of emoting.

"In the play *Louise*, the blind girl played by Miss Dorothy, and *Henriette*, her sister by adoption, come to Paris to seek a cure for *Louise's* blindness. One is abducted by a rich nobleman, the other is taken up by an old hag and forced to beg upon the streets. *Henriette*, escaping from her abductor, begins a desperate search for her sister which, but for the timely interference of *Danton*, would have ended on the guillotine.

"The French Revolutionary period is of course only a duplicate of what to-day is happening in many parts of the world, and what we are trying to keep from our own shores. How Griffith has handled the mob scenes, especially the fall of the Bastile, is a fearful and wonderful thing.

"It is interesting to recall that the bobbed hair now in vogue with the women of to-day was first worn as a protest of mourning by those who had lost members of their family by the guillotine."



A PLAY THAT MIGHT BECOME A REALITY.

In recreating scenes of the French Revolution Mr. Griffith aims to warn us what might result in this day and age if the mob took charge.

Chicago in like manner pays tribute to the producer's skill, the *Herald and Examiner* observing that "in visualizing this most turbulent eruption of human passion in the history of the world —the French Revolution—the test of Griffith's achievement is that he has submerged himself, at least to a greater degree than ever before." The eye, it s declared, keeps the brain busy in 'Orphans of the Storm." For—

"As a spectacle, which it does not assume to be predominantly, this is especially true. Unlike 'Intolerance' and other of Griffith's great attempts in this regard, the motive is clearer and the execution more logical.

"The underlying causes of the great upheaval, the starvation and the heart-rending tortures inflicted on the people by the autocrats of 'nobility' are shown with ruthless adherence to truth, and these inflame the most casual spectator and render him helpless and a puppet to the director's art. The force and dramatic intensity that Griffith can bring to the stage seem almost in-

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credible, the more marvelous in this picture, because, as stated, they come straight, without any fireworks.

"His wizardry for tracing beauty on the screen is not the least of the producer's accomplishment in 'The Orphans,' either. The magnificence of the palace, the majesty of Notre Dame and the ecstatic beauty of French gardens are conjured up in all the regality of their day and age. With the flashing of the gorgeous set and colored lighting for the fête of the *Marquis de Praille* there came a burst of spontaneous applause. And in striking contrast are the horrors of the Bastile, the groveling torture chamber of the *Frochards*, and the rank abandon of the sans-culotte, or Parisian hoodlums, in riotous celebration of their new-found 'freedom.'

"Another high light that brings audible appreciation is the first battle of the king's soldiers and the mob. No harum-scarum clash of huge numbers moving like automatons, but a fierce encounter that sways the emotions of the audience with its desperate realism."

To see Carlyle s "French Revolution' thus brought to life on the screen causes Mr. Henry McMahon to say in the New York *Times:*

"The trammels of the movies are often spoken of, their limiting matter and treatment to the greatest common denominator, rejecting whatever is caviar to the general. And yet observe this amazing fact: Whole chapters of Carlyle are to-day being lifted into 'pictures.' His dramatis personæ tower among the finest characterizations of the time. Nay, his French Revolution appears in new guise as the adapted work of Griffith. It is just as reasonable to think of Carlyle the rugged picture author as it is to believe (and who does not?) that Shakespeare, if the picture medium had been handy, would have hastened to place in it the gorgeous scenes for which he lamented that 'this unworthy scaffold' of the Globe Theatre—that tiny cockpit and 'wooden O'—must needs suffice.

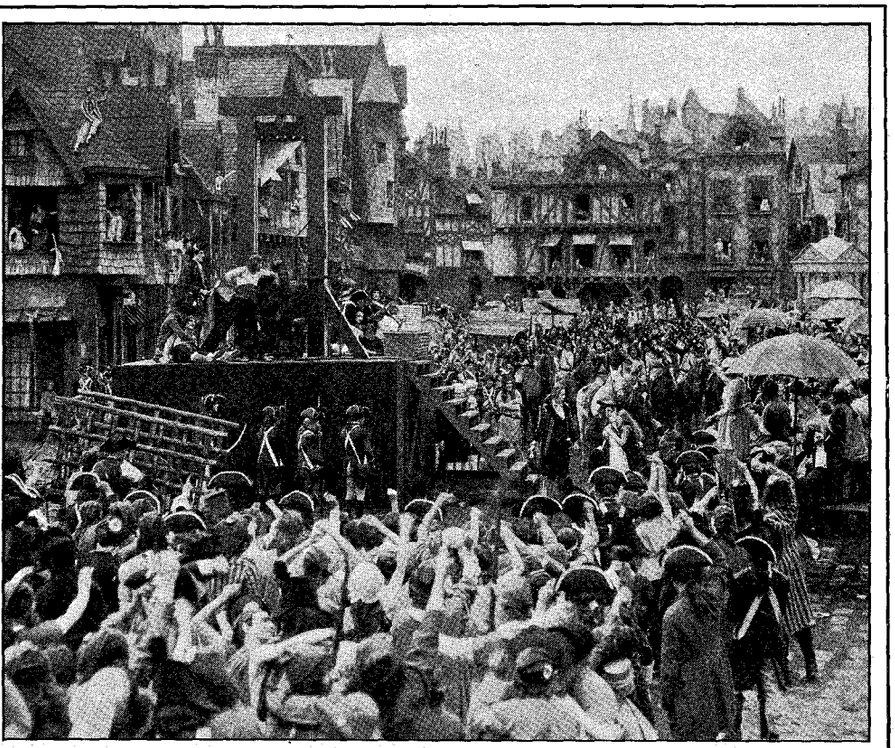
" 'The French Revolution: A History in Three Volumes' is certainly a tremendous motion-picture scenario. Perhaps the Germans sensed it a little before the Yankees, but they lacked resource. World-shaking phantasmagoria can hardly be reproduced with Lubitsch paper marks. And not resource of dollars only, many kinds of stellar ability were needed to give life to the Carlylean titans. There is little dialogue in the French Revolution. It is action, *action*, ACTION! And have you ever noticed the Carlyle technique of setting the immediate scene against a background of Time and Space and World's Transcendental? The Allegory behind the Picture, so to speak—the higher Vision over against the horrific Reality? That's movie stuff! Foreshadowing and cut-back; wide perspective, minutest close-up; impressive fade-out, parallel action, accelerating climax, the return or obstruction, the tension snapt at breaking point, the idyllic aftermath: you shall find them all in the 'fire-picture' (as Carlyle himself calls it) of the eventful four years that destroyed the Bourbon scheme and introduced the still darker tyranny of the Terror."

Gordon Hillman of the Boston *Transcript,* ranks "The Orphans of the Storm" as Mr. Griffith's finest melodrama"—

"Its vast canvas of revolt is epic compared to the ice jam of 'Way Down East,' and if it contain not quite such breath-snatching, emotion-wringing moments for Miss Lillian Gish, it also lacks 'character parts' that are overlaid with crêpe hair. Comparison with 'Broken Blossoms' *i. e.* 'The Chink and the Child' is impossible; two-sided Mr. Griffith made them both, two-sided he still remains."

IRELAND'S NEW ART

SINN FEIN produced no war artist, for the conditions of the conflict made that almost impossible. But artists who reflect contemporary life like Jack B. Yeats, brother of the poet, feel that Ireland is ready for a new artistic outbreak, and that "the emergence of an Irish Free State can not fail to stimulate strictly national genius in the future." His views were exprest to Trevor Allen who interviewed him for the *Westminster Gazette* (London), where he explains that art "will take Irish subjects and treat them in an Irish manner." Mr. Allen writes:



THE GUILLOTINE AT MAMARONECK.

All this seems like Paris at the climax of the Revolution, but it actually is suburban New York with movie actors rehearsed for the scene.

"As an indication of the new spirit which we may reasonably look for in the Irish art of to-morrow, Mr. Yeats showed me an unexhibited picture of his called 'Batchelor's Walk.' 'It reflects an incident I witnessed just before the Easter week outbreak,' he explained. 'Some of our fellows had been shot along the quay here. A common flower woman, passing with a basket of carnations, dropt one or two of them as a memory-offering on the spot where one fell. They were her stock-in-trade, and I thought it a noble action.' The picture is certainly a deeply impressive study. The figure of the woman, natural and unidealized, as all Mr. Yeats's characters are, shows up darkly against the background of Dublin quayside. At her side there is an emaciated, scantily clad youth of the same type. The chivalrous bestowal of the carnations is indicated with convincing restraint.

"That is the only subject of the kind Mr. Yeats has attempted. For the rest, he is content that his work should go on reflecting the peasant and folk life of the country and town without particular reference to the struggle which every one hopes is now unfortunate history."

The drama, on the other hand, seems rather more disposed to make direct use of it:

"There has already been one play, 'Sable and Gold'—which has no oblique reference, by the way, to 'Black and Tan'—dealing with the Cork of the revolution period. The Abbey is shortly

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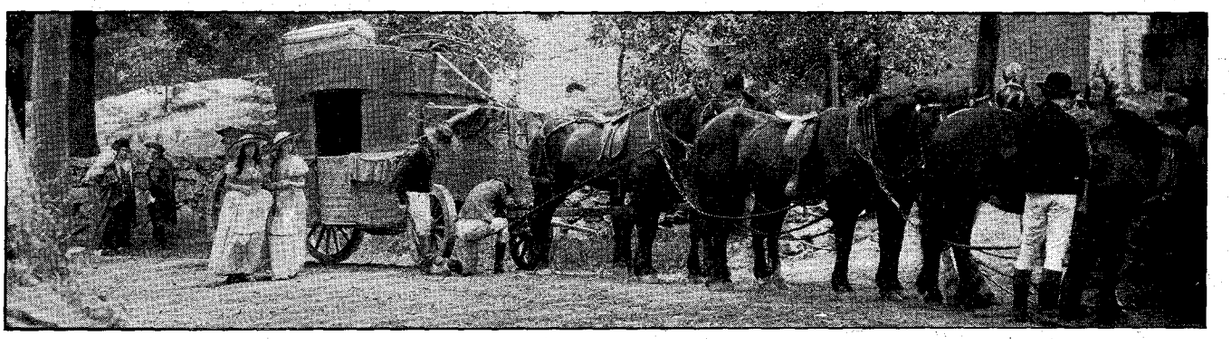

WHEN *LOUISE* AND *HENRIETTE* JOURNEY TO PARIS.

The "Orphans," impersonated by Lillian and Dorothy Gish, at the halt by the wayside, when enters the villain of the drama.

to produce one centering about a lonely lighthouse at the time of the Casement gun-running. And there are others.

"The significance of the conflict to the novel may be judged best, perhaps, by Mr. Darrell Figgis's 'House of Success,' published over here. 'In this book,' Mr. Figgis explained to me, 'I have tried to symbolize the history of Ireland from Parnell to Sinn Fein, without going outside one small family. The Parnellite father, *Diarmuid O'Hara*, anglicizes his name into Jeremiah Hare, because he believes that the only thing worth going in for is success; he is the out-and-out materialist, and tries to inculcate into his son the same philosophy. But the son reacts and becomes the idealist, and goes up to Dublin with his true Gaelic name to fight in the revolution of Easter week. I have endeavored to make *Diarmuid* the realistic study in the psychology of the gunman who lives for an ideal, but is no mere dreamer—rather the reverse: hard, grim, resolute. His conflict with his father's philosophy reveals a curious condition which we have never had before. It shows how, under the stress of the new movement, idealism has become grim and materialism sloppy. That, more than anything, explains the strength of Sinn Fein.'"

THE WILSON FOUNDATION

IT IS SAID that Mr. Wilson "lacks magnetism"; that in a marked degree he is "a detached personal entity." Yet it is frequently reported that in recent months greater applause has greeted his portrait in the large moving-picture houses than that accorded the likeness of any other public character. Mr. Wilson seems to stand outside of politics and personate a national ideal. This is proven to many minds in the support given to the Woodrow Wilson Foundation which, says the *World-Herald* (Omaha) is "suggestive of the vitality of fundamental democracy in the Republic, a democracy that transcends party bounds." In the concrete, the Foundation represents "a national fund of $1,000,000 to $2,000,000 to be held in trust, the proceeds to be used in making awards at stated intervals 'for meritorious service to democracy, the public welfare, liberal thought or peace through justice.'" Says the Minneapolis *Tribune:*

"These friends could have hit upon no better way to perpetuate the name, the influence and the example of Mr. Wilson. Theirs is a vicarious means of giving vitality to a leadership that is not as articulate as it was when Mr. Wilson was still strong of body. That the movement has many eager, willing backers is manifest in the meetings that have been held over the country and in the contributions that are coming in for the Foundation fund. Minneapolis admirers of Mr. Wilson, without regard to party, are asked to give $15,000 as their quota. So great progress already has been made that it seems safe to forecast an early 'covering' of the quota."

It is also significant that more than one hundred colleges have organized committees among faculty and students to aid in gathering the fund. These include the colleges for women as well as men. By the end of January it was announced from the national headquarters that more than two thousand subscriptions had come in by mail without personal solicitation. From Nebraska, as from other States, the *World-Herald* reports that subscriptions are coming from men and women who are not affiliated with the Democratic party. This journal remarks:

"This is a good and healthy sign. It is suggestive of the vitality of fundamental democracy in the Republic, a democracy that transcends party bounds. It reveals, too, the ruggedness and persistency of the sentiment for world peace to be preserved through conference and organization.

"For these are the ideals that Woodrow Wilson has stood for and fought for to the limit of his strength. These are the ideals the Foundation is designed to further. Every dollar that is contributed to the Foundation is a dollar given to advance the doctrine that the people should rule, through the orderly processes of government, and that their peaceful rule should be dominant not only within nations but between and among nations.

"It has been the great privilege and service of Woodrow Wilson to carry to its logical conclusion the teachings of Jefferson and Lincoln. They strove for democracy for America. His task has been to help spread the peaceful rule of democracy to cover the world. In the League of Nations he sought to set up an institution where all peoples might meet, in their sovereign capacity, to take counsel and agree on united action to preserve the peace of liberty and justice to all men everywhere. With a vision that pierced the centuries he saw the League as the parliament of mankind that should in time be able to save the earth from the awful tides of war's blood and tears that recurrently have drenched it.

"Great ideals are not easily and speedily converted into great actualities. Great idealists have ever known their Gethsemane. The first steamboat, the first locomotive, were puny things. But faith and loyalty and persistency have builded from small beginnings, deaf to the jeers of cynicism and the angry outcries of honest ignorance, all the good and true accomplishments of humanity.

"It is the desire and determination to build on the foundation Wilson has laid that explains the Wilson Foundation. It is the hunger for peace with liberty throughout the world that impels the creation of a fund of money to be used to encourage and inspire, now and among our children and our children's children, those who shall carry on the struggle for that highest of mundane ideals.

"No great edifice of stone and brick and steel and mortar is contemplated, no statue in marble or bronze, but a Foundation that actively shall serve the hopes and dreams and aspirations of men and women bound together in a community of purpose to carry a great work forward. The awards rising from the income of the Foundation will be made from time to time, it is stated, 'to the individual or group that has rendered, within a specified period, meritorious service to democracy, public welfare, liberal thought or peace through justice.'

"It is a free-will offering that is asked. It is asked not of Democrats but of all citizens of all parties who believe it well to encourage such service as the Foundation purposes to reward. It is asked particularly of those who would rather give their money to spread the love and methods of peace than to raise their sons to be cannon fodder and their daughters to be war's piteous victims. It is asked of those who believe in their hearts that it is true that all men are brothers, that the hatreds and fears that divide them should be and can be destroyed, and that the children of God should aid him to establish his common fatherhood on earth."

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CHESTERTON WORRIED BY AMERICAN JOKES

CHESTERTON IS ALL AGAINST importing American jokes and taking them seriously. He sees no reason why a caricature that is a success in Chicago should be transplanted to London, not because it is funny, but because it is a success. What is laughable, he avers, is that "such levities should be brought laboriously over land and sea, as men brought holy relics for the spreading of a great religion." He also finds it "lamentable as well as laughable" that the English nation, "which has developed the most individual of all European modes of humor, from Chaucer to Dickens, should be unable to make an obvious joke in its own language and should ask an American to make it in a foreign and incomprehensible language." All this and more, which we shall presently disclose from the *Illustrated London News*, seems to have arisen over Mr. Chesterton seeing reproduced in an English paper an American joke on the henpecked husband:

"Surely we could manage to support existence with our own national version of this international idea, without its being made meaningless to us by scenes of American domestic life, which are much more remote than medieval domestic life. For instance, in the picture I have just looked at, the whole of the joke (at the best a somewhat mysterious joke) turns upon taking it for granted that every ordinary housewife possesses an ice-box. An ordinary English housewife would no more expect to possess an ice-box than to possess an iceberg. And it would be about as sensible to tow an iceberg all the way from the North Pole as to trail that one joke all the way from the New York newspapers."

This is not an attack on American humor, but upon British maladroitness. Mr. Chesterton, braver than Shaw, declares he likes us; likes us to be Americans; and thinks it absurd to expect us to be Anglo-Saxons. "It is irrational enough to take three sensible and self-respecting citizens of a very distinct country, one of them named Cornelius K. Van Smutz, another named Fingall P. O'Gorman, and the third Nicholas O. Kropotsky, and tell them they can all embrace and be brothers in their common memories of Shakespeare and Milton." He finds something even more irrational, and that is—

"When the memories their country is told to cherish are the very memories which it only came into existence in order to change; and when they are told that they are all children of the British Empire and the British Constitution, and all the things for which America fought to be free. The United States is now a nation, with a very strong national loyalty of its own. And as we have fortunately left off denying the Irish nationality with insults, it might be well also to leave off denying the American nationality with compliments. But, considering it as another nationality, I have a very real admiration and even affection for that nationality. I like the Americans for a great many reasons. I like them because even the modern thing called industrialism has not entirely destroyed in them the very ancient thing called democracy. I like them because they have a respect for work which really curbs the human tendency to snobbishness. I like them because they do not think that stupidity is a superiority in business and practical life; and because they do not think that ideas are always insanities. I like what is rather unphilosophically exprest by saying that they are all optimists; at any rate, very few of them are pessimists. I like them because they are never guilty of the ghastly blasphemy of supposing that there is something fine about being bored, any more than about being blinded or lamed, or paralyzed."

One sees that the present Chestertonian polemic is not against anything American, but against something he regards as un-British; of which he sees his fellow countrymen guilty.

"But altho (or rather because) I like American things to be American, I very violently resent the present tendency for English things to be Americanized. England also is a nation and has national traditions and national virtues, and would probably find it difficult to imitate American virtues, at any rate in the American form. But, as a matter of fact, it is not American virtues that are being imitated. It is rather American vices, and especially American vulgarities. We are not imitating their democracy, but rather their plutocracy. It is not even the New York skyscraper, which is sometimes beautiful, half so much as the New York sky-sign, which is generally garish and tawdry. But any one with an appetite for the adventurous variety of mankind can enjoy New York sky-signs as features or freaks of New York skyscrapers; he can enjoy New York skyscrapers as features or freaks of New York; and he can enjoy New York itself as a feature or freak of the civilization of the United States. Many Americans are ready to express doubts about whether New York is not more of a freak than a feature. But, anyhow, the whole thing hangs together; the whole toppling vision of towers and fantastic fires, whether it be a day-dream or a nightmare. But I object to little patches of New York appearing in the streets and walls of London, a city with a wholly different soul; all the more because it means the exhibition on a small scale of something meant in its nature to be on a large scale. But the worst examples of all are exhibited on the smallest scale of all. They appear in the corners of magazines and in the details of daily journalism. They appear especially in the form of American jokes, carefully imported as if there had never been any English jokes.

"Now a joke is in any case a very difficult thing to import. It would be easier to transplant almost any sort of American tall building than a certain sort of American tall story. But the toppling and tremulous American joke is carefully brought across the Atlantic, like the Tower of Babel on a little boat, is steered into port, and trailed along by train; only to fall flat in London."

KATE CLAXTON AND KITTY BLANCHARD

MCKEE RANKIN AS *Jacques*

MARIE WILKINS AS *Mere Frochard*

STUART ROBSON AS *De Vaudray*

CHARACTERS IN "THE TWO ORPHANS" AS PRODUCED IN 1874

The old play now filmed as "The Orphans of the Storm."

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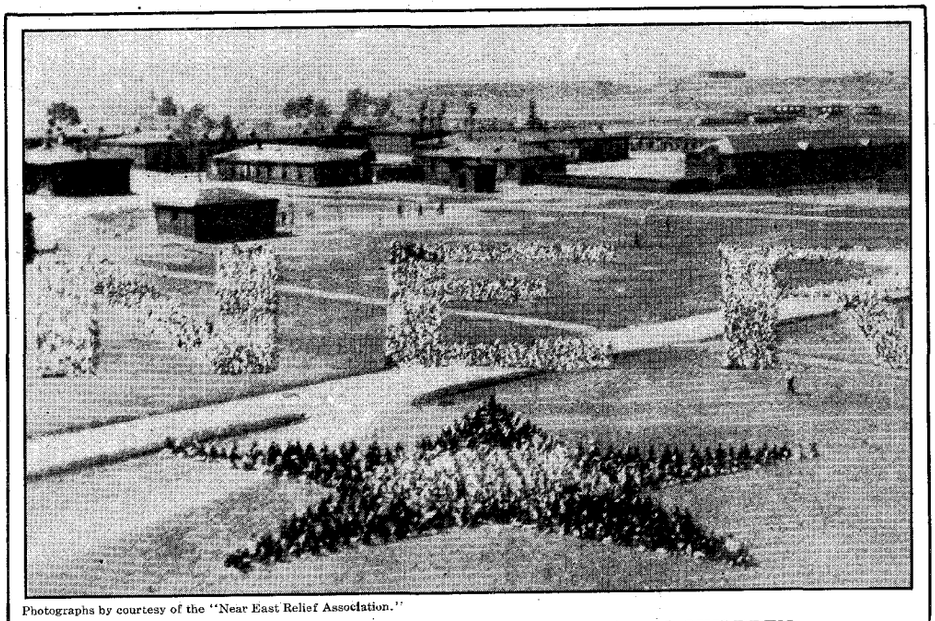
RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

ARMENIA'S TRAGIC FINISH

TURKISH BUTCHERIES OF ARMENIANS have reached the point where a remnant of 120,000 has besought the Council of the League of Nations to send ships to transport them beyond the reach of their hereditary enemies. Persecuted for centuries, and deserted, we are told, by those on whom they had most relied, the Armenians have no recourse other than evacuation of their country, and many observers agree that the spectacle of these people being hounded from their native soil is a sad reflection on civilization. Ancient history records many moving tragedies of which whole nations were the victims, but, says the Kansas City *Journal*, "modern times have written no such chapter as that which puts the finis to the national history of the Armenians, who . . . are to leave their immemorial homeland and abandon Armenia for an indefinite period, if not forever." Whether the "pitiful remnant" of 120,000 is all that is left of the 1,500,000 who were in Armenia when the war ended is not stated, but it is regarded as probable that the number refers only to those who were in Cilicia at the time of the French occupation. It is certain, however, "that hundreds of thousands have been ruthlessly slaughtered and starved by their infamous Moslem and Russian persecutors." Turkey has been permitted to wreak her barbarous will upon the Christian Armenians while "the world stood supinely by," continues the *Journal*, and—



Photographs by courtesy of the "Near East Relief Association."

ANOTHER "STAR OF THE EAST" FORMED BY 6,000 CHILDREN

At an Alexandropol orphanage saved by the Near East Relief from starvation and massacre.

"Christian civilization can not evade the condemnation that is involved in such a situation. What is every nation's business is proverbially no nation's business, but it is one of the most frightful ironies of history that the Turk, hurled out of Palestine and reduced to a mere shadow of his former national power, should still be able to slay and torture and starve Armenians until, despairing of rescue by men and even of the mercy of God, a whole nation emigrates to an unknown destination.

"The Russian Bolsheviki have proved more ruthless oppressors than the unspeakable Turk, yet millions in treasure are poured into Russia, while the Bolsheviki and the Kurds unite in crushing Armenia into the bloody mire of multiplied massacres, her daughters dragged into Turkish harems, her men butchered, her land made a bloody waste, without a hand being raised in her defense. That is the tragedy of modern history, the shame of Christendom."

Tho Armenia's various appeals for help against her oppressors have, so far, been without avail, the American Near East Relief is attempting to feed the refugee population and is maintaining what is said to be the largest orphan asylum in the world at Alexandropol, in Caucasian Armenia. Defeat of Turkey in the World War gave new hope to the country, but the treaty of Angora between the French and the Turks, mentioned in these pages on January 28, resulted in the withdrawal of the French from Cilicia, and, says the Des Moines *Register*, "turned forlorn hope into despair."

France has taken measures, through an understanding with the Turks, to protect the Armenians and other Christians in Cilicia, a French delegate stated to the League of Nations, and the French Government has voted 50,000,000 francs for the care of the Armenian refugees. But the past experiences of the Armenians confirm them in their fears that the persecutions will not be halted, and, according to the *Christian Science Monitor*, the Rev. Stanley White, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, insists that the French withdrawal from Cilicia "would undoubtedly open up the way for further attacks by the Turks upon unprotected Armenians and other Christians in the Cilician districts." Systematic annihilation of the Greek populations in Asia Minor is also a part of the Turkish program, according to news dispatches. Just before he sailed from New York recently, the Patriarch of Constantinople received a statement, says *The Living Church* (Episcopalian), giving details of various massacres of the Greeks. Among several other barbarities reported to the Patriarch, according to *The Living Church*, are these in the city of Merzifoun (or Marsovan) and in Samsoun.

"Osman Agha, after seizing the property of all the Christians, set fire to the Greek and Armenian quarters. The sight was most horrible. All the streets and alleys were blocked by the culprits so that those attempting to escape were either shot or pushed back into the fire irrespective of age or sex. In less than five hours 1,800 houses were burned down with their residents. Crimes, unheard of in the history of vandalism, were committed against maidens and children. And while they did this, they cried, 'Let your Englishmen and Americans, your Christ Himself, come now and save you!'

"All the Greek villages of the region of Samsoun were burned, the property of the inhabitants seized, young men and women violated and carried off to the mountains. Many a young woman, choosing to die rather than be disgraced, committed suicide.

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Parents, unable to bear the sight of their children thus disgraced in the hands of the Turks, killed them.

"The above is a rough outline of the horrible picture reflecting on the martyrdom of the Hellenism of Pontus."

According to a cablegram received by the Near East Relief at its New York offices on January 16, more than 200,000 Cilician refugees evacuated the country after the Franco-Kemalist treaty, and are now scattered through the Beirut and Constantinople areas.

PUTTING THE GOLDEN RULE TO WORK

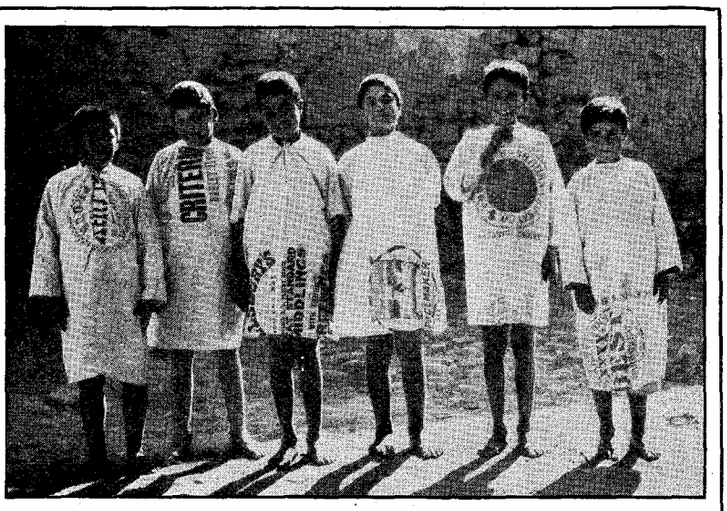
CHRISTIANITY IN BUSINESS is to be the motto of the American Cast Iron Pipe Company, which recently elected John J. Eagan, one of Atlanta's wealthiest citizens and a leader in reform movements, as president. The directors, said Mr. Eagan, according to newspaper reports, are all church members, and "they have elected another professing Christian as president on a basis that the teachings of Christ are to be the ruling principles of the business." Mr. Eagan's platform is brief. It stands, we are told, for a reasonable living wage to the lowest paid worker, constant employment to every member of the organization, and an actual application of the Golden Rule to all relations between employee and employer. The company has already carried some of its theories into action. About eight years ago, according to Mr. Eagan's statement, the firm erected a large industrial Y. M. C. A., and with that as a center began enlarging the scope of the company's service to its employees until now it has a staff including physicians, a surgeon, a dentist and nurse, and a mutual benefit association, operated by the company and employees jointly, to provide for relief of workers in case of sickness and death. Recently the company established a pension fund for old age or disability.

Those who have lost their faith in the justice of Christ's teachings may scoff at such a program as that adopted by the Atlanta company, remarks the Providence *Bulletin*, "but it will not suffer from the jeers and scoffing if it is founded on eternal principles." There are many "old-timers, reactionaries and backsliders who may succeed a while longer with antiquated methods, but the optimist is confident that the Eagan school of business conduct will some time be the popular one, because it will be the most successful." Corporations have no soul, the Pittsburgh *Post* reminds us, but it believes that even if this company lacks a soul "it has at least been given, by the directors' action, a heart." And some of these times, *The Christian Science Monitor* is optimistic enough to believe, "it will be generally recognized among business men and institutions that the most practical, profitable way of conducting their business is on a genuinely Christian basis. It will be learned that the Golden Rule, so long looked upon by them as a merely beautiful theory, is also a workable, valuable guide in all transactions with their fellow men." In order, then,

"To bring about a lasting peace between Capital and Labor the question of wages and hours of work must be approached in a true Christianly manner by both sides. Suspicion and greed must give way to a desire to do the right thing, regardless of the immediate outcome. A few more examples such as that of the American Cast Iron Pipe Company, and that of the A. Nash Company of Cincinnati, clothing manufacturers, who have achieved notable success by the adoption of Golden Rule methods in their business, may lead to an awakening throughout the commercial world that will result in early peace between Capital and Labor. An industrial armistice should be signed at once."

METHODISTS "LIFTING THE CURSE"

DANCING AND THEATER-GOING are no longer regarded as being under a formal ban of the Methodist Church, but as matters for the individual conscience, in the opinion of a number of Methodist clergymen in New York, one of whom states that the so-called ban is "not a rule, but a provision in the judicial section of the Discipline," which "is disregarded by most laymen and many preachers. It is obsolete and misrepresents the spirit of Methodism to the outside world." Interviewed by a reporter for the New York *Times*, several clergymen exhibited, we are told, a decidedly "liberal" tendency, one of them going so far as to say that many Methodists in good standing had only a "technical" belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, and that in his opinion a man might be a good Methodist and believe, for instance,



WHERE OLD FLOUR BAGS ARE USEFUL.

With the flour inside and the sacks outside, Armenian orphans wear also a smile of satisfaction at American assistance.

that the Biblical account of the creation, literally understood, was not in accordance with the fact. These Methodist spokesmen, says the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, referring to what it terms the "lifting of the curse" against certain amusements, "make it clear that their church is no longer to be listed as the joy-killer that it was some fifty years ago, when it placed most amusements under an undiscriminating anathema The provision commanding all its members to shun the theater and dancing as soul-warping evils still stands, but New York's leading clergymen plainly state that they no longer hold it binding. It has been repealed by abandonment."

The paragraph against certain amusements would have been removed in recent years, according to statements made to the *Times* interviewer, except that the negro delegates feared evil results among their congregations if dancing were countenanced, while foreign delegates were unanimously opposed to any softening of the ban because it might lessen the moral authority of the Methodist missions in foreign lands. Some other clergymen were not in favor of the ban on dancing, but feared that its removal might be taken as a general sanction for licentiousness. By others it was stated that parliamentary tactics and accidents were responsible for the continuance of the anti-dancing advice on the official records. The paragraph has been promotive of discord between the Methodist Church and the stage, but the Rev. Harry Dwight Miller, pastor of the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, invited Harry Davenport, an actor appearing in "Thank-U," a play now running in New York, to address his congregation on "Clean Plays." Mr.

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Davenport said, according to press reports, that if the public boycotted salacious plays as it boycotted adulterated food products, the situation in the theater would be greatly improved. Managers, he said, produce, and playwrights write, immoral plays because the public demands them. As for the actors and actresses, he asserted that the majority of them "are a decent sort. They prefer clean rôles. Many of them do not like the rôles the managers make them portray, but they have to earn a living and have to depict the characters the playwrights write for them. If the public demands clean plays, it will get them." It is the duty of the Church, then, declared Mr. Miller, the pastor, to aid in getting clean plays instead of condemning the stage. Christianity, he said, "is a religion of joy and happiness. There is not one word in the Christian or Jewish Scriptures prohibiting dancing, dramas and the playing of games." As he is quoted further in the *Times*, Mr. Miller declared:

"The Church will solve the amusement question not through inane and generally ignored prohibitions, nor through indiscriminate denunciation, but rather in cooperation with every agency to rid the dance of its objectionable features, taking its stand against gambling in any form, and helping the producers of clean plays in their laudable effort to establish a higher standard of dramatic production.

"Not in the standing aloof from life in complacent self-satisfaction that we are not as other men, but in moving out into the world of everyday life and seeking to bring life in all of its aspects into conformity with the will of God and the spirit of Jesus Christ will the Church become a positive and redeeming factor in the life of to-day and to-morrow.

"There have been many actors and some producers who have been men and women of highest integrity. We need more men and women of unimpeachable life to enter the profession. . .

"Be it said to the shame of the American people that a few men have gone into bankruptcy trying to provide clean amusements, while plays that should have landed their authors, producers and actors in jail have played to crowded houses."

"The theater is not the enemy of the Church, excepting when the Church, through inane and unreasoning attacks, has placed the stage on the defensive," said Dr. Miller in a later address, delivered before a Brooklyn lunch club. "With the persecution which the stage has endured for generations, the unjust slander, the contempt hurled at actors, condemned as a class for the delinquencies of a few, we only wonder that the stage is not more antagonistic." The fact of the matter, says Dr. J. Lewis Hartsock, pastor of St. Andrew's Methodist Church, New York, in an interview published in the *Times*, is "that what the Rev. Mr. Miller urges is the practise of everybody. The Methodist Church does not differ from other Evangelical churches in its practise in this respect." There has come, he declares, "an emancipation in the modern church in which people claim the right to think for themselves." As time goes on,

"People widen their experience. They are simply outgrowing these old points of view. There has been an emancipation in theological views about the verbal inspiration of the Bible. The belief in verbal inspiration is only technically held to-day by a great many people. To-day we emphasize the spirit of the word. The great thing is to exercise discrimination. There are good books and bad, and you have to discriminate, but nobody can do that for me. . . .

"The attitude of most Methodists toward Darwinism, I think, is that it is accepted with reservations. There is a certain type of mind which carries it too far and makes it odious. But the principle is believed in generally. It is the great fundamental law of life."

The Dayton *News* holds that "if the young people are to be attracted to the Church, the Church must make itself first as attractive as it is consistently possible. There is no demand for 'wildness' or throwing down all the bars, but it is apparent that some ideas of a half century ago can not be maintained except at the expense of losing thousands of young men and young women who are needed in religious activities."

TURNING PEWS INTO COUCHES

A HOUSE OF WORSHIP by day, but a house of refuge by night, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, one of London's most famous churches, is now, we are told, in some ways one of the most unconventional and extraordinary churches in the world. St. Martin's is nowhere near the fields, but in Trafalgar Square under the shadow of the Nelson monument. Fashionable enough by day, at night its character is very much changed. All sorts of human oddities, partial wrecks, and homeless wanderers of the street slip through its portals to find a temporary couch, and sleep on the cushioned pews, covered with rugs lent by the clergy. The church is something new of its kind, writes Edgar Fletcher Allen in *The Survey* (New York). Its clergy, too, are new of their kind, tho they are "just regular Episcopal clergy, theologically." St. Martin's is never closed, says the writer. "All through the night a soft-footed attendant wanders about, sentinel for the sleeping scores of people of all stations, from the be-fogged, booze-fuddled gilded youth who doesn't know enough or dare to go home, to the flotsam and jetsam of the underworld." Describing a visit to the church in which he watched the procession from the street, the writer says:

"I drifted in one night after a show, to see the church. On the pews are little cards. Some say 'Men only,' others say 'Women only.' That is all. People can come in, and just lie full length on the pews and go to sleep. Nights are long, for the homeless, in London. But wanderers who had not said 'Now I lay me' for ages, just mooched up to the altar and started saying it again. Then they slipped into their pews, and the parson or the deaconess brought a rug and covered them up and tucked them in. But they were tucked in, prayer or no prayer.

"There is more than one tradition about St. Martin's. There is the tradition of St. Martin, for example. He was the son of a Roman tribune, a pagan, and also served in France at Amiens, of hateful memory. In the year 332 the winter was so severe that men died in the streets. Martin was met outside the city by a naked beggar numbed with cold. Martin's possessions were his sword and his cloak. 'He with his sword divided his cloak in twain, and gave one half to the beggar, covering himself as well as he might with the other half.' And in a vision it was revealed that he had divided his cloak with Christ. That is one reason why there is always a rug for your pew-couch at St. Martin's.

"There is another reason, which is a man size bunch of parsons there, who can 'walk with kings nor lose the common touch.' Dick Sheppard, at some hour in the afternoon, will possibly be limping around at a tea party at Buckingham Palace—for King George is a personal friend of his—and in the evening stand treat at the coffee stall in his church-yard to all and sundry. 'Dick' they all call him, but properly he is the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, with academic and military distinctions lying around loose. He has enough medals—active service stuff—to set up a field-marshal, and he has a command of language sufficient for the field-kitchen. [It was Mr. Sheppard who, some ten years ago, then a very young clergyman, brought together in the Cavendish Club several thousand university graduates who were engaged in one kind or other of social work, paid and voluntary. A great meeting of the Club at Queen's Hall, addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and by the Prime Minister was one of the great events in the history of English social service which is still talked about.]

"'Woodbine Willie' is also a new idea in the parson business, and he too has drifted to St. Martin's. Woodbines, you will remember, were Tommy's pet smoke, and they are still Willie's, whose proper name is the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy—also with academic and military additions.

"There are people, of course, who think that these two parson-soldiers are doing the wrong thing, taking away the dignity of religion, and making it cheap. But there are plenty of homeless people in London who are with them, and would rather have it so. Anyway, England is beginning to wake up on that point. There is going to be less and less 'dignity' in religion And it gets by with the head of the Anglican Church. They say that when George V wants to hear the truth he goes to listen to Dick Sheppard. There's a chance that he will drift in casually one night and *see* the truth."

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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

LOCAL history is a lure to the poet-patriot; and *vers libre* is the easy road to self-expression. But when it is Mary Johnston we can calculate also on matter. She prints her snap shots of Virginia in *The Reviewer* (Richmond), and we regret that we haven't space for all of them:

VIRGINIANA

By Mary Johnston

Slow turns the water by the green marshes
In Virginia.
Overhead the sea fowl
Make silver flashes, cry harsh as peacocks.
Capes and islands stand,
Ocean thunders,
The light houses burn red and gold stars.
In Virginia
Run a hundred rivers.
The dogwood is in blossom,
The pink honeysuckle,
The fringe tree.
My love is the ghostly armed sycamore,
My loves are the yellow pine and the white pine,
My love is the mountain linden.
Mine is the cedar.

Ancient forest,
Hemlock-mantled cliff,
Black cohosh,
Golden-rod, ironweed,
And purple farewell-summer.
Maple red in the autumn,
And plunge of the mountain brook.

The wind bends the wheat ears,
The wind bends the corn,
The wild grape to the vineyard grape
Sends the season's greetings.
Timothy, clover,
Apple, peach!
The blue grass talks to the moss and fern.

Sapphire-shadowed, deep-bosomed, long-limbed,
Mountains lie in the garden of the sky,
Evening is a passion flower, morning is a rose!

Old England sailed to Virginia,
Bold Scotland sailed,
Vine-wreathed France sailed,
And the Rhine sailed,
And Ulster and Cork and Killarney.
Out of Africa—out of Africa!
Guinea Coast, Guinea Coast,
Senegambia, Dahomey.—
Now One,
Now Virginia!

* * * *

They tend tobacco,
And they hoe the corn.
Colored folk singing,
Singing sweetly of heaven
And the Lord Jesus.
Broad are the tobacco leaves,
Narrow are the corn blades,
Little blue morning glories run through the corn fields.

* * *

Edgar Allan Poe
Walking in the moonlight,
In the woods of Albemarle,
'Neath the trees of Richmond,
Pondering names of women,
Annabel—Annie,
Lenore—Ulalume.

* * * *

Men in gray,
Men in blue,
Very young men
Meet by a river.
Overhead are fruit trees
"Water—water!
We will drink, then fight."—
"O God, why do we
Fight anyhow?
It's a good swimming hole
And the cherries are ripe!"
Bronze men on bronze horses,
Down the long avenue,
They ride in the sky,
Bronze men.
Stuart cries to Jackson,
Jackson cries to Lee,
Lee cries to Washington.
Bronze men,
Great soldiers.

The church bells ring
In Virginia.
Sonorous,
Sweet,
In the sunshine,
In the rain.
Salvation! It is Sunday.
Salvation! It is Sunday
In Virginia.
Locust trees in bloom,
Long grass in the church yard,
June bugs zooning round the roses,
First bell—second bell!
All the ladies are in church.
Now the men will follow,
In Virginia,
In Virginia!

THE airplane has its determined devotees whatever be the future of aviation, as the *Aerial Age Weekly* shows.

THE BLUE SKY TRAIL

By Lieut. Art. Peirce

There's golden trail to the setting sun, along the azure sky,
Where endless miles of fleecy clouds go gently sailing by,
While sunbeams paint in crimson hue, each grotesque shape and form,
And rainbows blend into the midst, false harbingers of storm.

There's race of men who laughing go along the danger trail,
Who navigate the upper air, as the sea is done by sail.
Who battle its tumultuous storms and win through fog and snow,
Piloting their tiny craft where the trails of man may go.

When evening shadows overspread and the twinkling stars unveil,
A few of these will venture forth who love the Blue Sky Trail,
The Glory Trail that I shall travel, till the wings drop off the plane,
Till the hinges creak and buckle, and I work the stick in vain.

When I drop in a yellow flare, a streak in the noonday sky,
Pray shed no tear in mourning, and heave no bitter sigh,
Just gather up whatever remains, ashes of limbs, or body or brains,
And take me aloft on the golden trail, where the God of sunset reigns.

When the clouds have a crimson hue and night is beginning to lower,
Drive me through the gateway, on the Blue Sky Trail, once more,
Then sprinkle me over the Western Front, the hallowed fields of fame,
Turn me loose, on the Blue Sky Trail, and tell them I "died game."

THE jealous lover may get small satisfaction in this advice. But when time has cured him, he will be glad to have something to pass on to other victims. So the *Nation and Athenæum* (London) supplies him:

GREEN WEEDS

By James Stephens

To be not jealous give not love:
Rate not thy fair all fair above,
Or thou'lt be decked in green, the hue
That jealousy is bounden to.

That lily hand, those lips of fire,
Those dewy eyes that spill desire,
Those mounds of lambent snow, may be
Found anywhere it pleaseth thee

To turn: then turn, and be not mad
Tho' all of loveliness she had:
She hath not all of loveliness;
A store remains wherewith to bless

The bee, the bird, the butterfly
And thou—go, search with those that fly
For that which thou shalt easy find
On every path and any wind.

Nor dream that she is Seal and Star
Who is but as her sisters are,
And whose reply is yes and no
To all that come and all that go.

"I love—." Then, love again, my friend,
Enjoy thy love without an end:
"I love—." Ah, cease! know what is what!
Thou dost not love if she love not.

For, if thou truly loved her,
From thee away she would not stir,
But ever at thy side would be
Thyself and thy felicity.

Go, drape thee in the greeny hue;
Thou art not Love; she is not True,
And no more need be said—adieu.

HERE is a classic story told in an unclassical manner. The author, whom the London *Spectator* features, descends from the high horse of heroic poetry and rides the jogging palfry of humorous verse:

THE JEALOUS GODDESS

By Osbert Sitwell

Silenus left the mainland
On a floating barrel of wine,
His sail was plaited from peach-leaves, and
The leaves of the fig and the vine.
Small waves seem'd masks of laughter
As they rose at Silenus agape,
For his feet were purple with the slaughter
And the crushing of the phœnix-blooded grape
But the little golden winds of the autumn
Flew with him all the way,
Like a fleecy flock of Seraphim
They waited on him all the day.
When the Siren swam to sing to him
From her island where the dolphins play,
They pelted her with lemons and with persimmon,
Till the Siren dived away.
They blew down silver trumpets to summon
Sea-monsters, that peer from the spray.

* * * *

But the sound of seraphic hunting-horns
Bray'd to the nearing Golden Strand,
Till the dragons, ogres, giants, and unicorns
Sprang from their caves to guard their land,
This dear, dear land of Venus,
Where the hippogriff and griffin play—
For if the Siren sang to Silenus,
What would jealous Venus say?

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

WHAT THE EX-KAISER IS DOING IN EXILE

WILHELM II, THE FORMER WAR LORD of Germany, has at least succeeded in realizing two of his more recent ambitions: he has escaped trial by the Allies for his part in the atrocities of the Great War, and he has managed to keep prying newspapermen pretty much at bay. Some slighted scribe, not so long ago, sent out the report that Wilhelm was planning to marry a prepossessing young woman, a certain Frau von Rochow, who was later proved to be sixty years old, and, apparently, without designs on the ex-All Highest. Other reports have said that he is "a man of bowed head, of gloomy silence." Then would come a contradiction, running in general: "They're having wild parties in Wilhelm's suite. If he regrets the demolishing of his world-ruling plans, he is concealing the fact very well." It was reported and denied that he was plotting to return to his throne. A New York *Herald* reporter, sent on a special mission to Doorn, managed partly by accident, it appears, to get a little nearer the carefully guarded exile than most of the spreaders of the recent contradictory reports. The American news man had his troubles at first, for as a Dutch police official told him on his arrival: "We have always tried to live up to the letter of the rule. Now that we have to guard the ex-Kaiser, we have to show even more care in the matter. The country is filled with Anarchists and Reds, and they have to be watched closely." However, as *The Herald's* account runs:

The natives had given the reporter the information that the ex-Kaiser usually took a walk and looked out of the front gates of his home at 8 o'clock in the morning, so 7:30 o'clock found the newspaper man seated in the police room of the porter's lodge at the castle, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the former despot of Germany.

Eight o'clock came and, surely enough, almost as tho the whole thing was a programmed event in a play, came Wilhelm Hohenzollern, just an ordinary looking man, turning white rapidly, but walking with as precise and military a step as tho he were reviewing one of his armies before it started to plunge into the fray on the western front.

His hat was a Fedora, his suit salt-and-pepper colored and single-breasted, his shoes heavy and black. A greenish gray waterproof overcoat was unbuttoned, despite the drizzle that was falling slowly, and it showed his latest acquisition admirably—a well-trimmed white beard, reaching well over the lapels of his coat.

"*Morgen*," Wilhelm said to four of the members of the police guard, passing them "good morning" in the tongue they understood. He had a word in private with their head, a fifth officer, glanced casually at the newspaper man, who, with two laborers, was standing nearby with uncovered head, then turned and walked in military manner back up the walk toward Doorn house and his breakfast.

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"A PORTLY GERMAN BUSINESS MAN."

Such, in appearance at least, is said to be the present state of the former War Lord. This snapshot, made last April, of the ex-Kaiser, the late Kaiserin and one of their grandchildren, the orphan son of Prince Joachim, was secured at a cost of 1,000,000 marks, through the secretary of General Ludendorff. Only a few other copies, all carefully guarded, are in existence.

"There, now, you've seen him," the reporter was told. "If he had known who you were, there would have been trouble, for he has given strictest orders that no one shall pass these gates until they have been passed upon by the marshal of his court, General Von Gonthard—and under no condition are press representatives to be admitted or even allowed near the place."

A card was sent to Von Gonthard requesting an interview with the ex-Kaiser, or, failing that, with Von Gonthard himself. It was returned with this two-line notation:

> Newspaper men are not received at Doorn. No exceptions are to be made to this ruling.

The reporter went back to his hotel and wrote Von Gonthard a long letter, explaining that the writer desired to tell the world what Wilhelm does daily and what he thought of certain world problems, which were outlined.

The general was indignant at what he considered the newspaper man's presumption.

"It will be useless to remain in Doorn any longer," he answered. "You should have gone after my first refusal."

The correspondent became friends with a member of the household of the former Crown Prince, who happened to be spending his Christmas holidays with the ex-Kaiser.

"I'm going to write a last letter to Von Gonthard and have you help me deliver it," the American told the German. "It might help a little and it certainly could not hurt."

The appeal was made and brought only this answer from one of the secretaries of Doorn house:

> General Von Gonthard has spoken his last word on this subject.

"There's no use kicking against fate that is backed up by the Dutch police and military agents," the newspaper man told his friend from the once Crown Prince's staff. "I'll take the night train back to Amsterdam."

The luckless newspaper man, the account continues, had his baggage at the station and was spending the last hour before train time wandering along the road bordering the forest on the outskirts of Doorn when the unexpected happened. Out of the darkness strode a tall, slender man with the appearance of a German professor—round spectacles and everything. He was somewhat bent around the shoulders, but roused himself and bowed stiffly. It seems that a slight exception had been made in favor of the American reporter, for the personage announced:

"I am Herr X——, the Kaiser's private counselor. His

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National Canned Foods Week!

March 1st to March 8th

Visit your grocer's next week and inspect his big, special display of canned foods. From the great variety of these delicious foods, select an attractive assortment for your pantry, ready to serve at an instant's notice.

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Luscious tomatoes, grown from selected seed—true aristocrats refined by many generations of careful breeding. Small, dainty, fine-flavored peas. The most tempting baby lima beans. The sweetest of sugar-sweet corn. These show the quality of the products that the great canned foods industry combs the country to obtain. Canned foods are safe, sanitary, wholesome, economical and convenient.

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We blend the best with careful pains
In skilful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

Get acquainted with all the 21 Campbell's Kinds!

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majesty has charged me with finding you and giving you the information you have asked, as it is impossible for any newspaper man to be received at Doorn. But first I am to present this book, with the hope that it will be useful in presenting the Kaiser's thesis clearly before the world."

The book, once it was unwrapt, proved to be a copy of the famous historical tables, published in Leipzig in December, which had been written to deny that the ex-Kaiser had started the war.

The first thing on Wilhelm's mind, his representative made it clear, was to deny that the house of Hohenzollern was responsible for the war.

"Germany was the victim of a great, general movement in which all nations and combination of nations played their rôles," the man said. "The Kaiser believes the war was the natural outcome of this movement. Until the world, and especially America and the Allies, admit the truth of this, there is little hope of a satisfactory understanding on other questions, such as the future of the German Empire and its relations with the world."

The correspondent forbore to point out the fact that in the eyes of the world the German Empire was like the famed "Rose of Washington Square"—it "had no future, but oh! what a past!" Instead he inquired about the internationally circulated rumors that the head of the house of Hohenzollern, only recently bereft of his wife, was going to marry again.

"He is not going to be married to Frau Von Rochow or to any one else," the German declared heatedly. "He has never had any such intention. Frau Von Rochow is an old friend who visited certain women she knew in Doorn last summer. Immediately the scandal-mongering sheets of Berlin and Amsterdam spread the false rumors of an impending marriage."

"She is young and pretty, is she not?" the newspaper man asked.

"She is not. She is more than sixty years old, but the photographs printed in the papers of her showed her as a stunning young beauty of twenty-five. Why—they reminded one of these souvenir pictures of actresses that are put in cigarette packages as prizes."

"Did the ex-Kaiser hear the reports himself?"

"Of course he did, and they grieved him greatly. His wife had been dead only three months when they first started. To-day he sees the funny side of it all, however, and frequently jokes about his morganatic marriage.

"Has your master any special message he wishes to send to the American people?" the correspondent hazarded.

"Indeed he has," the German answered. "He wants America to know he has a real affection for her and does not consider her entry into the war in the same light he does that of the Allies."

"Does he believe Germany ever is going to cast aside her present republic and take the old régime back?"

"Certainly, as soon as the German people and the Allies have time to study the causes of the war thoroughly and realize, as they will realize, that he did not start it."

"What thing is most earnestly on his mind, aside from a desire for the softening of the treaty terms and the change of the world feeling toward Germany?"

"He wants to see the mark restore itself in value, to prevent his people from suffering. He is a very poor man to-day, with tremendous expenses on himself."

The interview closed soon after. The ex-Kaiser's personal habits, his method of spending the time, were gone into and discust, but only incidentally, as the German had been dispatched by Wilhelm purely and simply to spread propaganda, apparently, and he liked to cling to generalities, to picture the "Tyrant of the Rhine" as a highly abused and misjudged man, to forecast the "come-back" of German Imperialism, headed by a Hohenzollern, with fervent words and gestures.

What are the ex-Kaiser's personal habits and how does he spend his time? Here is a routine of one of Wilhelm's average days, as given by the correspondent, and there is said to be little change or variety in the methodical schedule he has mapped out for himself:

He rises invariably at 7 o'clock and dresses himself—a valet having been dispensed with long before the Allied troops drove the Huns out of the Argonne. Shortly before 8 o'clock he takes his "breather," the fifteen-minute walk on which the correspondent happened to catch a glimpse of him. Then comes breakfast, a hearty, self-satisfying breakfast—ham or bacon and eggs, marmalade or jam, coffee, bread and butter, and cheese, and a considerable amount of it all.

About 8:50 o'clock comes a short conference with the marshal of his court regarding the answering of important correspondence, and at 9 the wood-cutting starts—the famous wood-cutting that supposedly has taken most of the ex-Kaiser's spare time since he fled into Holland.

During the first weeks and months of his retreat, Wilhelm used a handsaw, which gave him a maximum amount of exertion for every minute of his work, but that has been superseded by an electrically driven circular saw, and he is as pleased with it as is an American youngster with a new toy. His output has increased several-fold, and now he even is talking of getting a bandsaw for rippings logs too thick to fit into the fireplace of Doorn castle. Truly, the ex-Kaiser is gradually training himself for the occupation of lumberman, if he ever decides to put aside his aspirations to reenter the game of being a king.

Wilhelm uses the saw two hours, and it seems to have worked wonders with his health. Occasionally he will see outside the barbed-wire fence that surrounds the Doorn estate a Dutch child watching him curiously, and he inevitably feels in his pocket for a coin to give the youngster. The children never spend the money but take it home, where their parents put it away for them as souvenirs.

Once the sawing is over, the master of Doorn walks an hour through his estate—head erect, shoulders thrown back, almost in the famous "goose step" for which his hordes of soldiers were known. The walk is considered the sacred feature of his daily ritual that never must be overlooked. It is his physician's remedy for every ill he thinks the ex-Kaiser might be heir to—fresh air, even if it is laden with water, breathed freely and with an accompanying maximum of circulation.

From the walk Wilhelm goes to his library, where he maintains shelf on shelf of very valuable books, and he reads and rests a while there. Then comes lunch, a meal consisting of a plate of cold meats, and coffee.

When lunch and the mid-day are past the ex-Kaiser walks another hour in the forest, if the weather permits it, then commences his review of the leading German and foreign newspapers, a large sack of them being left at Doorn castle daily. Members of his staff have spent the morning clipping these—collecting especially the articles that bear on political situations or the world war—and almost until four o'clock Wilhelm studies the clippings, invariably devoting the last fifteen minutes of his time to thanking his secretaries for the care with which they do the work.

"Does he talk to his staff in German?" the American correspondent asked, when the "thanks ceremony" was explained to him.

"Yes," was the answer. "It's an inviolable rule that the 'ceremony'—and it almost amounts to a ceremony—should be held in that tongue. A few of his Dutch officials don't like that feature of the session, because they don't happen to be able to speak German, but it's the order, nevertheless."

After the secretaries and staff members have been thanked, the most important feature of Wilhelm's day—as he regards it himself—arrives. It is his writing, because, contrary to all official denials, he still has the ambition to become an author with more than a single volume to his credit, and every day, for months, he has written down his personal views on every important political development that has occurred in Germany or any other important country of the globe. The world will probably have a chance to get acquainted with these lucubrations sooner or later, for, we are told:

These observations are promptly dictated to a stenographer and typewritten copies are bound and filed away with the utmost care, to be published eventually, perhaps, or to be kept as a guide for his successor should death take him before he realizes his ambition to see Hohenzollerns directing Germany and its destinies again.

Dinner finds the ex-Kaiser forgetting the comparative frugality of his noon-day meal and resorting again to the "plenty to eat" policy that he inaugurates at his breakfast each day. The *pièce de résistance* generally is poultry or rare roast beef, cooked in the English fashion, and there are side dishes and garnishments by the score. After dinner, unless an official visitor arrives to talk with the Kaiser, Wilhelm outlines the next day's work with General Von Gonthard and is in his room by 10 o'clock. It's a simple life the ex-Kaiser is leading at Doorn, but it is a healthy one.

The only break in the routine schedule comes on Sundays, when Wilhelm goes to the little chapel at Doorn house and, surrounded by his official household, follows his chaplain in prayers for the German Empire, the German people, and the late Kaiserin. Her devotion to the ex-Kaiser in his blackest hours immediately after his flight to Holland was said in a large measure to have gained the official Dutch approval on Wilhelm's forced asylum there.

Fourteen Dutch detectives, high-class men all of them; a dozen heavily armed gendarmes and a squad of secretaries,

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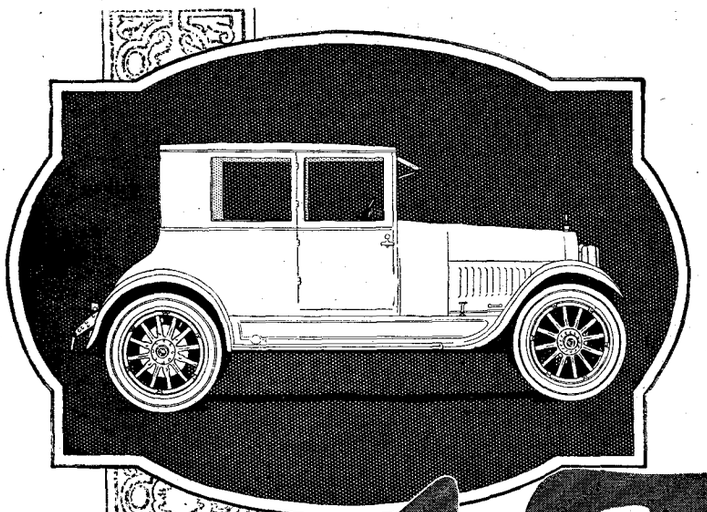
Something New by

HUDSON



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7-Pass. Phaeton 1745	Cabriolet - - 2295	Sedan - - - - 2650	Limousine - - 3495

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supervised by a court marshal and two private counselors, constitute the barrier that has been raised to protect Wilhelm from too free contact with the outside world. The Dutch Government would not interfere with him were he to decide some morning to walk about the streets of Doorn, or even to jump into a motor car and cross the German frontier.

What would the Dutch do if he would do that? Nothing, but close the doors of Holland's hospitality to him. They know that he won't take a chance of going into Germany for quite some many moons, and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. When the Dutch think Wilhelm may be ready to decide it's about his time to make a break for Germany, they may reenforce the guard about him.

The photograph of Wilhelm printed with this article has a revelatory history of its own. As related by Mr. Bert Garai, London Manager of Keystone View Co., it runs:

The ex-Kaiser, as newspaper readers know, was one of the most photographed men in the world, before and during the war.

When his downfall came and he fled to Holland his liking for that kind of publicity changed with other habits and from the rôle of poser he turned completely about face and fostered a positive hate for the lens. Servants who attended him at Amerongen, and later at Doorn, say that he would not even look into a mirror for a long time after that fateful November day when his Empire crumbled, and explain that he simply could not bear to look upon the countenance of the nervous wreck of the once most powerful monarch in the world.

As soon as newspaper men became aware of the condition of the former emperor they started machinery in operation to secure photographs of him, and the ex-Kaiser, learning this, gave strict orders to his entourage to rid his house of all cameras, and to take precautions against visitors carrying them in.

More then two years ago a Dutch photographer, hid in a hay cart, was able to make a few long distance snaps of him. The publication of these put the subject into a rage and he revised his orders against cameras to include the members of his immediate family. Every person who visited the former war lord was searched for the trouble-making photograph machine, and in his maniacal hatred the exile compelled even his wife, the late Kaiserin, to submit to search every time she entered the grounds or left them.

Underlying this hatred was the desire of the Kaiser that his German people should not see him in his altered condition, for like Napoleon, he entertained, and probably still does, high hopes that he would one day reenter his beloved Berlin and take up again the reins of government.

Soon after the Kaiser took up his home at Doorn his youngest son, Prince Joachim, killed himself. This was a severe blow to the parents of the Prince, to whom Joachim was ever the baby of the family. For a long time after that neither came out of doors, and when they did, both had aged perceptibly.

So serious, in fact, was the condition of the Kaiserin that Joachim's little boy was brought to her against the wishes of the child's mother, and the child did succeed in making them forget their loss.

It was in April last (1921) that the Kaiserin one day turned to the former war lord, in the presence of Oscar, their fifth son, and begged his permission to have a little smiling snapshot taken by Oscar for her, and for those who loved him, as it was probably the last time they would ever have the chance of being photographed together. Joachim's boy joined in the plea and the Kaiser finally consented, Prince Oscar making the snap with the exile's own camera, the only one on the premises. The film was developed in the Doorn house, and a few prints were made for the Kaiserin only.

A few days later the Kaiserin was stricken with heart trouble and succumbed to it within the next week. After her burial her sons insisted on getting each a print of the last photograph of their mother and in this way about a dozen of the prints were distributed. Generals Ludendorff and Hindenburg were the only persons outside of the immediate family, to receive copies of the photograph and each recipient was required to give his or her word of honor to keep the photograph in such a way that it could not be seen by anybody else, and that it must not find its way into the columns of any newspaper, no matter how friendly to the cause.

This is the story as it was related to me by a member of the Doorn household, who told it while I was visiting there, vainly hoping that I might get the opportunity of snapping or of getting a snapshot, such as this of the famous woodchopper. After hearing the story I thought it might be possible to secure a copy of the photograph through a servant, but after days of fruitless interviewing, I decided to seek my prize elsewhere.

The prize was finally secured, for the sum of 1,000,000 marks, through Ludendorff's secretary.

THE NEW "NIGHT LIFE" OF NEW YORK

THAT PART OF CITIFIED AMERICA which is accustomed to a good deal of "revelry by night" has greatly changed since prohibition, fortunately or unfortunately, according to the point of view of the beholder. The change, at any rate, is said to amount to something like a revolution in certain layers of the social fabric, particularly in the "White Light" districts of Manhattan, and in the similar districts in most of the larger cities of the nation. Shortly after the passage of the prohibition law, the old revelry of the Great White Way shut down, demoralized, and it has never returned. In its place, says Helen Bullitt Lowry, the writer, has arisen a night life of so-called "clubs," where the variety actress, the "chorus lady" and the show girl now share their after-midnight reign with the "flappers and other recruits from what *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue* name 'society'." In one of these new and remarkable "clubs," we are told, on a recent evening, a woman leader of Fifth Avenue social life sat at one table; at a neighboring table sat a noted stage beauty, whose name was figuring in the divorce courts, and "that is the keynote of the Broadway season." This sort of thing used to be called "slumming." Now it is a casual routine matter, we are told, among the social circles in which slumming was formerly popular, to inquire anywhere from midnight to 3 A. M., "Where let's spend the evening?" Miss Lowry writes, in the New York *Times:*

The patrons from the Avenue and elsewhere are making this the most eventful year in the colorful annals of Broadway—the year of the all-night club. More alluring, more insolent than ever before, it jazzes along its electric-lit way.

The war and prohibition had left their blight. Just a year ago Broadway lay in dull, sparkless ruins. The unepicurean palate of the day before yesterday's plumber, suddenly become a spender, had finished up the work that the war and prohibition had started. Broadway had lost its thrill—had become a mere Main Street of motion-picture emporiums and of synthetic orange juice booths. Dissipation ran in ugly subterranean channels, unlit by glamor or the romance of beauty. Out of such ruins of a pre-war, pre-prohibition world a night life was to be reconstructed—a night life that would hold out an appeal alike to the hardened old rounder, whose life never strays out of the bounds of the Bryant telephone exchange—and to the unsatiated flapper, tingling with curiosity.

The answer has been a group of cafés that call themselves "clubs" — altho technically they have no more right to the name than has the Waldorf-Astoria. But the very name "club" is a part of the general scheme of surrounding patrons with the psychology of privacy and intimacy—which very psychology has been no small factor in ousting the clammy dread of the law that had placed its damper on Broadway's spirits since July 1919.

The very architecture of the new places is part of the propaganda. The successful "club" is full of booths and alcoves and cozy wall benches, which somehow contribute to the atmosphere of "just us members."

The ostrich puts his head in the sand. Adopting a similar expedient—

The New Yorker can get the same sense of safety by the simple expedient of occupying a table in a corner. Therefore the new architectural feat is to create a whole room full of corners. Also, the places that have acquired the real Fifth Avenue clientele are invariably small—like the rooms of Marie Antionette's Petit Trianon. If society was to be lured out of its privately stocked cellars into drinking its drink in public, there must be nothing to suggest the proletariat spaciousness of the old Grand Central Palace!

Nor is a "club" this season considered a real success unless there is a carefree tendency among the guests to toss remarks to each other from table to table. One "club" even arranges a game for its Sunday night "evenings at home." Circus balloons are tied to each lady's ankle. The game is for every man to see how many balloons he can step on while protecting the balloon on the ankle of his own lady. Thus, an illusive atmosphere of camaraderie has been captured that has heretofore been confined to New York's New Year's Eve. Everybody's a member of the midnight crew—whether you began as a cloak model or at a Fifth Avenue finishing school.

But do not think that the thing just happened, like the flowers that bloom in the spring. The best brains of the country have been in consultation on the problem.

Take, for example, the personnel of one syndicate that operates

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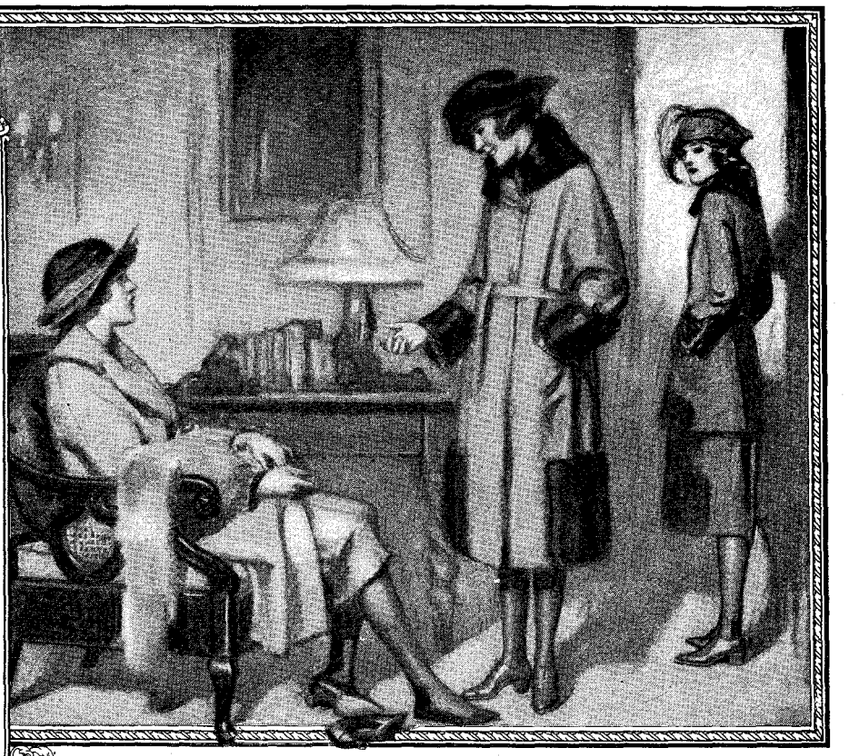
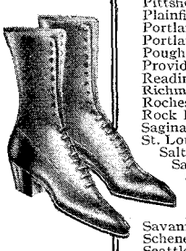


Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade
Albany—Hewett's Silk Shop, 15 N. Pearl St.
Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302—11th Ave
Asbury Park—Best Shoe Co.
Asheville—Anthony Bros.
Atlanta—Carlton Shoe & Clo. Co.
Auburn & Geneva, N. Y.—Dusenbury Co.
Austin—Carl H. Mueller
Baltimore—325 No. Charles St.
Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
Bay City—D. Bendall Co.
Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
Bridgeport—W. K. Mollan
Brooklyn—414 Fulton St.
Buffalo—639 Main St.
Burlington, Vt.—Lewis & Blanchard
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
Charleston—J. F. Condon & Sons
Charlotte—221 Piedmont Bldg.
Chicago—{30 E. Randolph St. (Room 502) {4750 Sheridan Rd. (Room 214)
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—Graner-Powers, 1274 Euclid Av.
Columbia, S. C.—Watson Shoe Co.
Columbus, O.—The Union
Columbus, Miss.—Simon Loeb & Bro.
Dallas—Leon Kahn Shoe Co.
Davenport—R. M. Neustadt & Sons
Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver—224 Foster Bldg.
Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
Detroit—T. J. Jackson, 41 E. Adams Ave.
E. Liverpool—G. Bendheim
Easton—H. Mayer, 427 Northampton St.
Elizabeth—Gigl's, 1053 Elizabeth Ave.
Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
El Paso—Popular Dry Goods Co.
Erie—Weschler Co., 910 State St.
Evanston—North Shore Bootery
Fall River—D. F. Sullivan
Fitchburg—W. C. Goodwin, 342 Main St.
Fort Dodge—Schill & Habenicht
Galveston—Fellman's
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Harrisburg—Orner's, 24 No. 3rd St.
Hartford—86 Pratt St.
Hot Springs, Ark.—Rosenthal's
Houston—Clayton's, 803 Main St.
Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Mich.—Palmer Co.
Jacksonville—Golden's Bootery
Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Av.
Kansas City, Kan.—Nelson Shoe Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.
Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
Lancaster, Pa.—Frey's, 3 E. King St.
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—G. H. Woodman
Lexington, Ky.—Denton, Ross, Todd Co.
Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
Little Rock—Poe Shoe Co., 302 Main St.
Los Angeles—505 New Pantages Bldg.
Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
Lowell—The Bon Marche
Macon—The Dannenberg Co.
Mason City—Woodruff Shoe Co.
McKeesport—Wm. F. Sullivan
Meridian—Winner, Klein & Co.
Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
Minneapolis—21 Eighth St., South
Mobile—Level Best Shoe Store
Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.
Morristown—G. W. Melick
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—A. J. Rice & Co.
Muncie—Miller's, 311 S. Walnut St.
Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
Newark—897 Broad St. (opp. City Hall)
New Britain—Sloan Bros.
New Haven—153 Court St. (2nd floor)
New Rochelle—Ware's
New York—22 West 39th St.
Norfolk—Ames & Brownley
Oakland—205 Henshaw Bldg.
Omaha—1708 Howard St.
Passaic—Kroll's, 37 Lexington Ave.
Pawtucket—Evans & Young
Philadelphia—1300 Walnut St.
Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
Pittsfield—Fahey's, 234 North St.
Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
Portland, Ore.—353 Alder St.
Poughkeepsie—Louis Schonberger
Providence—The Boston Store
Reading—Sig. S. Schweriner
Richmond, Va.—Seymour Sycle
Rochester—148 East Ave.
Rock Island—Boston Shoe Co.
Saginaw—Goeschel-Brater Co.
St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg., (opp. P. O.)
Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
San Antonio—Guarantee Shoe Co.
San Diego—The Marston Co.
San Francisco—Phelan Bldg. Arc'd.
San Jose—Hoff & Kayser
Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery
Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.
Schenectady—Patton & Hall
Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
Sioux Falls—The Bee Hive
South Bend—Ellsworth Store
Spokane—The Crescent
Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Stamford—L. Spelke & Son
Stockton—Dunne's Shoe Store, 330 E. Main
Syracuse—136 S. Salina St.
Tacoma—803 Fidelity Building
Terre Haute—Otto C. Hornung
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
Tulsa—Lyons' Shoe Store
Vancouver—Hudson's Bay Co.
Waco—Davis-Smith Booterie
Walla Walla—Gardner & Co.
Waltham—Rufus Warren & Sons
Washington—1319 F Street
Waterbury—Reid & Hughes Co.
Wheeling—Geo. R. Taylor Co.
Wilkesbarre—M. F. Murray
Winston-Salem—W. C. Wright & Co.
Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.
Yakima—Kohls Shoe Co.
Yonkers—Louis Klein, 22 Main St.
York—The Bon Ton
Youngstown—B. McManus Co.

Agencies in 235 other cities



What a difference Cantilever Shoes make

"Oh, come along!"

But Dorothy dropped back limply in her chair. "My feet hurt, Peggy. Honestly, I feel just all in."

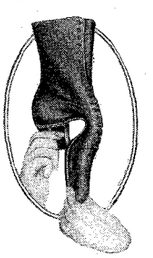
Peggy kept Bess from leaving, then went at Dorothy again. "You've been shopping with us not two hours and here you are, letting your feet spoil your fun."

"I guess if your feet hurt the way mine do, you—"

"They used to, Dorothy," Peggy interrupted, "only I did something about it. My feet used to throb like a toothache. They spoiled ever so many good times. I was getting to be a real grouch, when Bess got me into Cantilevers.

"And look at Bess! She took a long tramp this morning, she's been shopping with us, but—can you see her missing this tea and the dancing tonight? Indeed she won't! She's been wearing Cantilever Shoes most all the time and never has a bit of foot trouble. She took the physical director's advice at college, like most of the other girls.

"You'll just love Cantilevers, Dorothy, they're such good form and so good-looking. See how neat and trim ours are. And while you're feeling wretched, tired, just all in, we're up and ready for anything. Dorothy, I can't begin to tell you what comfort Cantilevers are—they make you feel full of pep."



Dorothy squirmed, but she could think of nothing to say.

The following morning three girls entered the nearest Cantilever Store. From that time on, Dorothy was to realize what a difference Cantilever Shoes make in one's enjoyment of everything.

* * *

And why shouldn't every girl, every woman of any age, enjoy the supreme foot comfort that Cantilevers give? They fit like a soft glove. The ordinary shoe seldom fits the arch of the foot. A stiff shank will not conform to the curve of your foot arch, nor will it flex with your arch in walking. Cantilevers do both.

When you lace Cantilevers, the flexible shanks fit right snugly under both arches and support them, not like a crutch, but gently and completely, without any restraint, giving perfect circulation and freedom. Your feet feel light and springy.

Stop wearing tight shoes that weaken the muscles and ligaments of your feet. Wear Cantilevers and bring your feet back to life. Go to the nearest dealer now for a fitting. If no dealer listed at the left is near you, write to the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 1 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address of a nearby dealer and a copy of the Cantilever Shoe Booklet which everyone ought to read.

Cantilever Shoe

Endorsed by Women's Colleges, Women's Clubs, Public Health Authorities, Physicians, Osteopaths, Directors of Physical Education, Editors, Stage Celebrities and prominent women everywhere.

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several successful places—the hands that pull the strings that control the marionettes of New York's night life.

There is a member of the firm to represent every element of success which has gone into the total success of Broadway's reincarnation. First there is the organizer and business head—the brains of the syndicate. He never appears to the naked eye. To speak the truth, he is not very pretty to look at—and, when anything goes wrong with the Powers That Be, his unprepossessing personality makes him really in the way. Therefore the other members of the syndicate have a way of coaxing him out of town—say a little vacation in Cuba or a business trip to Canada. With him out of the way, the diplomatic talent comes to the front—in the person of as delightful and likable a chap as ever had ancestors come out of Erin! His is the responsibility of fixing things up. He smooths out the wrinkles. He never takes a drink. He is generous in thoughts and in gifts. He hears the hard luck plight of a mere acquaintance. Instantly the personal checkbook is drawn out. "Will a hundred dollars be enough? Hadn't I better make it a hundred and fifty?" Any one up on Morningside Heights who is going on the theory that Broadway survives merely because of cold-blooded money-suckers is as far from the truth as is Forty-second Street from Cairo, Ill. The subtle atmosphere of camaraderie that is drawing New Yorkers out of their homes to these "clubs" could not be artificially manufactured.

Yet still a third quality is essential this season or else Broadway's night life would have nothing on its old, worn-out, pre-war attractions. The aforementioned firm holds a third member—the artistic director—the atmosphere-maker—he who sees to it that there are extra corners for tête-à-têtes—he who selects the silk draperies for the walls and canopies, who casts the galmor of trick lighting over the patrons, who substitutes Bakst for gilt. This man is really an artist of imagination.

And to complete the quartet there is a man of the world, who can receive his superiors on an equal footing, who has an ornamental smattering of French, who knows just how to chat with a flapper or a matron—and who, most important of all, has the positive genius required for sorting over a clientele.

For example, if a place is designed to draw a society clientele, then the cheap element must not be admitted or the chosen clientele will disappear. But the expensive brand of Follies beauty must be encouraged, because she adds to the piquancy of the place for the sensation-hungry, superior patrons. The art of the thing is to give the "society" member a sprinkling of expensive naughtiness—or she might as well dance at home. And high rewards await the management that can produce just this precious atmosphere. One night last week the club which has most successfully blended its Broadway and Fifth Avenue clientele took in $3,400.

Not that the investors in Broadway stock give a hang which class of clientele earns their dividends—just as Woolworth money is quite as good as Cartier's. But the two kinds of business must be kept in different clubs. So it is that one of the syndicates conducts eleven clubs and cafés and runs the whole gamut of social distinctions—plays the whole keyboard of human emotions, accounts for every hour of the night from tea dance to 6 A. M., immediately before the crack of the dawn of the morning after. I mention this firm because its success is so spectacular that each "club" it starts is promptly imitated by others, until the group of pleasure promoters have become practically style arbiters for Broadway's night life.

And in no small measure, we are assured, this success is due to the member of the firm who combines an uncanny discrimination between bona-fide Wall Street magnates and their Washington Heights imitations with a knowledge of which color scheme to hand out to the various social grades. His, too, is the distinction of having introduced the crowning cabaret feature of the season, the jazzed-up hula-hula dance. It was needed for———

New York had grown blasé at the very thought of a cabaret. Only last year the proprietor of one famous old lobster palace, which still continues the old-fashioned cabaret, confided to me his dark secret—that his cabaret was continued for the exclusive benefit of the out-of-towners who had got their idea of the thing from the movies. Now, after five lean years, the cabaret is back in smartest café society—but with a difference. Now it consists of an exotic, scantily clad troupe of dancers—a garland of flowers in lieu of a waist and a fringe for a skirt—who give an exhibition dance that is the "white man's" idea of what life would be like on a South Sea Island. That dance has made such a success that already it is being turned out throughout our cafés in quantitative production. And tango queens are having to sit up nights practising to do hulas.

The original dance is given in the "club" that takes care of New York society after everything else has closed. It is where formal society goes when formal society wants to throw off its inhibitions against an alluring background of cream satin draperies and clever falls of black lace—such a background as Mme. Pompadour might have constructed when she was holding down the job for the court that was the forerunner of the present profession of the Broadway club manager—the profession of organizing play for other people who have not as much imagination as you have.

But there is another "club" for the benefit of society when it is not feeling quite so dégagé—a club where the wall coverings are charmingly refined in taste, where the dance of the "Chicago shimmy" has never penetrated, where "Butterfly" and the "Indian Love Lyrics" instead of applied Al Jolson are turned into jazz by an orchestra composed largely of string instruments. And yet, underneath this exclusive floor, served by the same kitchen and bar, there is another club, owned by the selfsame management, where they'll admit "anything the cat drags in," where the "Chicago" flourishes accordingly. So are the decorations pitched to the taste of the floor's clientele!

There is the club which takes care of the flashy, new-rich Saturday night revelers. There is the club where the girls order large beefsteaks and baked potatoes at 2 A. M.—thus registering the variable dinner hour schedule of the typical Broadway gold-digger who puts off her principal meal until there is some one to pay for it. There is a roadhouse just outside of town for very rich tired business folk in very private limousines. And there is even a moderately priced chop house for those whose idea of night life is steak, and much of it, for a dollar and a quarter. Also, finishing up the keyboard, there is one of those new smart little dinner and tea dance places which have of late been drawing the Manhattan savants away from the established old hotels—turning them over to the hands of tourists.

For the hotels, be it understood, have taken little or no part in New York's night life reincarnation. Too much good landed real estate is back of a hotel for it to be taking long chances on the Volstead Act. The "club" industry has, in its very essence, a fly-by-night character. If one "club" gets in bad with the authorities it can pack its effects, move to another location, and start out with a nice new name.

Also more mishaps that require a change of name and of residence can come to a venture than getting in bad with the Powers That Be. That might be "arranged"—but it can't be "arranged" when tables stand stark and deserted and silent. So stand those mysterious deserted cities of India, jungle growth breaking through ivory tracery; abandoned in their luxury, none knows why. Mystery, too, surrounds those empty tables on which no glasses clink. Was the room too large? Did it lack that intangible atmosphere of intimacy? Did the door guard not know whom to tell that that unoccupied table meant a "reservation"—for somebody else?

Sometimes a more sinister reason lies crouched behind the mystery. There is such a thing as a Broadway scandal. It is not the same thing as a Murray Hill scandal, nor yet the same thing as one around Columbia University. But all the same it is a scandal. Broadway, too, has its ethics—they just happen not to be the same as Murray Hill's. And, if any such scandal occurs in a dancing place, that place can be ruined for a season—just as one indiscreet incident can wreck the prestige of a boarding school.

It is a Broadway scandal, for instance, if a guest walks off during the evening with the partner of a well-known Broadwayite. As helpless as the boarding school principal to prevent that sixteen-year-old girl from eloping, the proprietor of the dancing place must pay for the accident as does the school principal. One dancing "club" has been ruined recently because of this very incident. It has been blacklisted by the aggrieved man's entire circle of acquaintances. For a little time in such cases the club lingers on—abandoning all pretense of discrimination. Then a Broadway incident is closed. The last shaded lights go out.

So it is no wonder that the "best brains" had to be called into consultation in this ticklish business of getting and holding popular favor—in this business of putting Broadway back on the map. For brains it required—even if some of them have been recruited from strange walks of life. One important "club" proprietor, for example, so Broadway gossip has it, was originally the proprietor of several less gorgeous resorts in districts not so expensive. He has moved on with the tendencies of the time.

So it is that the gambling houses, too, are on the decline in New York City, quite according to the boast of the Hylan Administration. The old proprietors have gone into the more profitable business of bootlegging, which in its manifold forms is doing more to rid the town of the old-time types of commercialized vice than have all the sermons and social hygiene committees, tho it substitutes new forms.

The present extremes to which Broadway night life is going owe their existence in large part to the Eighteenth Amendment.

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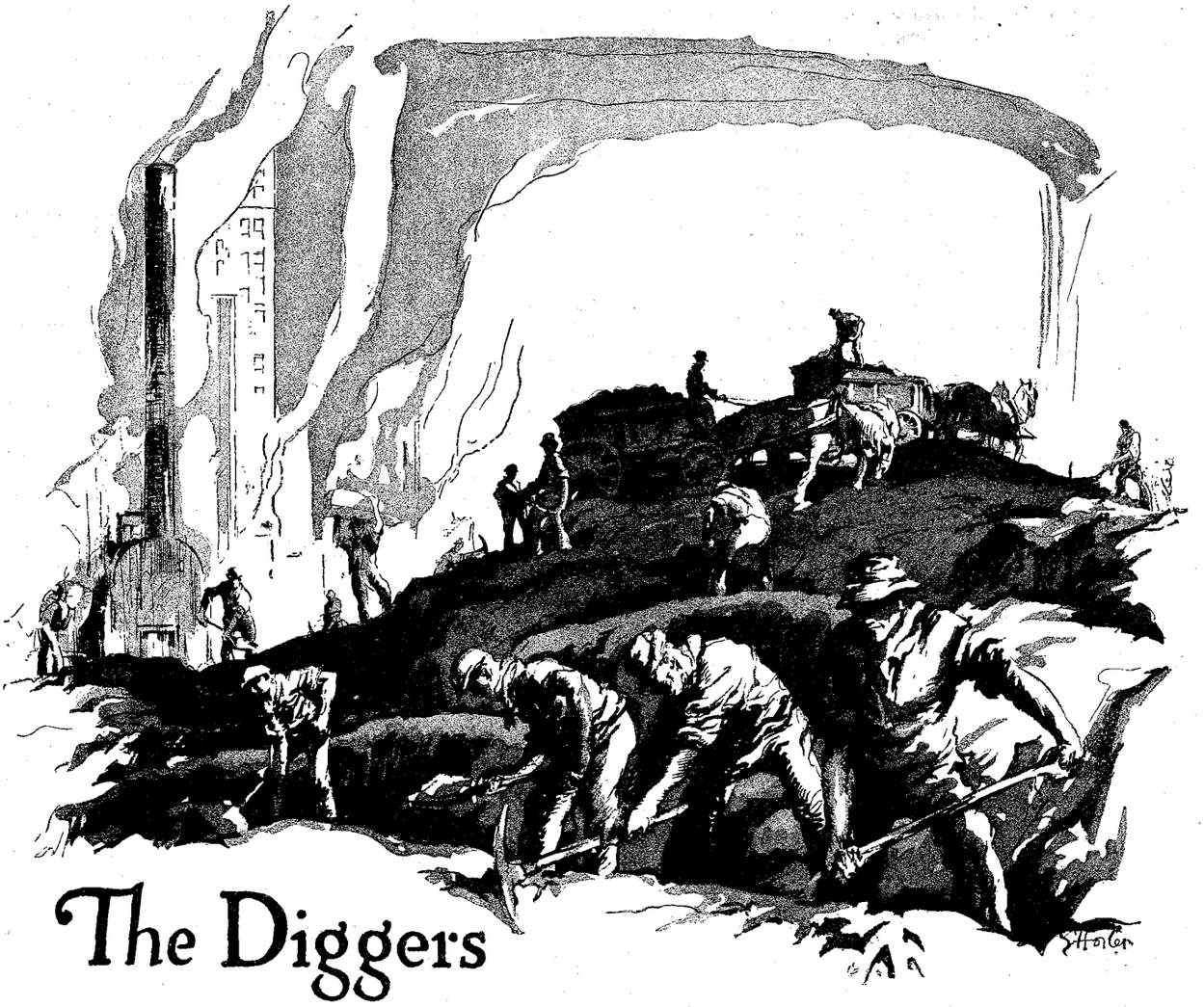

The Diggers

FORTY stories in the air the man who rides the giant girder guides it into place, there is the drum of rivets driven home, and the hurrying crowd below pauses to watch the latest wonder of construction climb toward the sky.

In the frontier days the early settler built his simple cabin upon surface soil. But as men built upward in the air they dug downward in the earth. As industry and commerce demanded buildings of greater size, safety demanded foundations of greater depth.

And so, before the man who guides the girder comes the man who wields the shovel. Supporting the structure which is seen is the structure which is unseen. High above the city looms the graceful tower, for all to see, for all to admire; but anchored fast to bedrock is the strong foundation which supports the tower in its place.

National advertising, in its early days, was built upon surface soil. It was conducted without study of markets or market conditions; without assurance that the product possessed the elements of national success; without adequate trade distribution or organized sales tactics.

Because advertising was a novelty, the mere act of advertising was sometimes enough for success. But to go on that basis today is as dangerous as it would be to erect a modern building on the surface foundation of the settler's cabin.

With today's problems of distribution and competition, if advertising is to be successful the message that appears in the publications must be only part of the structure. Supporting this part which is seen must be the part which is unseen. Inviting and convincing must be the message, for all to see, for all to remember; but anchored fast to bedrock must be the strong foundation which makes the message effective.

And so, at Advertising Headquarters, before the building of the message comes the digging of the facts.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

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The psychology behind the whole thing is "as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb"—or as well make the arrangements not to be hung. Then why not the half-clad Area-rea dance and have a run for your money? Moreover, with the coming of prohibition passed the necessity for one o'clock closings. The one o'clock closing hour had been tied up with the liquor regulations. Those were before the days of the hip-pocket flask—and New York night life went to bed at one A. M. for the very good reason that its jazz could not keep going on chocolate ice-cream. There was not a curfew.

When the one o'clock closing hour fell upon Broadway it really was, practically speaking, enforced. The waiter came around at 12:45 and took the order for the last round of drinks, unless the place were a bona fide club, or unless—and here's the crux of the matter—the café licenses were merely a cloak for some other more profitable business. Now, with few exceptions, all of the night life "clubs" and dancing places are doing illegal business —for a consideration—usually a good one. And, if you begin breaking the Volstead act at 11 P. M., why stop breaking it before 6 A. M.?

THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING "PRISONER OF THE VATICAN."

THE VARIOUS "PRISONERS OF THE VATICAN," the Popes who for the last half a century have been self-sentenced to spend their declining days immured in a little group of buildings in Rome, have none of them been such lovers of the open as the newly elected Pius XI. He is a mountain-climber, a man of whom it is said that "he loved to pass the night in the open air, in the midst of the great rocks." The New York *Globe* believes that "the only American in recent times comparable to him in energy, if even half the tales told about him are true, is Theodore Roosevelt." If imagination is startled by the idea of the late American President and sportsman immured in a place like the Vatican, so those who know the new Pontiff are wondering how he will make out. He made a strong beginning by disregarding precedence in giving his blessing from an outside balcony, rebuking the Cardinals who protested by asserting, "I am now the Supreme Pontiff." A brief wireless dispatch to the New York *Times*, on the day following his election, carried this significant bit of news:

Pope Pius, who is used to walking miles, to-day visited every corner of the Vatican garden, going as far as the observatory to chat with Mgr. Hagen, its director.

On his way back, seeing a group of gardeners working in charge of a papal employee, he asked one of them to call the head gardener, meanwhile cordially asking them from what part of Italy they came, and about their wives and children.

When the head gardener appeared out of breath, bowing low, Pius asked him to plant a pergola along one side of the terrace, as grapevines reminded him of his native village of Desio, where as a child he used to play with his brothers and sisters under a wide pergola, just outside his home.

"Since a boy, the new Pope has been noted for his love of books and mountains," a friend in the little village where Pius was born told a correspondent of the New York *World*, "and I assure you it would be difficult to say which he loves the most. From our hills he turned to the Alps and became a great mountaineer. Even at the age of fifty he made some good climbs." At his birthplace, Desio, near Milan, where he lived until twelve years of age, says another commentator, "he was noticed for his prowess in athletics, especially jumping, so much so that when they saw him capering they nicknamed him 'The Jumping Boy.'" Like Roosevelt, he combined with his love for athletics a scholarly interest in nearly every phase of human activity. When the Cardinals came in to render him homage, says a correspondent of the New York *Times*, "they were greatly surprized when the Pontiff spoke to each Cardinal in his own language, English, French, Spanish and German."

The new Pope, now in his sixty-fifth year, "is reputed to be one of the most learned men of the Church," says a writer in the New York *World*. "He made his preliminary studies in the diocesan seminaries of Milan and finished at Lombard College, Rome, where he received doctorates in philosophy, theology and canon law, before his ordination in 1879."

Through the courtesy of Father Corbett, S. J., associate editor of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, *The World* presents the following authorized sketch of the new Pontiff, written for the London *Tablet* of June 25, 1921, by the Right Rev. Louis Charles Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, England:

"He celebrated his first mass," says Bishop Casartelli, "over the tomb of St. Peter in the Vatican basilica. On his return home he was, from 1882 to 1888, professor of dogmatic theology and sacred eloquence in the diocesan seminary. In the latter year, chiefly through the influence of the celebrated scholar, Mgr. Ceriani, at that time prefect of the library, he was appointed to the staff of the College of Doctors of the world-famed Ambrosian Library.

"Under the sure guidance of the great scholar Ceriani, Dr. Ratti soon became master of all the scientific treasures of that famous library, so that on the death of Ceriani in 1907 he was naturally and unanimously elected to the vacant post.

"The literary activity which he displayed during the years of his administration is evidenced by the long list of his scientific writings in various learned publications which lies before me, filling some two columns of an ordinary newspaper.

"In the midst of all his literary and scientific labors, Dr. Ratti was devoted to his work as a priest and director of souls. During the years of his early priesthood the nuns of the Order of the Cenacle opened a house in Milan, first in the Corso Venezia, later in the Via Monte di Pieta, where it still exists.

"The then reigning Archbishop, Mgr. Calabiana, appointed the young priest chaplain to the new convent. For over thirty years he gave to it all the enthusiasm of his sacerdotal heart. No good work was undertaken in that ever active home of good works in which Don Achille Ratti was not the chief cooperator.

"The humblest of the little guests of the Cenacle were the little chimney-sweeps, a race which has disappeared from our country. These little fellows are gathered together by the good Cenacle nuns for religious instruction, and the learned Prefect of the Ambrosian Library, in the midst of his absorbing work, found time both to pass the afternoons of feast days in teaching the catechism to little boys in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and also to prepare the little chimney-sweeps for their first communion, on the occasion of which he would share their little feasts and innocent games.

"This life of combined learned labors and apostolic works was suddenly interrupted ten years ago when Dr. Ratti was called to Rome as Pro-Prefect of the Vatican Library and assistant to Father Ehrle, whom he succeeded as Prefect in 1913, when he was also made prothonotary Apostolic.

"The Great War ended Dr. Ratti's career as a Librarian. The war had not yet come to an end when, on April 25, 1918, Pope Benedict sent him as Apostolic Visitor to Poland.

"When Poland finally obtained her independence the Holy Father, to show his sympathy with the Catholic state, appointed Mgr. Ratti Apostolic Nuncio to the new Republic of Poland, creating him, in the Consistory of July 3, 1919, titular Archbishop of Lepanto.

"Poland, after the peace of Brest-Litovsk was still occupied by German troops, altho there was a Council of Regency consisting of Archbishop (now Cardinal Kakowski) and two others.

"The situation was in every way extremely difficult and critical, but the new Nuncio displayed such remarkable tact and diplomatic skill, and even heroism, that he played quite a leading part in the final settlement of both the political and ecclesiastical difficulties which surrounded the birth of the new republic.

"It was chiefly owing to his efforts that two articles were introduced into the Constitution of the state, the one declaring that the Catholic religion occupies the first position in the Polish state, and the second, still more practically important, that no measures concerning the Catholic Church may be taken without preliminary agreement with the Holy See.

"Even outside Poland, the intrepid Nuncio was able to exercise important influences in various directions. Through his diplomatic good offices, he obtained the liberation of many prisoners and hostages from the hands of the Russian Bolshevists, including the Archbishop of Mohilew and the Bishop of Minsk. Quite recently he was appointed in extraordinary mission as Ecclesiastical Commissioner for the plebiscite in Upper Silesia, and this, at the unanimous request of Poland, Germany and the Interallied Commission."

Two months after the foregoing sketch was published the new Pope was created a Cardinal, with the title of San Martino dei Monti.

The new Pope's curious interest in everything concerning life not unnaturally led him to be a traveler and mountain-climber

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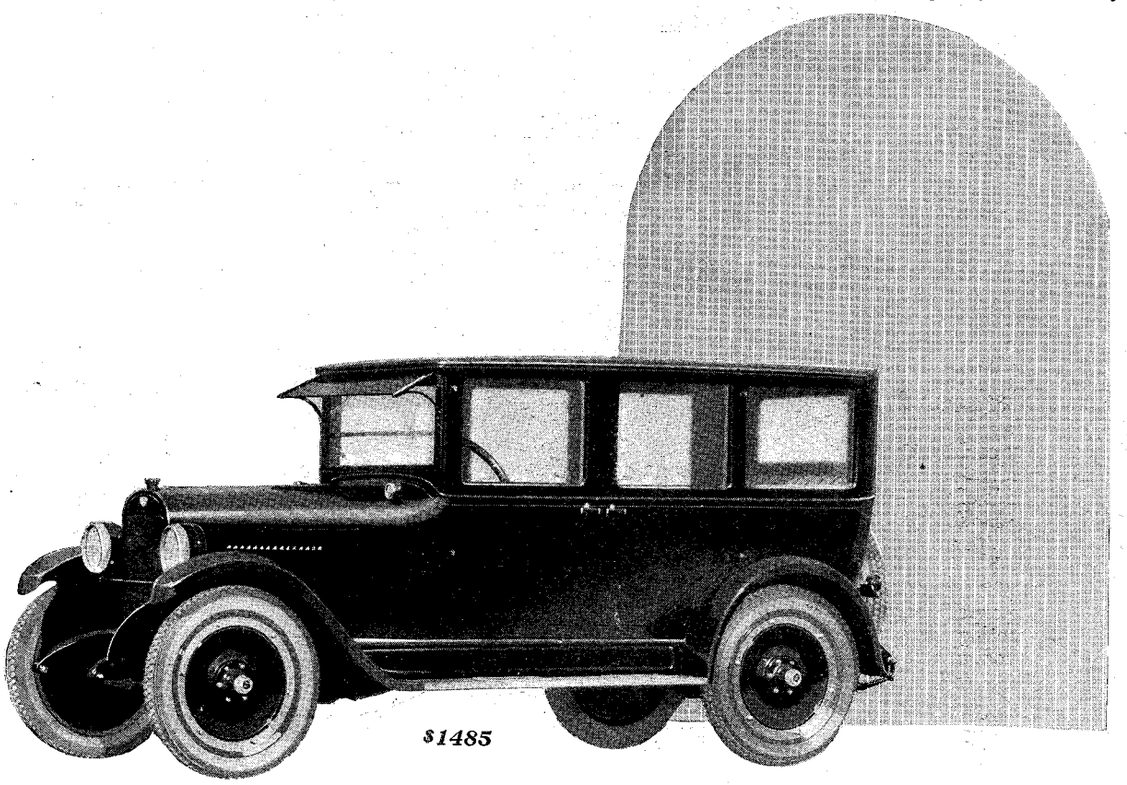

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Jim Henry's Column

Tryers, Doubters and Stickers

I wonder what would happen if someone were to do the impossible and invent a better shaving preparation than Mennen's. It might occur sometime, you know. Science accomplishes wonderful results.

Would all users of Mennen's change? Not at all. Many would use it to the end of their lives.

That is a curious trait of human nature, exemplified by the way a lot of men continue to use the old fashioned shaving soap which was the best they could get before Mennen's was invented.

There seem to be three kinds of men—Tryers, Doubters and Stickers. An analysis convinces me that the percentage is: Tryers, 17%; Doubters, 60%; Stickers, 23%.

Tryers get the best by the expedient of trying everything and selecting top value. Rather a costly method, but some men cannot tolerate the idea of compromising on quality.

Doubters also want the best but they have to be shown. They come through in time.

Stickers are hopeless. To them, what is is right and what was is better. They travel through life backward, grieving for that which has passed. Progress offends them.

When Mennen's was put on the market, the Tryers climbed aboard in the first six months. The Doubters have been a more difficult problem but the recent tremendous increase in our sales shows that most of them are convinced at last.

I used to think I could get even the Stickers but time has brought clearer understanding of their strange psychology. Regretfully, I abandon them to the shaving methods of a period when beards were popular.

and afterwards Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

What I am driving at is that one trial of Mennen Shaving Cream will convince any Doubter that he has missed years of supremely good shaves.

Jim Henry
(*Mennen Salesman*)

My demonstrator tube costs 10 cents by mail.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Another article in the London *Tablet* of July 2, 1921, says:

Mgr. Ratti had all the "style" of an Alpinist—enthusiasm, courage, balance. Once afoot he knew not weariness; his steps were firm and measured like those of a mountaineer, his eyes were open to all views and the charms of nature. In difficult moments and in crises he displayed a majestic calm and perfect serenity.

Mgr. Ratti had a special weakness as an Alpine climber; he loved to pass the night in the open air in the midst of great rocks. His crossing of Monte Rosa in 1889 from Macugnaga, athwart the Marinelli gorge, and passing for the first time on record the hill of Zumstein, has remained celebrated in Italian Alpine annals. He described the adventure himself in the bulletin of the C. A. L. of that year.

All one night they had to remain on foot on the narrow vertiginous ledge, unable to turn around under penalty of being precipitated into the abyss, only able to stamp their feet to prevent them freezing. The coffee, wine and eggs were frozen solid and unusable. They had only a few drops of kirschwasser, and wo to the man who should yield to sleep.

It is generally believed, says an Associated Press dispatch from Rome, that Pius XI will heal the old breach between the Church and State, which has been responsible for keeping the Popes immured in the Vatican since 1870. Pius is said to be "a practical man," and certainly a change that would restore freedom to the "Prisoner of the Vatican" would accord quite as well with the personal desires of the energetic new Pope as with the hope of the world for a more friendly relationship between the Roman Government and the Roman Pope.

The New York *Globe* pays him this editorial tribute:

The more we learn about Pius XI, recently Cardinal Achille Ratti, the better we like him. He is not only a conciliator, a holder of the middle ground who will be able to reconcile extremists, but a man of vigorous and positive temperament, whose record of achievements and abilities is surprizingly large.

The twenty-six languages he is credited with speaking may be something of an exaggeration; and in the same category might be put the 330 books he is credited with having written, and perhaps the one meal a day and the habit of taking only four hours' sleep. However, there is no doubt that he is genuinely distinguished as historian, archeologist, scientist, linguist. America will be glad to see the democratic tradition again sustained by the election to such a high place of the son of a modest Italian weaver, and one whose progress in life has so obviously been due to substantial merit and untiring energy.

Most of all, perhaps, Americans will like the fact that Pius XI has been a distinguished mountain-climber, with many difficult and dangerous ascents to his credit. Mountain-climbing is a sport which draws to itself men and women of stern stuff; it is shunned by weaklings, while it seems to develop still further the character of its devotees. . . . He is a man who must surely have in him some of those qualities we have learned to love in John Burroughs and Viscount Bryce.

ONE CITY'S "HOME-COMING WEEK" FOR BOOK WAIFS

"FOUND in a boarding house"; "left by a maid"; "left at my store"; "in attic of our house when we moved in." These are typical of explanations offered by returners of overdue and otherwise delinquent books in a "Bargain Week" conducted by the Minneapolis Public Library. Tho Cleveland had given a one-day trial to a similar resort, at its central library only, and several small cities, as Fargo, North Dakota, and Mankato, Minnesota, had reported success with it, this was the first time that a metropolitan library had made use of such an expedient on a large scale. Through press and placard, Thomas J. Malone tells us in *The Dearborn Independent:*

The Minneapolis library let it be known that it would remit all fines on overdue books—books taken out in the regular way, on cards and charged to holders—and that return of "losts and strays"—mainly books taken without being charged—was invited, without penalty. It was particularly emphasized that in all cases "no questions asked" would apply. The words "theft" and "stolen" were not mentioned, the purpose being not to censure, not to embarrass, but to get back the public's books.

To make it easy for those who were holding books that had been filched outright, boxes and baskets were placed at the main library and at various branches. A capacious barrel outside the main library besought the passer-by to remorse and restitution. Over such receptacles in entrances and corridors placards in colors invited the remiss to deposit their withheld books and go their ways in peace and clear conscience, both their purses and their faces saved.

Results were enlightening to the library staff, not only in the recovery of volumes but in their quality and variety, and in the disclosures of the kind of folk who had held them.

More than 500 volumes were returned in the week, which meant much in a season of high prices for books and depleted library appropriations. Three in every five returns were fiction, mostly new books, with detective stories prominent. Of the non-fiction, books on chemistry and uses of the grape, bricklaying and automobiles proved their popularity by numbers. There were fifteen volumes of poetry, mostly Riley, Service, and—of all men!—Browning.

A score of Hansel and Gretel had been "out" the longest—nine years. The library had made frequent efforts to replace it, but had found the work was out of print and was not to be had even in Europe. The volume was recovered in an outside box.

While most of the books came back in good condition, some showed hard usage, notably several stories for boys. About one-third of the returns were juvenile books and another one-third, books on the list of assigned readings of the Minneapolis high schools.

In those stations where, because no boxes nor baskets were provided, all returns had to be made, "over the desk," books so

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returned had been overdue, for the most part, only a short time. The long overdue and the euphemistic "lost or strayed" were put into the dozen receptacles where anonymity could be preserved.

If one surmises that a good deal of sheepishness and desire to blush unseen characterized the returners, one is mistaken. There was a striking lack of furtiveness. More than one-third of the returns were made directly to library clerks, because they had been charged against cards and the card owners wanted clearances. Most of the uncharged books found their way into the eyeless and tongueless receptacles. No notes of explanation were met with in any of the books, but the fact that many were neatly wrapped in paper may suggest the apologetic. Despite the "no fines" announcement, an envelope containing fifty cents accompanied one of the barrel volumes.

The habit of book-lifting becomes chronic. An incident of the "week" illustrates it and explains why it was held advisable to use false bottoms of stiff paper, with center slits for books, midway in the receptacles, or paper covers with such slits suggestive of the old-fashioned jar mouse-trap with its pie-cut top.

An assistant told the story the first day. "An empty basket had just been placed near the door. It occurred to me that it might have a good psychical effect if there were a few books in it to start off with. So, on the 'nest egg' principle, I put in three or four. Passing it a few minutes later, I looked in—and one of the books I had put in was gone. Some one had been unable to resist temptation."

Thirty-six pieces and five books of music were recovered in the week, and six religious books—all uncharged—the persons returning the latter having possibly run across an injunction reading, "Thou shalt not steal."

Debaters figured impressively in the group of long-standing hold-outers, for numerous handbooks on debating were in the round-up. Interest of the reader and declaimer, for he still persists, was evidenced by the return of many books of "selected readings."

Among books turned in were seven that bore private library stamps; they never had belonged to the public library—akin to not knowing whose umbrella had been taken. Some books were sent in, anonymously, through the mails. One mailed parcel had "from X" written in the return corner. The slip in the pocket inside the cover of the book it contained indicated that it was a charged book, and tracing disclosed that the owner of the card was a clergyman.

The week was full of the amusingly unexpected. Many women regarded it wholly from the economic side, with concern only for the saving of fines involved, and attended with the avidity usually displayed toward a cut-price sale at a department store. By such, no hesitancy was shown in taking open advantage of a novel shopping opportunity.

Not all who patronized the boxes were averse to talking about it. At the call desk in the circulation department, a man inquired for Parker's "An American Idyll."

"I've asked for it repeatedly," he commented, "but, though it is cataloged, I've never been able to find it in."

A woman at his elbow spoke up, brightly: "Oh, there's one in now; I just dropped a copy in the box at the door."

According to Gratia Countryman, librarian of the Minneapolis library, those who took advantage of "Bargain Week" were of two classes, broadly grouped, one made

Make this Test with your Table Beverage—

Try a cup before going to bed. Then try going to sleep.

See whether the drink keeps you company—or you keep it company.

There's friendly, helpful companionship in a cup of Postum—no matter at what hour of the day or night you drink it.

Postum is a pure cereal drink with no drug to excite nerves or digestion. It's good to begin the day with, good to end the day with—an agreeable part of any meal or lunch.

Thousands have found in Postum the way to better health and larger efficiency—without the loss of any satisfaction formerly had from coffee or tea.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes. *Grocers sell both forms.*

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

up of the well-meaning but dilatory and the other of those who regard everything in the library as proper game despite rules and ethics.

"The problem of theft, or 'appropriation,' is one of concern in large libraries," Miss Countryman said. "It may astonish some folks to know that our experience here indicates that the most serious offenders—those who take away books and other material without having them charged against their cards or even with a 'by your leave,' whatever may be their purpose as to ultimate return—are professional people, especially clergymen and school teachers."

So it is not the "low-brow" who does the most "lifting"! It is "respectable" men and women, who do not regard it as stealing at all and who would take violent offense if accused of stealing.

How to protect books from thieves is a troublesome question," Miss Countryman continued. "We have considered installing some sort of police system in the library but without coming to favor it. In the first place, such a system would cost fully as much as the value of the books stolen. Again, any system of surveillance probably would be objectionable to the great majority of library patrons who are above suspicion."

"SAMARITANS OF THE SEA," WHO GUARD OUR COAST

THERE are 13,000 miles of coast line around these United States, most of them dangerous a good part of the time. Upon these margins of his seas, both salt and fresh, Uncle Sam owns the service of some 4,000 men, commonly known as coast-guards. They must be prepared also, however, to serve as doctors, magistrates, policemen, firemen, and heroes. In fact, "they must be herocs 365 days in the year," says Edwin C. Hill, writing in the New York *Herald*, for "day and night the strain of their service is never relaxed. Incessantly, along thousands of miles of coast, trapt with peril, they await the radio's hissing call to impending death or disaster." Mr. Hill presents this brief appreciation of them and their work:

They are the Good Samaritans of the sea, the four thousand officers and enlisted men of the United States coast-guard, picked men all, never a shirker nor a coward in the whole far-flung corps from Key West to Point Barrow in the Arctic Circle. They "dare to do all that doth become a man," and if they had a motto it would be, "There is always safety in valor."

You will not call them heroes to their faces. That would annoy them. They are so used to courage that they seldom recognize it among each other. Their reports of deeds done at sea or upon the pounded sands are coldly restrained.

Putting aside entirely any consideration of the value of the human lives they save every year at risk of their own (the number was more than sixteen hundred in 1921), the coast-guards save in property alone many times the cost of the service. The guard rescues the shipwrecked by the best methods human ingenuity has devised. It feeds and clothes and warms them when it has snatched them from death. By land and sea it patrols the dangerous coasts for early discovery of wrecks and the hastening of relief.

It searches the sea for distrest vessels and for drifting obstructions likely at any time to rip the bottom out of a great ship and drown her people, and sends these perils to the ocean floor or drags them to harbor at the cable's end. It goes into the far North to give to the lonely settlements of Alaskan waters and the Arctic Circle the sure protection that the Northwest Mounted Police give to the Canadian wilderness—the protection and the simple, necessary aids without which Eskimos and whites would find life intolerable. Unaided, it saves every year hundreds of disabled or stranded vessels with crews and cargoes. It protects wrecked property after landing from the ravage of the elements and the rapine of plunderers.

It guards the great inland seas and the rivers at their dangerous points. It extricates ships unwarily wandering into perilous courses. By its flashing signals of warning it averts disaster to vessels standing toward rock or shoals. It constantly fights flood and famine and fire. It is the right arm of the customs in collecting revenue of the government, and it pickets the coasts with guards that prevent smuggling.

The tale of its service is almost endless. It is astounding in variety of accomplishment. For the coast-guard is Uncle Sam's emergency service. Go with the men upon their appointed tasks and you will find them saving life in utter defiance of storm and cold, ridding the seas of pirates, spreading order and cleanliness, doctoring the sick and burying the dead, even preaching the gospel and reading the marriage ceremony in regions where missionaries can not always go. They are sailors, policemen, firemen, doctors, magistrates, ministers, all in one.

The stormy season of the year, from the beginning of December to the end of March, especially, tests the mettle of these men. As a rule:

Calls for assistance come when weather conditions are at their worst. The cutters lie up at dock or anchor awaiting their wireless call. It would be foolish to go rambling over the face of the roaring waters merely on the chance of rescue. All ships have radio equipment and all may expect to fling out some warning before their radio gives out. So the cutters wait, and even if half of their crew is ashore seeking a few hours of human companionship means are ready to regather them swiftly to their ship.

A boat puts ashore and a petty officer, with a list of telephone numbers previously secured, rounds up the missing ones. There is seldom an hour's delay in putting to sea.

Coast-guardsmen pull the very whiskers of death almost every day in the winter season of bitter weather and tumultuous seas, yet elude extraordinary death and usually serious injury. Bruises and broken bones and near death are common enough, but are no more considered than a football player minds the bruising shocks of practise and play. Their immunity in constant peril is attributed by themselves to their skill in handling small boats.

Alaskan service of the coast-guard, carried on through the spring and summer in patrolling the waters of the North Pacific, Bering sea and southeastern Alaska, for the protection of fur bearing seals and

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sea otters, and for the general protection of game and the enforcement of law, teems with adventure and fine devotion to humanity.

Of an interdepartmental fleet of eleven vessels, the coast-guard supplies four. Last season these were the *Bear*, most famous of all the little gunboats of the service; *Unalga*, with a remarkable record; *Algonquin* and *Bothwell*. Without them, life in the far North would scarcely be tolerable for whites or reds. They serve as ferry-boats for government official, missionaries, school teachers and others who must travel long distances. They carry the United States mail to regions where a bundle of letters every six months is cause for a celebration. They take food and supplies to isolated settlements, constantly succoring the sick and the famine-stricken. They provide medicines and surgical treatment for the natives and administer the laws made by the United States for Alaska.

For many years the coast-guard has ministered to the needs of the natives, dispensing justice with an even hand, adjudicating differences and difficulties, protecting helpless peoples from untoward circumstances which otherwise would destroy them, standing between them and disease, which constantly threatens their decimation. The greatest event in the lives of these Eskimo wards of the government is the annual visit of the coast-guard cutters. Here are a few extracts from the log of the *Unalga's* cruise last season:

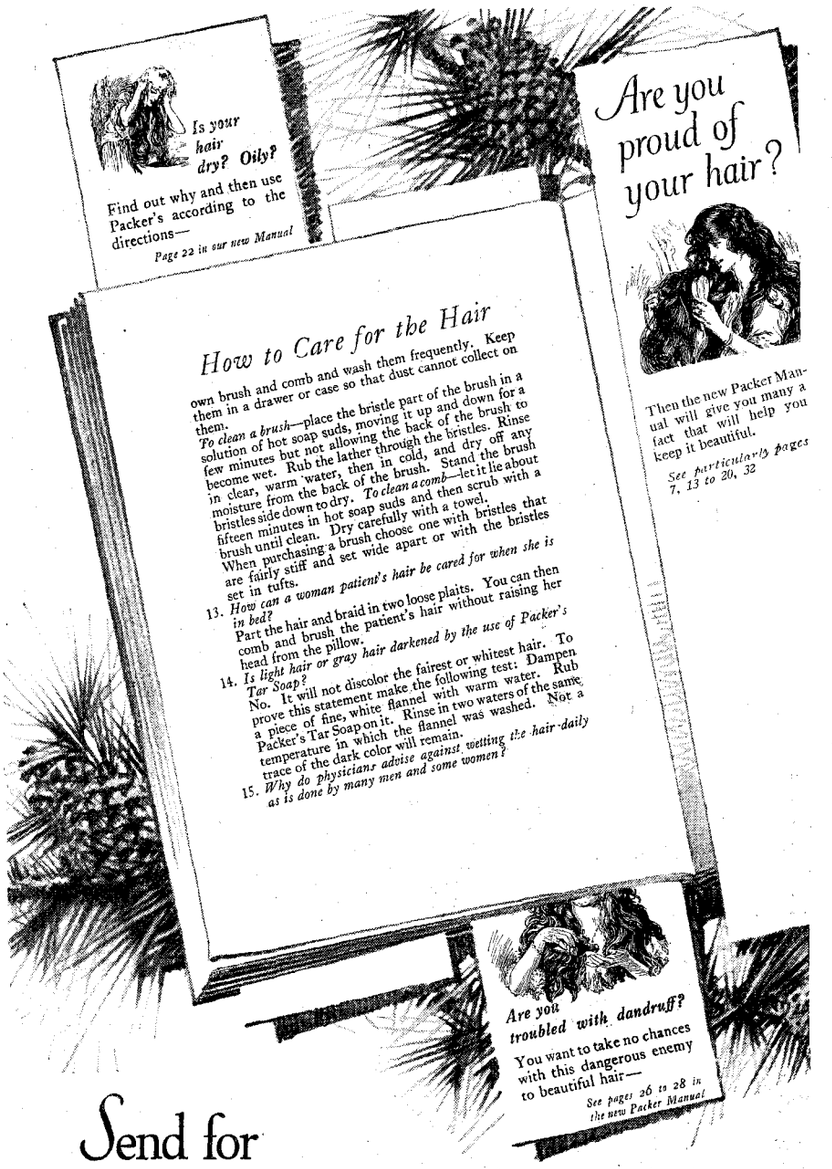
> On May 7, she arrived at Unalaska. The medical officer inspected the town and found health and sanitary conditions good. . . . The American schooner *Wawona* was fallen in with, mail was delivered to her and the crew afforded medical treatment. . . . On August 14, the commanding officer of the *Unalga*, serving in the capacity of United States commissioner, acted as arbitrator in a labor dispute at the Wood River cannery of the Alaska Salmon Company. Through his efforts, reconciliation was effected. . . . Upon the occasion of the visit of the cutter to the town of Chignik the commanding officer was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony. The contracting parties were married on board the cutter.

There's variety for you!

The deliberate title "Good Samaritans of the Sea" peculiarly applies to the men of the coast-guard in this Alaska service, for they must meet, and do meet, in the most trying circumstances, about every problem imaginable.

A "bare bones" account of one of the adventures in which coast-guards played heroic rôles is given in the following official report. "It shows," comments Mr. Hill, "however stript of color, emotion and heroic, the stuff coast guardsmen are made of." The story runs:

The American steamship *Louisiana*, bound from Tampico, Mexico, for Claymont, Del., with a crew of twenty-eight, including master, and a cargo of crude oil, was stranded during thick weather in approximately three fathoms of water, one and one-half miles offshore, and about two miles east-northeast from Coast Guard Station No. 146 (Ocean City, Md.) at 6:43 A. M., March 4, 1917. The vessel was discovered by the patrol from that station when the fog lifted at about 8:20 A. M. The keeper of the station immediately noti-


Is your hair dry? Oily?
Find out why and then use Packer's according to the directions—
Page 22 in our new Manual
How to Care for the Hair
own brush and comb and wash them frequently. Keep them in a drawer or case so that dust cannot collect on them.
To clean a brush—place the bristle part of the brush in a solution of hot soap suds, moving it up and down for a few minutes but not allowing the back of the brush to become wet. Rub the lather through the bristles. Rinse in clear, warm water, then in cold, and dry off any moisture from the back of the brush. To clean a comb—let it lie about bristles side down to dry. Stand the brush fifteen minutes in hot soap suds and then scrub with a brush until clean. Dry carefully with a towel.
When purchasing a brush choose one with bristles that are fairly stiff and set wide apart or with the bristles set in tufts.
13. How can a woman patient's hair be cared for when she is in bed?
Part the hair and braid in two loose plaits. You can then comb and brush the patient's hair without raising her head from the pillow.
14. Is light hair or gray hair darkened by the use of Packer's Tar Soap?
No. It will not discolor the fairest or whitest hair. To prove this statement make the following test: Dampen a piece of fine, white flannel with warm water. Rub Packer's Tar Soap on it. Rinse in two waters of the same temperature in which the flannel was washed. Not a trace of the dark color will remain.
15. Why do physicians advise against wetting the hair daily as is done by many men and some women?
Are you proud of your hair?
Then the new Packer Manual will give you many a fact that will help you keep it beautiful.
See particularly pages 7, 13 to 20, 32
Are you troubled with dandruff?
You want to take no chances with this dangerous enemy to beautiful hair—
See pages 26 to 28 in the new Packer Manual

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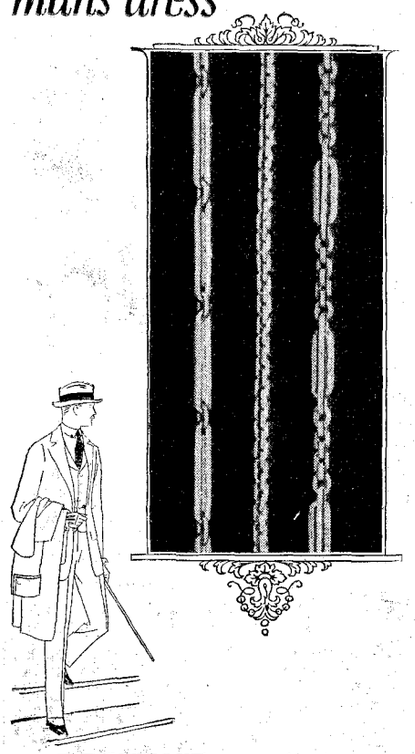

WITHOUT too much vanity, a man may indulge his taste and express his individuality in watch chains as in no other article of personal adornment.

The choice of design that makes this possible is found in Simmons Chains. They are exquisitely fashioned in the new Simmons PLATINUMGOLD, in green gold, in red and in original and beautiful combinations of these.

This gives variety in color tones in keeping with man's change of dress. Green gold and red with brown and homespun. PLATINUMGOLD with blue or gray, and with formal wear.

Simmons Chains are unusually durable as well as being always correct in style. The patented process used by Simmons of drawing solid gold and PLATINUMGOLD over less expensive metal gives durability at less cost.

Ask your jeweler to show you the new Simmons Chains. You will be surprised at their moderate cost.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro, Massachusetts
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"The Swivel says it's a Simmons"

SIMMONS
TRADEMARK
CHAINS

GIFTS THAT LAST

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

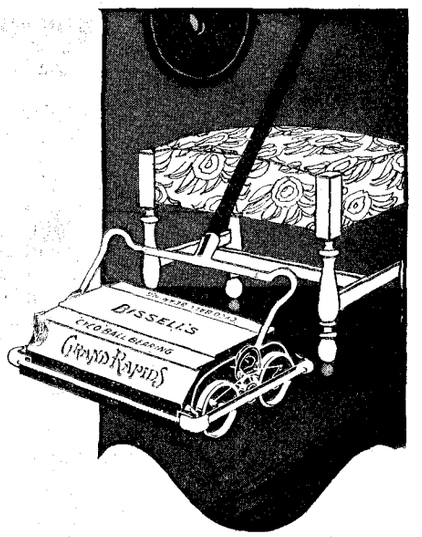
fied the district superintendent by telephone, and called for the assistance of the crew of the next northerly station, No. 145 (Fenwick Light). The keeper and three surfmen of the latter station immediately responded, and the surf-boat of station No. 146 was launched through a high surf at 10 o'clock A. M.; the steamer was visited and assistance offered.

The master declined any and all assistance, save that he desired to send a telegram to the owners, which telegram he threw overboard in a bottle, to be picked up by the surf-boat's crew. The master considered that only a cutter or a wrecking tug could be of assistance to him. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the *Louisiana* set the distress signal NC (assistance wanted). The surf-boat was again launched in a still higher surf, and the steamer again visited, this time with considerable difficulty. It was found that the master only wanted to have the station agent call for a wrecking tug or a cutter, and he positively declined to consider the landing of his crew.

In returning to the shore about 5 o'clock, a sea boarded the power surf-boat and carried overboard surfman No. 1, causing him some slight injury. There was at this time a moderate swell from the southeast and a strong east-northeast breeze, causing a rough sea and an occasional break on the shoal in the vicinity of the *Louisiana*. The swell caused heavy seas to break over the *Louisiana* from aft to forward, this condition growing worse later in the day. After dark the *Louisiana* began showing flareup lights and sending out urgent distress signals to the coast-guard cutter *Yamacraw*.

The *Yamacraw* had left Norfolk, Va., about 7 P. M., March 3, to go to the assistance of the British steamer *Strathearn*, reported ashore at Metomkin Inlet, Va. While searching for the *Strathearn*, the *Yamacraw* received the S. O. S. call from the *Louisiana*, giving an erroneous report of her position, which caused the cutter to lose valuable time during daylight in locating the *Louisiana*. The calls from the *Louisiana* were urgent and for immediate assistance. The *Yamacraw* reached the scene about 8:10 P. M., on March 4 and anchored near the *Louisiana*. At the time the *Yamacraw* anchored the weather was somewhat thick and drizzling, with moderate northeast wind blowing fresh at times with heavy rain squalls. The visibility was poor, but the lights of Ocean City could be seen. The moon was obscured by clouds, mist and rain, but afforded a slight degree of light. Conditions on and near the *Louisiana* could be discerned but poorly by means of the *Yamacraw's* searchlight.

The sea was not too rough for rescue work by boats. The *Yamacraw* rode nearly head to the wind and sea, so that the two vessels had each other about two points on the port bow. Consultation was had between the commanding officer of the *Yamacraw*, and other officers aboard, and the conclusion was reached that the weather and sea conditions were not unfavorable to assistance work, and in view of the urgency of the calls received from the *Louisiana* and the indications that the wind and sea both would increase before morning, making rescue work more dangerous if delayed, it was decided to remove her crew at once. Therefore, at about 8:20 P. M., a surf-boat was sent from the



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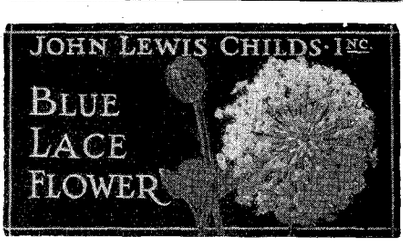

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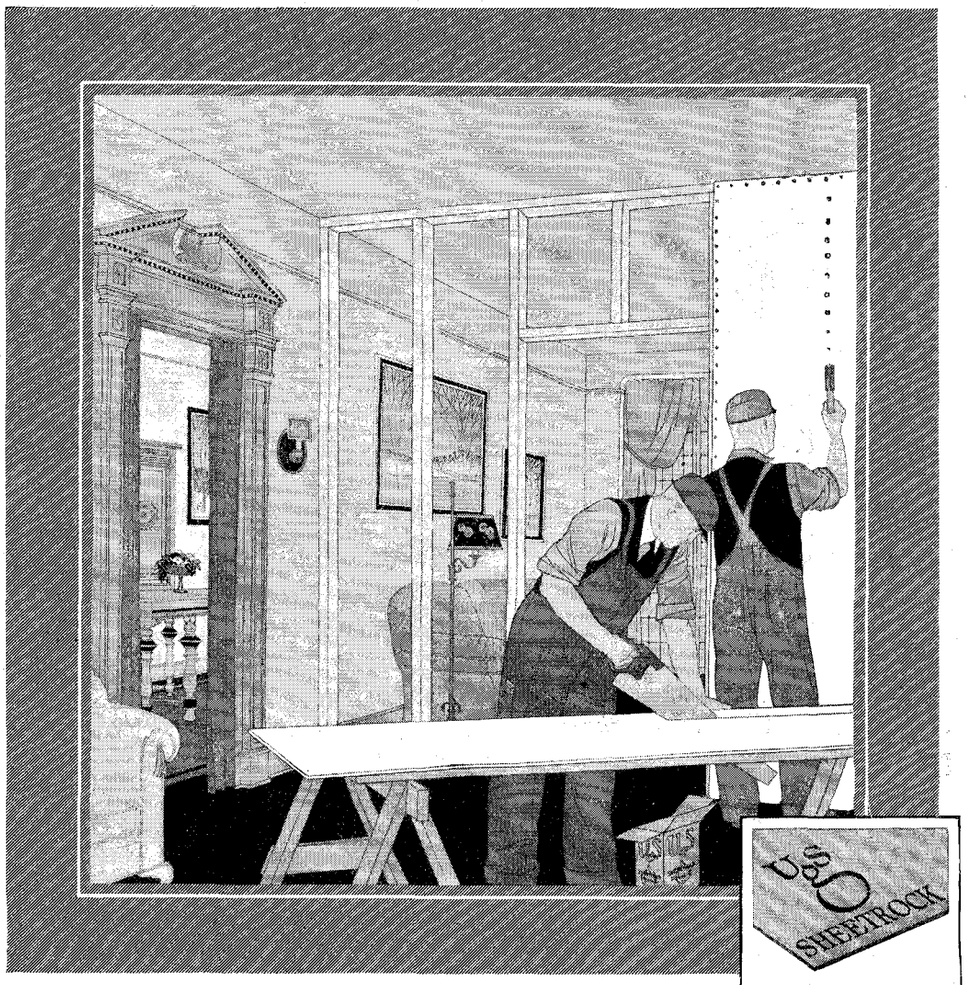

Note the substantial thickness of Sheetrock

THE finest wall that you or anyone else could build would be a wall of gypsum plaster, accurately applied, and finished with gypsum. The cost of such a wall would represent its worth in materials, in time, and in the several types of skilled labor required to erect it. Without the outlay in money, labor and time, the nearest approach to a wall of that character is one made of Sheetrock; for Sheetrock is wall plaster, made of gypsum and factory cast in uniformly accurate sections. It is fireproof, ***non-warping,*** and permanent.

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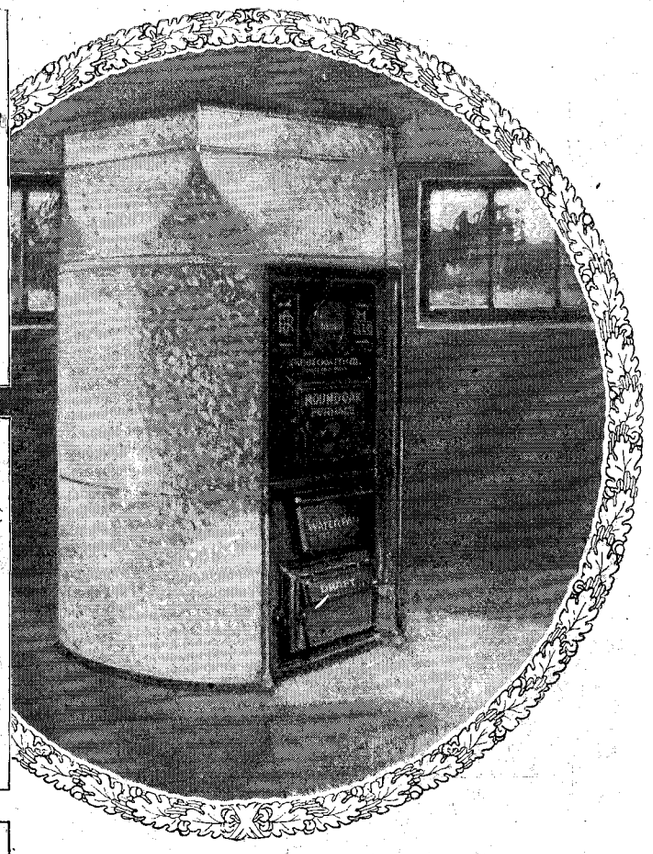
Prefers it to Other Heat

Our house is located in a very windy spot, exposed in every direction. Have had, however, no difficulty in keeping perfectly comfortable with our Round Oak Pipeless Furnace. Have had houses heated with steam, hot air and hot water, but we like this system best.
—From letter No. 3517

Removes Dread of Winter

Our family always dreaded winter until we installed a Round Oak Pipeless Heating System. Before that it took four wood fires to heat four rooms. Now we evenly heat 13 rooms, making them warm and comfortable in the most severe weather. We burn large chunks of wood, mostly.
—From letter No. 2510



End Discomfort— Act Now and Save!

Many weeks of shivering cold and chilly damp weather are still ahead. Spare your family from further discomfort and danger of illness, relieve yourself from the bother, worry and extravagance of wasteful heating—for a generation and more to come—by having a genuine Round Oak Pipeless Heating System immediately installed.

This can be done quickly, without muss, annoyance, or disconnecting your present heating until the Round Oak is ready to fire up with whatever fuel is in your cellar: coal, coke or wood.

Circumstances which your dealer will gladly explain make the present a most favorable time to act. You owe it to your family at least to investigate.

Built of massively oversize parts, accurately fitted and bolted everlastingly leak-tight by a patented method, Round Oak Pipeless Heating Systems cost the least per year of satisfaction.

The adjoining excerpts from letters typically illustrate the enthusiasm of those thousands who rely upon this easily installed system.*

Consult your Round Oak dealer at once; get his liberal offer. Or write us for literature.

THE BECKWITH COMPANY, Dowagiac, Mich.
"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

No Dirt or Dust Upstairs

The Round Oak Pipeless Furnace heats our six rooms comfortably during very cold weather. Last season we burned 1½ cords of elm chunks and less than 4 tons of coal. There is no dirt and dust in the rooms, and no heat in the cellar to interfere with fruits.
—From letter No. 7514

More Heat from Less Fuel

When I found out how much they wanted for a hot water heater I decided to try a Round Oak Pipeless Heating System. Two stoves had previously burned 8 tons of coal to keep only 3 rooms warm. Seven tons with the Round Oak kept the whole house warm all winter.
—From letter No. 1511

Cellar Cool for Storage

The Round Oak Pipeless has steam beaten by a long margin. We could never before get 2 rooms upstairs warm all night. Now we keep 3 up and 3 downstairs rooms comfortably warm—on half dry wood; the warmth does not interfere with anything in the cellar.
—From letter No. 5506

ROUND OAK
PIPELESS HEATING SYSTEM

Just one good store in a city or town handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features: Round Oak *Porcelain* Coal and Combination Ranges; Round Oak Boiler Iron Chief Range; Round Oak Three-Fuel Range; Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range; Original Round Oak Heating Stoves; Round Oak Pipeless Heating System; Round Oak Moistair Heating System; Round Oak Ironbilt Furnace—for pipe installation. Write for literature on any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million and a quarter

*Names and addresses of these and many other satisfied users, together with their letters in full, will be furnished on request

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Yamacraw to the *Louisiana*, containing the following men:

Gunner Ross Harris, in charge at the steering oar; Master-at-Arms R. J. Grady; Quartermaster M. L. Kambarn; Seaman G. V. Jarvis; Ordinary Seaman M. L. Austin; Ordinary Seaman D. Fulcher; Ordinary Seaman R. L. Garrish; Ordinary Seaman R. E. Simmons; and Ordinary Seaman T. L. Midgett.

Gunner Harris was an expert boatman and had the entire confidence of the officers and crew, and other men named were efficient boatmen. The surf-boat was lowered from the *Yamacraw* without difficulty or accident and safely made the passage to the *Louisiana*. The commanding officer of the *Yamacraw* had requested by signal that the *Louisiana* use oil freely to form a slick for the surf-boat, and this signal was acknowledged. A Franklin lifebuoy, with a running line attached, had been placed on the port quarter of the *Yamacraw* to be streamed in case the surf-boat should have difficulty in reaching the vessel upon her return from the *Louisiana*. Gunner Harris made his boat fast with the painter under the port bow of the *Louisiana*, and had taken off one of that vessel's crew when an unusually heavy sea, whose approach could not be seen in the darkness, struck the starboard quarter of the vessel, swept over her decks and engulfed the *Yamacraw's* boat, which was caught in the backlash and hurled against the *Louisiana's* bow, throwing all the men into the water.

Lighted lifebuoys were immediately dropt from the *Louisiana*, and the *Yamacraw* was promptly notified of the accident by occulting light signals. On account of lack of trained oarsmen (the *Yamacraw*, it should be said, had put to sea without waiting for the return of a large part of her crew, so urgent were the distress calls) remaining on board the *Yamacraw*, it was not deemed safe at that time to lower another boat for the purpose of rescuing the men in the water.

The vessel, however, was gotten under way with the least practicable delay and navigated in toward the men. She was stopt near a lighted buoy, to which Master-at-Arms Grady could be seen clinging. Grady left the buoy and attempted to swim to the *Yamacraw*. When it was evident that the attempt was beyond his strength, Steerage Cook J. J. Kennedy went overboard in a bowline, swam to Grady and with much difficulty brought him alongside the vessel. Kennedy was obliged to loose his hold on Grady who was then carried under the cutter as she rolled to starboard. When the ship rolled back to port he floated out alongside just forward of a gangway. Second Lieut. W. J. Keester, who had gone down on the sea steps in the bight of a rope, grabbed Grady under the arms and raised him high enough to pass his hand to some one up the gangway. He then slipt his hand down Grady's side and seized him about the waist, when a sudden lurch of the vessel wrenched Grady from his grasp, and the latter fell back into the water.

The dinghy with Boys First Class William R. Hogarth and J. A. Dugger was lowered to the water and hanging in the falls. The boys attempted to save Grady as he was torn from the grasp of Lieutenant Keester, but were unsuccessful. Hogarth

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and Dugger then unhooked the dinghy and let it ride to the painter. The painter parted and they took to the oars and pulled to a lighted buoy to which Ordinary Seaman R. E. Simmons was clinging. Being unable to get Simmons into the dinghy, they lashed him alongside and endeavored to row back to the *Yamacraw*, but the strong current which was now running carried the dinghy against the stakes of a fish pound, capsizing it and throwing the occupants into the water.

In the meantime Boatswain Hermann Fiedler, Electrician Third Class Belton Miller, Boy First Class George L. Wynn and Boy Second Class Jay McWilliams had jumped into the whaleboat, which was lowered, and started in search of the men in the water. They found no one. Their boat was upset, but all safely reached land. It was not possible on account of the high and dangerous surf to launch a boat to go to the assistance of the men who were in the water. (Not possible for the Coast Guard crews ashore.)

After remaining in the vicinity of the breakers until hope had been abandoned the *Yamacraw* moved offshore and anchored until daylight. No further attempt was made to render assistance to the *Louisiana*, as there remained on board the *Yamacraw* too few men to be able to accomplish anything in that direction. During the night the weather unexpectedly improved and the *Yamacraw* proceeded to the southward in search of boats and bodies. None was found, and the vessel returned to her headquarters at Norfolk.

BOSTON'S MAYOR WENT TO JAIL TO HELP A FRIEND

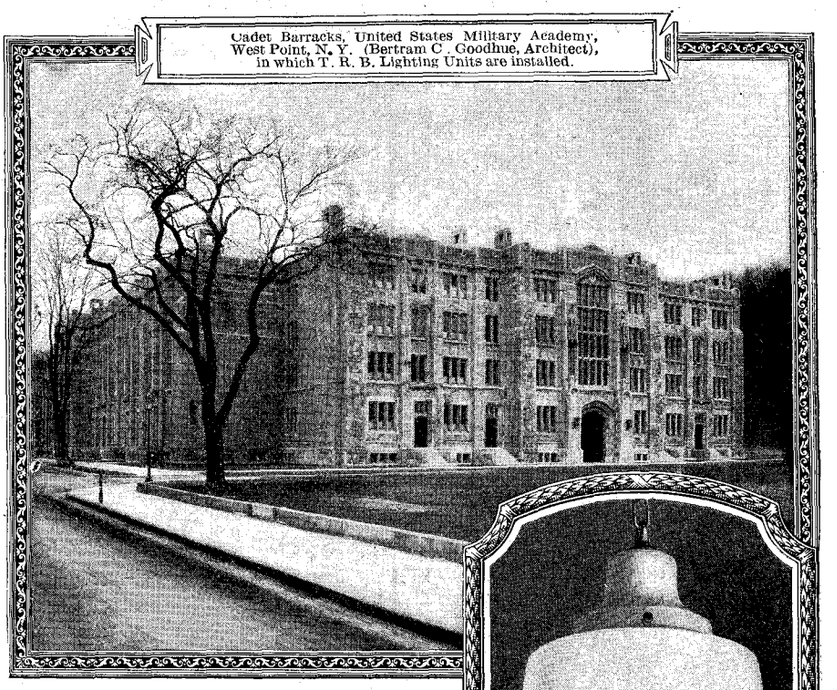
JAMES M. CURLEY, whom certain Boston bluestockings airily refer to as a "low-brow," a "rough-neck," and a "jail-bird," was sworn in the other day as Mayor of the Massachusetts ancient seat of culture. Curley's election, testify newspaper correspondents with connections sufficiently far from Back Bay to prevent any personal bias in the matter, gave Boston the shock of its life. "It jarred the very foundations of Beacon Hill and the Back Bay," in the words of a staff correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the more so as Curley carried on a lone fight against tremendous odds." At the present time, we are assured, Boston is trying to reconcile itself to the prospects of being governed for the next four years by a man who is not a Harvard graduate, but who has come up from the people. Incidentally, he is a man who has served a short term in prison, but under circumstances which have helped him politically, and of which, it is said, he is anything but ashamed.

The day after the election, reports the *Eagle* correspondent:

The city awoke to find that the business and financial interests, the bluestocking element, the cultured crowd had been worsted and the so-called "low-brow" element had triumphed. It was a disagreeable surprize to conservative Boston to find that the rest of the city did not think as it did.

Curley's election was a personal triumph. He won against such opposition as a candidate for office rarely has to face. The newspapers were aligned against him except one

United States Military Academy Installs The New Light That Means Better Eyesight



Cadet Barracks, United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y. (Bertram G. Goodhue, Architect), in which T. R. B. Lighting Units are installed.

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T.R.B. LIGHTING UNIT

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TO you, the refreshing daylight quality of the new T. R. B. Lighting Unit may well prove to be its most appealing characteristic. But where men are trained to officer an army, it was the scientific significance (rather than the pleasant cheerfulness) of this quality that led to installation. Twenty-twenty vision calls for a "normal" eyesight so good as to be almost abnormal.

Wherever work is to be done, the main requirement is for maximum illumination on the working-plane. That is what the T. R. B. Lighting Unit gives—but due to its particular shape, it gives this light a more perfect diffusion than you have ever believed possible by artificial methods. T. R. B. illumination is literally sunlight without glare; experts have pronounced it the exact equivalent of daylight. Soft, evenly distributed, positively invigorating, rather than merely restful.

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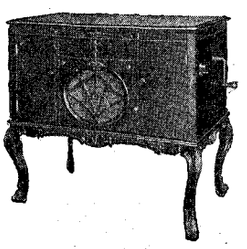

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

—the *Telegram*. The Good Government Association, composed of the substantial business men of Boston, worked tooth and nail to defeat him; the political bosses on both sides strove their utmost against him; ex-Mayors Peters and Fitzgerald and State Senators Donovan and Greene opposed him. Curley had nothing—nothing save the votes.

It was twenty years ago that Curley got into the trouble which landed him in prison. There was a constituent of his who sought a job as letter carrier. To help him out Curley took a Civil Service examination for him. He was charged with conspiracy to defraud the Government by impersonating another. His political opponents used the sentence as a weapon to destroy him. They failed. He has gone steadily forward since. While he was still under sentence he was elected an alderman. When he came out his friends acclaimed him as a hero. "He did it for a friend," was the Curley battle-cry and it gained him his seat in the Board of Aldermen.

Curley remained right in Boston after that. He never tried to hide the incident. His friends have never held it against him. He did it to get a man a job and that was all there was to it. The skeleton was exposed to view in the campaign of 1914, but it failed to keep him out of the Mayor's chair. It had no force in the last campaign. The newspapers let it alone.

But Curley had been bitterly attacked during his previous term in the City Hall. It was said he coerced city employees; that he brought polities into the City Hall and that the departments were run for politics. He was assailed time and again by the forces of good government. The same interests which opposed his candidacy in 1914 opposed him again in the December election, only the opposition was stronger.

To make Curley's victory the more remarkable it is said of him that he has displayed a reckless disregard for his own political future, that he has made many political blunders, and that he has done the very things calculated to kill him politically. As an illustration it is cited that, just before the last Presidential election, he attacked the League of Nations, and his dislike for the Wilson Administration was so strong that he threatened to break all precedents and vote the Republican ticket. Then at the eleventh hour he turned about, endorsed the League and praised Wilson. It is recalled also that he antagonized political leaders whose support would have been very valuable to him.

How, then, did he win? When you ask this question in Boston, you get various answers. Here are some of them:

"He won on the strength of his personality," says one. "He sensed what was in the mind of the voter and made the most of it. He talked a language that all could understand. He drew blackboard illustrations to show how the assessments on property had fallen most heavily on the homes of the poor in certain districts while in the down-town sections it was lighter. He promised the people of Boston a 5-cent fare from Hyde Park into the city."

"He never forgot a promise," says another, "and he always helped the poor and unfortunate."

They say of him also that he has often

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carried himself through on his nerve. The story is told that he once went into a ward in the toughest section of Boston seeking votes, where the result was bound to be close, and addrest those present as follows:

"Pickpockets, doormat thieves and milk-bottle robbers—you see, I know you all." And after their first amazement, his audience cheered him to the echo. His fearlessness had captured their imagination. He won the ward.

His language is at times extremely picturesque as well as forceful. A prominent Back Bay resident was once quoted as having said that Curley would never have been mayor if his ancestors had not been driven over here by a "potato famine" in Ireland. This was Curley's reply:

"No land was ever saved by little clubs of female faddists, old gentlemen with disordered livers or pessimists cracking over imaginary good old days and ignoring the sunlit present. What we need in this part of America are men and mothers of men and not gabbing spinsters and dog-raising matrons in federation assembled."

All the color and vigor of the campaign just ended was on Curley's side. The chief of the candidates opposing him—there were three—carried on a campaign much like that of Curran in the election in New York—conservative, gentlemanly, without high lights which appealed to the masses.

Curley has made himself. He began life as a poor boy with his eye on a distant star. He worked hard—his father having died when he was ten years of age—to keep the wolf from the door. He delivered orders, ran errands and did odd jobs about a drug store, slaving in the morning before school and after school hours until late at night. He worked Saturdays and Sundays as well. At sixteen he graduated from a grammar school and then went to work for a baker's supply firm, studying in his spare hours at an evening high school.

An opponent of his said:

"Curley is one of the best stump speakers in the country."

His wife says this of him:

"I have seen him leave home at two o'clock in the morning in answer to a telephone call of distress from some poor unfortunate. I believe that if we had only one loaf of bread left in the house he would share it with the first hungry man who asked for it."

He has himself told of his hard early days when he delivered orders to customers and was a "sort of Pinafore chap" in a drug store, polishing the handle of the front door, waiting on the soda fountain and running errands. But he read everything he could get hold of and he made it a business to meet men who knew things and could talk.

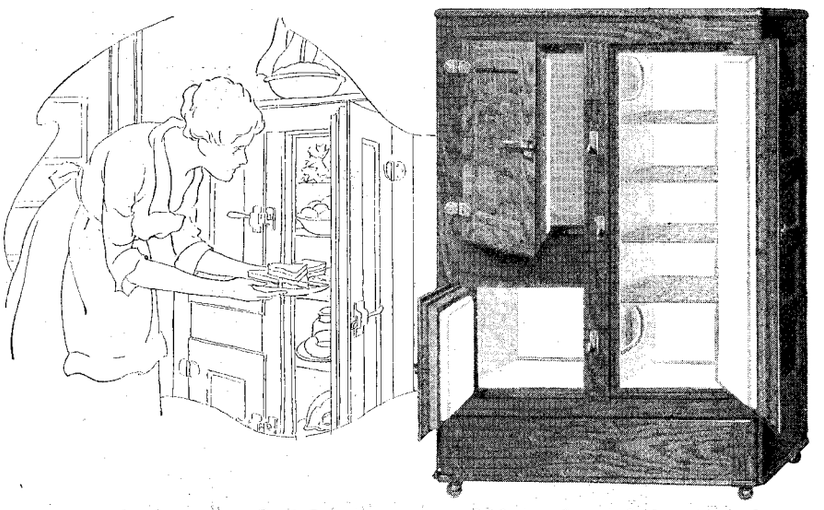
He read Hugo, Dumas, Thackeray, Cooper and Dickens. Dickens had a special appeal to him, because he was a struggling, poor boy himself who had lived among the poor.

"I found Shakespeare a great help," he says further. "When I got into an argument I generally could get something out of Shakespeare which I could put on an opponent to his disadvantage. He has helped me out of many a tight place."

For a time he was a salesman, a collector and a clerk for an insurance company. Then he studied law. He was absorbed by the study of politics. He became a power in Ward 17 as a stellar light of the Tammany Club, named after the New York organization.

Curley was forty-two when he left the Mayor's chair last. He has learned a lot since. Some think that Jim Curley has his eyes on the Governor's chair.

THE 40th LEONARD YEAR



The climax of 40 years of food refrigeration

Women are learning by happy experience that the Leonard is the ideal guardian of food; that it means safety and convenience; that it frees them from many kitchen cares; that it saves time, work, money.

Learn about the Leonard's ten walls of insulation; one-piece food chamber with triple coat of hard, white porcelain, seamless, jointless; rounded inside corners, easy to clean.

One out of every seven refrigerators sold is made by Leonard. Visit the Leonard dealer in your town. If you fail to find him, write us and we will see that you are supplied. **Send for actual sample of porcelain,** catalog illustrating over 75 styles and sizes of refrigerators. Mr. Leonard's own booklet on "Selection and Care of Refrigerators" will be mailed, too.

Leonard
CLEANABLE
Refrigerator

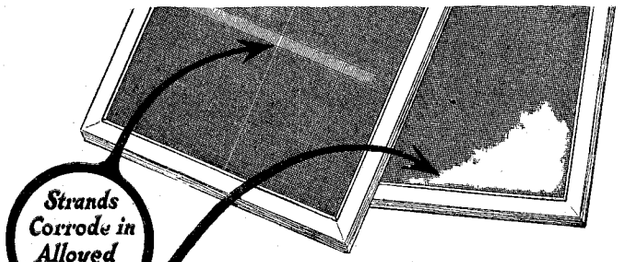
"Like a Clean China Dish"

There is a size and style of Leonard Refrigerator to suit every purse.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
62 Clyde Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids

C. H. LEONARD



Use Pure Copper

Iron or steel insect screen cloth, even when galvanized, is short-lived—near sea or lake it may last but two or three months.

Alloys of copper are better for screens, but, because they are mixtures of two metals, they are apt to lack uniformity throughout and certain strands begin to wear before others.

Copper, 99.8% pure, as used in Jersey Copper Screen Cloth, and rendered sufficiently strong by a special Roebling process, is the ideal metal. *It will give unqualified service under the most severe climatic conditions.*

Write for a booklet which tells all about insect screen cloth. We will send it free on request. Ask your hardware dealer for Jersey Copper Screen Cloth.

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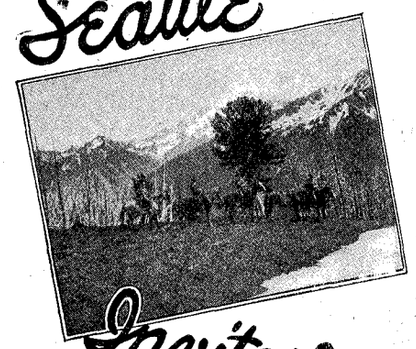
Seattle



Invites You

To the

Charmed

Land

America's Summer Playground

THERE IS probably not a person in the Pacific Northwest who would change for any other spot on earth.

It is the fairest and loveliest land, we who live here believe, ever bestowed on man.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson in a serious medical work terms it "The Charmed Land of the American Continent," and likens its climate to that of heaven.

Its air is a life-giving blend of the air of the mountains and the sea, filtered through great pine forests.

It is a land of sport and play—of golf every day of the year; of glorious mountains to climb, of shimmering mountain lakes and rushing streams and tumbling waterfalls; of superb scenic motor roads; of thousands of miles of placid inland seas, dotted with charming isles and islets; of hikes and trails; of boating, canoeing, swimming, and seabathing; of sea fishing and stream fishing; of upland birds and marsh birds and big game; of camping and picnicking; of greenery and flowers and sheer beauty unparalleled.

Spend this year's vacation with us—no heat, cyclones, earthquakes, severe electrical storms or poisonous reptiles—nothing but a good time. *Maximum temperature Seattle, 1921—80 degrees.*

Write for "The Charmed Land" booklet.

SEATTLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 901 ARCTIC BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASH.

REVIEWS OF NEW NOVELS

A HALF-WAY ADVENTURESS

IN older days heroines were simply and entirely one thing or the other; they were good so that you knew it thoroughly or they were bad, and there was no mistake about it. But we have changed all that. Heroines have thereby become more human, and of course more puzzling too. Here is a bad one, you murmur, as you follow the lady's methods; and then there is a turn, a hint of stirring desires for what is fine, an act that is full of generosity, something that makes you take back your first pronouncement, and leave her a chance. She may come out all right in the end. As for the really good heroine, there is many a little thing to be said about her that keeps her a long way from angelhood. She isn't too oppressive in her perfection.

This feeling about modern heroines is emphasized in reading the novel "Angélique," by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding (George H. Doran, $1.90). Angélique is certainly not a good heroine. She is pretty bad, take her all round and counting in all she does. Yet there is a great deal to be said on her side, and she does behave with true courage and decency at the end, when the big temptation to put herself exactly where, all along, she has been planning to go; comes to her. Her hand is on the prize, and she relinquishes it. She does so because she can't carry through the deception she had decided upon, because she won't live a lie, even tho she has quite cheerfully lived a wrong.

Angélique is the daughter of an Irish charwoman and an Americanized Italian. She is early sent to work in such positions as she, ignorant and uneducated, can fill. She progresses from one factory to another in the great city of New York, but other progress she does not make. It is a hopeless circle, without any horizon of betterment. And Angélique is no common girl. She has imagination and ambition, and she has to a strong degree charm. She has her own odd beauty, too, with her Italian eyes and hair, and the Irish swagger of her. She means to get somewhere, and one day she terrifies her mother, who adores her and slaves for her, by the announcement that she is going to answer an advertisement for a companion. "Cheerful young lady wanted as companion to invalid; experience unnecessary." Those were the words that drew her. To the doleful statement by her mother that she can not possibly fulfil the requirements she answers that she means to try. She can only fail. And she wants to get something out of life. Here is a prospect. Should she be accepted, she could learn much of the much she wants to learn. If not, well . . .

She is accepted. And she enters a household that is as strange in its way as the one Jane Eyre discovers when she begins her career as governess. There is the invalid, Polly, in a dangerously deprest condition because of the death of her only child, and her miserable marriage to Vincent Geraldine, a detestable but attractive man with the soul of a flea and the notion that he is a genius. And there is Mrs. Russell, mother of Vincent and of his brother Eddie, a staid, quiet, hardworking business man, successful to a rare degree, and on whom the entire family is dependent. A great country house, plenty of servants, lovely grounds, but a feeling of restraint, of mystery everywhere. There is Mr. Russell, too, the second husband, an old beau whose only

Yellow Free-Stone

Ripe in August

ROCHESTER PEACH

Often Bears First Year Planted
Usually the Second Year
Breaks Records the Third Year

403 Perfect Peaches on Four-Year-Old Tree

Mr. C. E. Strawbridge, Lima, O., writes Aug. 25, 1920, as follows: "On April 10, 1916, I set out one of your new Rochester Peach Trees. **This year we have picked exactly 403 large peaches from this one tree.** Many people have seen this tree and can hardly believe their own eyes."

TREES planted in Spring, 1918, bore 150 to 200 peaches past summer.

"Rochester is greatest money making peach in the world."—*Statement by large orchardist.*

Originated in Rochester, tree is a strong, upright grower, **has stood sixteen degrees below zero and produced a full crop,** while the Elberta and Crawford, under the same conditions in the same orchard, produced no blossoms and consequently no fruit.

Mr. C. M. Thomas, 215 W. 40th Street, Savannah, Ga., purchased a Rochester Peach from us last February, and picked the first fruit in July.

Price, Medium size, 3-4 feet, $1.00 each; $10 per 12. Extra size, 4-6 feet, $1.50 each; $15.09 per 12.

☞We are headquarters for genuine Rochester Peach

CATALOGUE—For descriptions and prices of a complete list of Glenwood products, send for a copy of our 1922 catalogue "F1" of Dependable Trees and Plants—it's free.

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DREER'S GARDEN BOOK 1922

Contains invaluable information concerning both Vegetables and Flowers; also Lawn Grass and Agricultural Seeds. It is arranged to make selection of the best varieties easy for the amateur; and cultural information written by experts will help you to a successful garden.

The book contains 224 pages and is illustrated in colors and numerous photo-engravings, showing the true form of Vegetables and Flowers offered. It also offers the newest Roses, Dahlias, Hardy Perennials, Garden Requisites, etc.

Write today for a copy which will be mailed free if you mention this publication.

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LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS

The Lincoln Policy

persists inflexibly to produce the finest motor car in the world.

By *finest motor car in the world* we mean, without reservation, the most attractive in appearance; the most comfortable and least fatiguing in which to travel; the most fascinating to drive; the most dependable; the most enduring; the most roadworthy; and by every standard the most desirable and most satisfying motor car of which it is possible to conceive.

The effecting of that policy is made possible only because of abundant resources—in scientific equipment, in adept craftsmen; and in finances which are practically without limit.

LINCOLN POLICY is not subject to one iota of compromise.

It is not subject to the influence of desire to meet a predetermined selling price.

LINCOLN POLICY is not subject to any adverse influence, regardless of whatsoever effort or expenditure may be required to perpetuate the world-known Leland standards.

Quality and character, as always, will persistently stand foremost.

These, scrupulously maintained, price then necessarily becomes incidental; and LINCOLN prices are merely what a car of LINCOLN quality and LINCOLN character, scientifically produced, must of necessity demand.

The Revision of Lincoln selling prices, ranging from

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to

$1,200.00

makes it possible for many persons to enjoy the advantages which only the Lincoln car can give them, but who otherwise might try to be content with something which did not measure fully up to their ideals.

TWELVE BODY TYPES

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LELAND-BUILT

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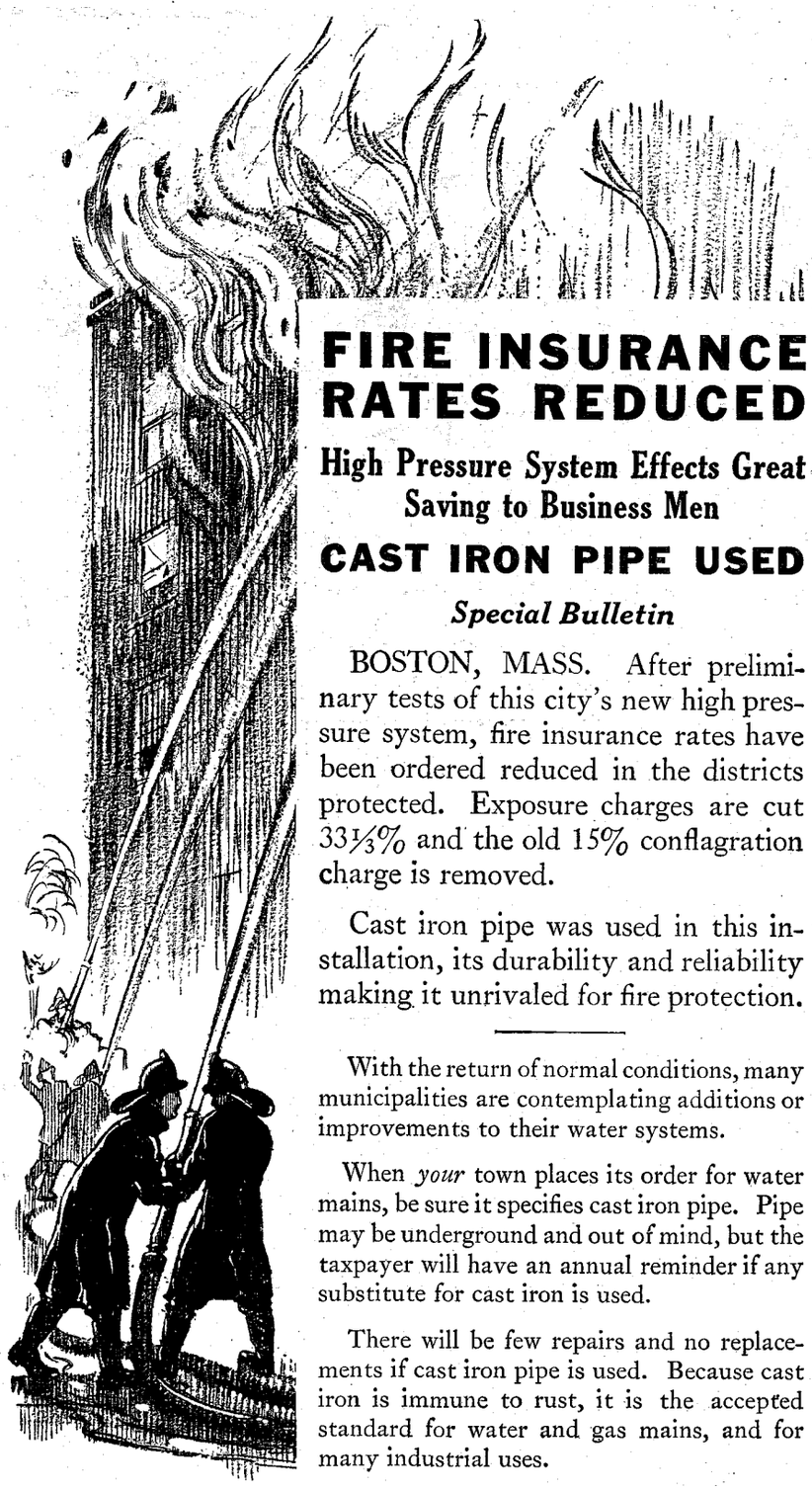

FIRE INSURANCE RATES REDUCED

High Pressure System Effects Great Saving to Business Men

CAST IRON PIPE USED

Special Bulletin

BOSTON, MASS. After preliminary tests of this city's new high pressure system, fire insurance rates have been ordered reduced in the districts protected. Exposure charges are cut 33⅓% and the old 15% conflagration charge is removed.

Cast iron pipe was used in this installation, its durability and reliability making it unrivaled for fire protection.

With the return of normal conditions, many municipalities are contemplating additions or improvements to their water systems.

When *your* town places its order for water mains, be sure it specifies cast iron pipe. Pipe may be underground and out of mind, but the taxpayer will have an annual reminder if any substitute for cast iron is used.

There will be few repairs and no replacements if cast iron pipe is used. Because cast iron is immune to rust, it is the accepted standard for water and gas mains, and for many industrial uses.

THE CAST IRON PIPE PUBLICITY BUREAU
165 East Erie Street, Chicago

CAST IRON PIPE

"Pipe and the Public Welfare" —an illustrated cloth-bound book—is full of interest. Sent postpaid for 25c

REVIEWS OF NEW NOVELS
Continued

desires are to be adequately taken care of, and to make love to any young thing coming his way, or even fleeing it.

Angélique manages to be liked by these diverse persons. There is this charm of hers and a curious, attractive independence about her, and her determination to get somewhere. Her frankness, too, for she does not try to masquerade as anything but what she is.

And then we plunge into the story.

Eddie falls in love with Angélique, and she sees in him the way to all she wants in life. But there is Vincent. Vincent deceives her, as Vincent would. The end of that is a baby, and Angélique finds out in short order just what sort of cad the elegant and handsome Vincent is; but Angélique is strong. She brings plenty of courage to her ordeal, and she wins out. But she does not win what she meant to have.

Eddie, having got her promise to marry him, has gone to the war. It is while he is away that she goes off with Vincent, that with the help of her mother she comes out alive from the whole business, and that, by her own brains and energy she manages to make for herself a good position, to become a hat maker in a specialty shop, to do good work and to see a future opening for her, while she waits for Eddie's return. But Vincent tries to get hold of her again, and when she meets him with the contempt that has grown up in her heart for him, he goes after Eddie to France, enlisting in one of his moments of emotion, declaring that he will tell his brother what has happened, and put an end to the marriage.

So Angélique decides to drop Eddie from her calculations, and to go on with her work.

But Vincent is killed before he has any chance to speak to Eddie. Angélique hears this by chance, and writes again to Eddie, whose letters she has left unanswered. All will be well. She doesn't love him; she remembers with a certain disgust how she hated to be kissed by him, but never mind all that!

And Eddie comes back. And everything is arranged for a fine marriage; friends come to help it along, Angélique sees a rosy prospect before her—

And then the queer soul in her stands up and declares itself.

Angélique goes back to her shop and her work. She is not happy, but she is stout of heart again. The baby has long since been placed with Polly, who needs it badly enough—Polly is the wife of Vincent, but she had divorced him toward the end. And the book ends.

It is a vividly done thing, with dialogue of an amazing frankness, especially when it comes from the mouth of Vincent. It is not agreeable, but it has character. Naturally not the book for the unsophisticated, it is a crisply told and colorful tale for those who know the facts of life and who are willing to admit that even the woman who has "gone wrong" may go right again if she will find the courage and the desire to do so. This is an outcome that the older novelists were too timorous to assume. It was thought to be immoral to do otherwise than make a heroine pay for her follies with a completely wrecked life. It is the more courageous reading of life taken by the modern fictionists to bring about such endings as this, and they appear to be justified by the enlarged freedoms of modern life.

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TRUE STUFF FROM THE WILD WEST

EVEN those men who really know the West give us stories of it that approximate the truth about as closely as a moving-picture view of a millionaire's drawing-room resembles the actual thing. It is with real terror that one opens a Wild West book, terror of that boredom which the manufactured thriller gives, fear of that weary distaste inspired by the fake and the insincere.

And yet how splendid is the material, how gorgeous the setting, for the true teller of tales and the artist who respects his art. Doesn't he exist? Can't he get a publisher to believe in him, if exist he does?

Certainly he exists, and he has found at least one publisher to believe in him. He probably exists more than once; but here at least is the once, and here is a novel of the American Southwest, "The Blood of the Conquerors," by Harvey Fergusson (A. Knopf, $2.50), which it is a delight to praise and an enchantment to read. The scene is New Mexico, and when the book opens we are on the limited with the hero, back to it from the city "with its hard walled-in ways and dirty air," and with the hero we savor "the scorched tawny levels, the red hills dotted with little gnarled *piñon* trees, the purple mystery of distant mountains." The hero, as it happens, is a Mexican, Ramon Delcasar, a descendant of the Spanish *conquistadores*, a *hidalgo* of the proudest blood, and he has just completed an American college education derived from a Catholic institution in St. Louis. He spoke English with only the slightest hint of accent, his manners were those of other young men of like training, but he was Mexican, and he dwelt where the foot of the American trod heavily on his race. "He was no darker than are many Americans bearing Anglo-Saxon names, and his eyes were gray. His features were acquiline and pleasing, and he had in a high degree that bearing, at once proud and unself-conscious, which is called aristocratic." Nonetheless he had often heard himself called "that damned greaser," and many a boyhood fight had been started for that cause.

Ramon is returning to his New Mexican home to take up the career of a lawyer. He is glad to be coming back, for he loves his land. A chapter or two are given to picturing the life of Ramon's forbears in the old splendid days before the American came, and to indicating his own boyhood, chapters full of movement and color. Ramon is at home on the great mesas, where he used to spend days and nights with the shepherds or the cattle-men, where he would hunt, ride, dream. Where, too, he made love.

For he has an old friend, a certain Archulera, a Spaniard of as good blood as his own, but who has lost all but a small part of his estate and now lives like a peasant in a little adobe hut on a rough hill-slope, "looking like a part of it save for the white door, and a few bright scarlet strings of chili hung from the rafter ends to dry." This man has a daughter, a still, quite expressionless girl, inured to loneliness and silence, yet flaming for the handsome young man who came to talk with her father, to eat the suppers she prepared—and what a picture is given of one of the evenings at the little ranch, with the kid new-killed for the guest's entertainment, and the girl at her work—and Ramon has not resisted the appeal she makes to his youth and virility. The two are lovers, but the father knows nothing of this. He might kill the girl did he discover it, he would certainly insist that Ramon marry her if he spared her and him.

Inside Facts About *Your* Business

We know fire brick. For 78 years we have known exactly how to make them. This year we know exactly how *you* use them.

Carefully recorded in our Research Dept. is accurate, extensive knowledge of the actual working conditions to which Fire Brick will be subjected in literally every industry under the sun! In other words, we can *prove*, from reliable research data, that the specified brand of famous Laclede Fire Brick is scientifically adapted to the particular work that you need refractories for, no matter how exacting or peculiar.

Cash in on this knowledge. Cash in on it *all this year*, when reduced costs and eliminated waste will count for so much in every business. Whatever kind of fire brick or other fire clay refractories you use; whatever industry you are in, whether it's Abrasive Manufacturer or Central Station, Iron Foundry or Smelter, write us about your specific problem *today* and find out just how we can serve you and save you money.

IMPORTANT: The interest of industrial executives all over the country has been aroused in our booklet, "Are Refractories Imposing a Limitation on Stoker Performance?" *You* may procure a copy by request on your firm letterhead.

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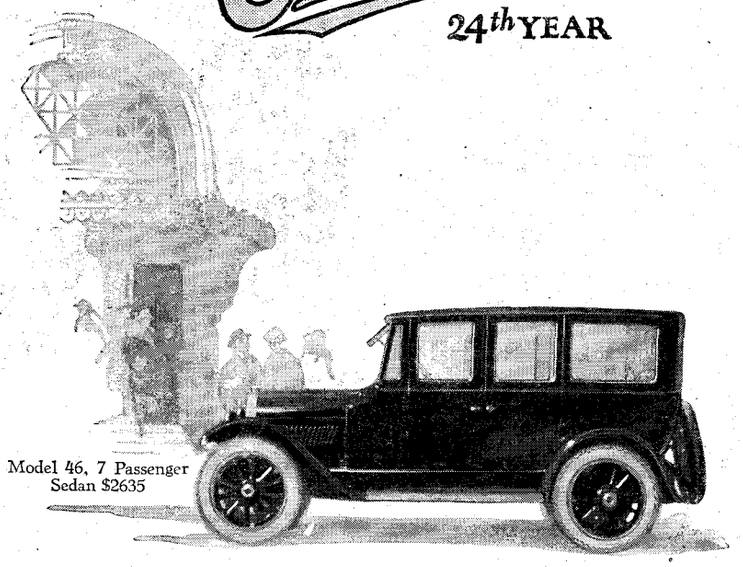
Oldsmobile

24th YEAR



Model 46, 7 Passenger Sedan $2635

THE unqualified luxury of the Oldsmobile seven-passenger Sedan is a feature that impresses itself instantly upon the most casual observer.

—there is the big, roomy interior with its prevailing sense of freedom and airiness—a roominess gained not through greater body bulk, but through greater skill in body design and because the V-type engine occupies a relatively small amount of chassis space.

—then there is the beautiful Mohair upholstering, rich but preserving an atmosphere of dignity and simplicity. There are the deep luxurious seat cushions with their inviting appeal of comfort and relaxation.

—all of the other appointments of the Oldsmobile Sedan are in keeping with the artistic harmony that characterizes the sum total of its interior fittings—such for example as the walnut instrument board, the German silver trimmings, the attractive carpeting and the pleasing dome light effects.

And yet, with all of its luxurious qualities, with its thoroughly established record of dependability, with its smooth flow of eight cylinder power, that adds so much to driving pleasure and car performance, the Oldsmobile Sedan is both very moderately priced and extremely economical to operate and maintain.

Compare the Oldsmobile Sedan with other cars even far above its price class. Compare what it offers you in luxury, comfort, power and enduring dependability. We are content to abide by your decision.

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Division of General Motors Corporation

LANSING, MICHIGAN

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Coupe	$1645	Coupe	$2145	Sedan	$2635
Sedan	1795	Sedan	2295	7 Pass. Touring	1735
5 Pass. Touring	1145	4 Pass. Touring	1595	6 Pass. Tour. (Wire Wheels)	1850
Roadster	1145	5 Pass. Touring	1595	4 Pass. Pacemaker	1735

REVIEWS OF NEW NOVELS
Continued

A fierce old man, cherishing an enmity against Ramon's rich old uncle, whom he declares to have cheated him in a mining venture long ago, bringing about his ruin. He is forever talking to Ramon of this ancient grudge, and the time comes when it plays into Ramon's hands in helping him with his real love affair.

For Ramon is in love with a gringo, a fair, clever, shallow girl who is visiting the country with her brother, who is a consumptive, and their mother. Ramon saw her on the train and was immediately captivated by her delicate beauty, tho he entertained no hope of ever seeing her again. But when she turns up in the very town itself, he loses no time in setting siege to her. He succeeds in making her love him, but there is no prospect of a marriage. The consent of her guardians it is impossible to hope for, Ramon has no money to support her with, and the girl has not the devotion nor the courage to make the plunge and run away with him to a life of which she knows nothing.

The situation is tense, for the author is quite able to convey the passionate intensity of Ramon's character. He is a man whom love develops and inspires. With it as a compelling force there is nothing he can not do, little that he does not do. The willing Archulera steps in and removes the uncle, whose money thereby becomes Ramon's. With that he starts out on a campaign to make himself a power in the place, and the story of what he does and of how in the end he fails, but only because the girl fails him, is intensely interesting and convincing.

Mr. Fergusson is a man who knows his material intimately and who is able to create men and women, particularly men. His brief and vivid bits of description stick in the mind. One sees the old Archulera coming from the corral with the bleating kid on his shoulders, the background of dry mesa and rocky mountain, the distant glorious sky in rich sunset hues; one breathes the desert air, and in the curious chapter having to do with the secret order of the Penitentes one seems to move back into medieval times. There is not a sloppy paragraph, not a bit of fine writing or false sentiment in the book. It is the work of a real artist, alive and thrilling, and a far better medium for understanding the Mexican soul and mind than thousands of statistics or endless motion pictures, crowded with American heroes. It is a book warmed with humor, too, and unhurried in its estimates of motives and intentions.

After the wildness of his love story Ramon slips into the lazy and unambitious existence that lies in wait for his type. He can fight hard and live hard when it is a question of getting something he desperately wants. With the hope of that gone he gives up with a kind of terrifying completeness. Nevertheless he has times when the old longings stir:

"There were nights when a strange restlessness possest him, when he lay miserably awake through long dark hours . . . At such times he felt as tho he had been caught in a trap. He saw in imagination the endless unvaried chain of his days stretching before him, and he rebelled against it, and knew not how to break it. . . . He did not know definitely what was the matter with him, nor what he wanted. But he had tasted high aspiration, and desire bright and transforming,

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TREMENDOUS MILEAGE

The Story Owners Tell

Owners cling to their Willys-Knight car for years with an enthusiasm that is almost affection. They prefer it to any other car. For the Willys-Knight gives them tremendous mileage with great economy, unhampered by motor adjustments.

A Buffalo manufacturer writes: "After some 75,000 miles of running, the engine and body are apparently in as good condition as when the car was bought."

A garage mechanic from Walnut, Illinois: "I have driven my Willys-Knight over 100,000 miles, and I certainly have had good service without expense."

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The Willys-Knight Sleeve-Valve Motor eliminates cams, springs and tappets. It *stays* quiet and *always runs*. Fewer parts and simpler operation give freedom from adjustments.

In every detail the Willys-Knight is a car of distinction—in appearance, comfort, economy and long life. It brings luxurious motoring within nearly everybody's reach.

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WILLYS-KNIGHT

Sleeve Valve Motor Improves With Use

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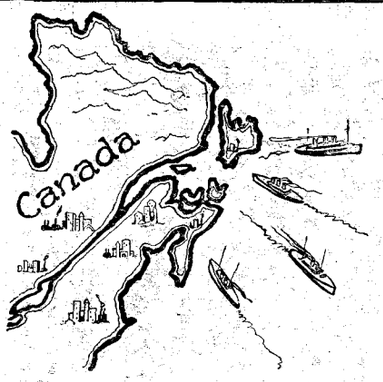

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" "	"	Telegraph
Montreal, Que.	801,216	Gazette
" "	"	La Patrie
" "	"	Star
Toronto, Ont.	512,812	Globe
" "	"	Star
Hamilton, Ont.	110,137	Herald
London, Ont.	60,000	Free Press
Winnipeg, Man.	196,947	Free Press
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REVIEWS OF NEW NOVELS
Continued

and wild, sweet joy. These things had been taken away from him and now life narrowed steadily before him like a blind cañon that pierces a mountain range. The trail at the bottom was easy enough to follow, but the walls drew ever closer and became impassable, and what was the end?"

We leave him, seated in the sun against the adobe wall of his ranch-house, in his hands a letter just come from the vanished girl, long since married to a man picked out by her mother, a letter that calls to him, but that has nothing real to give him. But she wants to hear from him.

The sun shines gently warm, the bees drone, and after all, what is to be done? Slowly Ramon tears the pages into small pieces. He feels drowsy. Archulera's daughter makes him very comfortable, and they have their child and the cañon walls are high. The time of effort is gone for ever.

Those who read this book will want to hear again from this young writer, whose first novel it is. So finished, so worth while a performance for a first book is amazing, and it is especially heartening to have it come out of that West which so far has been more exploited by its story-tellers than faithfully and vividly portrayed.

TEETERING ON THE EDGE

HERE we have a novel, set in modern London, that brings back to one's mind that classic of an older day, Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe." Not of course as to bulk. No, "Dolf," by F. E. Baily (Boni & Liveright, $2.00), is briefer, far and away briefer. But it has a heroine who, amid all sorts of perils and narrow escapes, maintains unblemished her virtue. To be sure, there is a difference even here. For Clarissa's adventures were confined to one man, the one she eventually married, when he had at last discovered that she was to be secured in no way save by marriage, and so married her. Dolf pursues her hazards with a new man for each chapter, or perhaps two to a chapter. There is great deal more kissing in the latter book, too, and Dolf accepts anything else that is offered, from silk stockings to a trip to Africa and a car of her own. Clarissa did none of these things, and Clarissa spent most of her time in a state of terror and anguish unknown to her descendant. Nevertheless, there is a parallel not to be escaped.

Dolf is a girl born to a shop-keeper and his dulled and worn-out wife in a small English village. She is lovely. Indeed, she is adorable, and no man can see her without desiring her. Seventeen and full of spring longings. When we read that she "slipt down to the floor and stood straight as truth, slender as a sword, listening to the silence," it seems a bit too much, and we are tempted to close the book permanently right then and there. But that is about as bad as it ever gets. There are passages almost as disheartening in what follows, but there is also a good deal of sound observation and understanding, and writing that is not forced. It is a book that will make very entertaining reading for a railway trip, and a book of that kind is not to be disregarded, for there are few among us who permanently escape trains. It is one of those books that are constantly teetering on the

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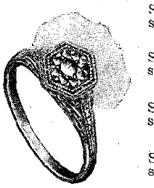

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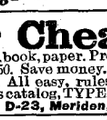

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verge of immorality, yet somehow contriving to keep the proper balance demanded for its reading by a large proportion of the public. Dolf runs away from her village home when her father tries to force her into a marriage with an old man who owns the shop opposite his own. She comes to London to an aunt. From that time we hear nothing more of the father and mother, and after the first interview the aunt also completely disappears. They are all three well drawn, but they drop from the book like stones from the hand and are seen no more. Dolf goes into a London shop and rooms with another of the girls, and from then on it is just one man after another. Young, older, older still, unknown or famous, rich and not so rich. Dolf is capable of loving any one of them up to a certain point, but not beyond it. No, not even though she is offered marriage once or twice by individuals in the procession. "You fool, what do you want?" cries her girl chum, in wrath and amazement when she turns down one young man, crippled, it is true, in the war, yet eligible to a degree. But Dolf feels that he wouldn't have asked her to marry him if he could have got her any other way—here she splits with Clarissa—and also that he would not ask her had he not been a trifle shell-shocked. And Dolf, after all, is really a proud little creature, and she has in her a flame burning, a flame that is waiting for its counterpart before flaring up and consuming her.

There is a good deal of fun and some philosophy to the book. It is full of swift sketches of London and clever character bits. It takes Dolf from the big shop to a newspaper office, from there to a private shop, and it brings her in due course to the stage. Her life is not one of dull routine. She seems to be able to do nothing well, yet she gets along, for is she not lovely, with a straight little nose and a short upper lip, and is her voice not a trilling loveliness, and is she not appealing, affectionate and prodigal of kisses! When one love is off does she not realize "that life still surged around her, that for no one's private griefs did the world stand still, that with every new day new opportunity beckoned!" She is and she does.

There is one man who is in the background of all Dolf's adventures, the man whom she really loves, albeit she does not know this for a long time—not until it is about the moment to end the book. Of course he is married, but it is all a dreadful mistake, and she is a red-headed, queenly, heartless creature who has ruined him and dropt him. But he loves her still, and is impervious to Dolf—until we begin to approach the end. There are two hundred and fifty pages to the story, and about at two hundred you begin to perceive that Dolf is finally headed toward matrimony. She has kept herself safe and is able to give herself to the man she loves. Her perils lie behind her. She will get no more kisses nor silk stockings from the predatory males who have been on her trail for several years. The man she is to marry is poor. As he puts it:

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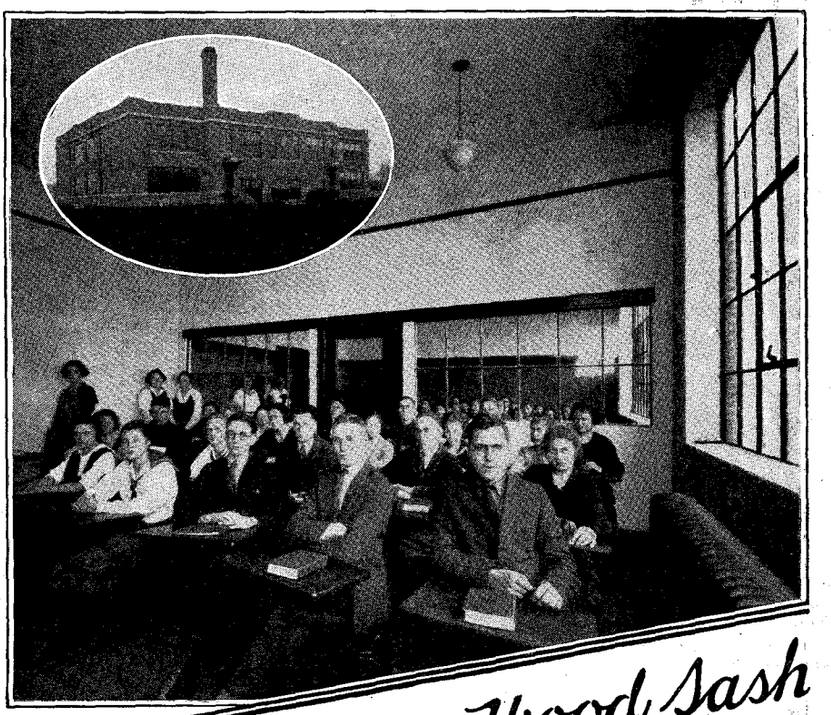
And upon this "She lifted her most wonderful mouth. He kissed her gently, cruelly, ineffably, so that she would willingly die rather than it should end, and she knew that they had always been lovers from the very beginning of the world."



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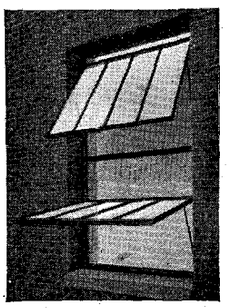

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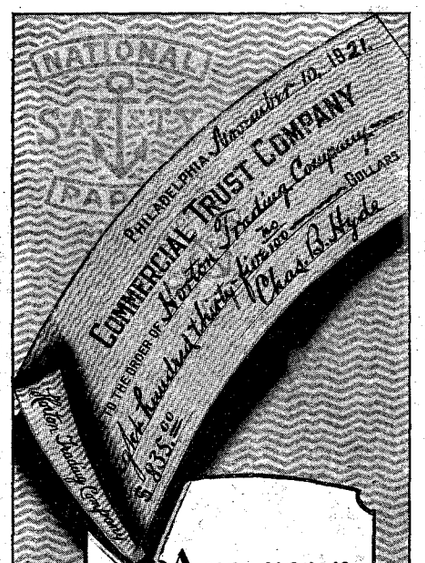

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

THE WORLD'S GOLD SUPPLY IMPERILED

A PARALYZING shortage of gold for the coming year with increased purchasing power of our own huge holdings, a drop in sterling exchange with a loss of British financial prestige, and greater reliance upon silver for monetary purposes, are seen as some of the possible consequences of what was originally a local labor dispute in a South African mine. In recent years the Rand gold mines of South Africa have produced about half of the world's new gold supply. This supply is being cut off, writes Walter V. Fox in *The Annalist*, as an indirect consequence of the recent advance in sterling exchange. The point is that the South African mines have been kept on a paying basis only through the premium derived through the sale of gold for depreciated sterling paper. For the last two and a half years, we read in *The Annalist*, "production costs have steadily mounted, the result of diminishing labor efficiency and excessive inflation of wage rates as well as exhaustion of the richest and most accessible ore resources. With gold 'selling' at its 'par' of 85 shillings per fine ounce on the basis of normal sterling exchange equal to $4.87 to the pound, 31 out of 39 mines could not meet even direct working costs, much less interest and other overhead charges." But since the paper currency is depreciated, the gold producers can get more than a sovereign in paper for a sovereign's worth of gold; that means that the market price of gold varies inversely with the exchange value of the sovereign. Instead of the par price of 85 shillings, the market price of gold in February, 1920, was 127 s. 2 d., which gave the gold producers a premium of 50 per cent. But as British exchange has risen, the "price of gold" has been falling, until it touched a low point of 98 shillings at the end of last year. The mine operators tried to make up for the smaller premium by lowering wages and increasing the proportion of cheap black labor. But a walkout of European miners followed the dismissal of a white boss miner in November. "Continued agitation of white miners against increasing proportion of native black laborers in the mines finally crystallized on January 9, as a general strike against the mining companies." A week later all union labor organizations were called out by the South African Industrial Federation and the entire Rand gold-producing district was tied up. As the writer in *The Annalist* proceeds:

> Mediation of Premier Jan Smuts has been spurned. The great mines have already begun to flood as pumps are abandoned and the entire gold-producing area may ultimately be "drowned out," perhaps not to be reopened for years until general operating conditions have improved and the purchasing power of gold has appreciated. Elimination of 700,000 ounces of new gold supplies each month from a paper-money-surfeited world by ruin of the leading productive district is of incalculable importance. Political effects of the labor revolt are certain to be far-reaching.
>
> When the dispute will be settled and the men prepare to return to work again can not even be estimated at the present time. The temper of British colonial miners, who boast a strong admixture of stubborn "Cousin Jack," or Cornish blood, can be better appreciated by recalling that the famous Broken Hill (Australia) strike, called May, 1919, was not settled until November, 1920.
>
> Many of the lower grade mines now shutting down are virtually certain never to reopen until operating conditions have permanently and fundamentally improved and the threatening labor questions have been definitely settled. Premier Smuts gravely insists that when the big East Rand Proprietary mines suspend pumping, the entire Far East Rand, from Geldenhuis to Benoni, will be flooded. This area is at present the mainstay of the district, in 1920 contributing 63 per cent. of all dividends paid. On the older Main Reef and in the western section, where operating handicaps are even more formidable, a temporary suspension is quite likely to become indefinitely protracted. Withdrawal of practically half of the world's new gold supplies, amounting to more than 700,000 ounces per month, can not fail to exert a pronounced effect upon our own gold position.
>
> The principal bone of contention between the Mine Workers' Union and the operators is the desire of the latter to increase the proportion of cheap native labor and to extend their working hours. Black laborers have been working underground in five-hour shifts. It was proposed to raise this period to a full eight hours, equal to the quota of the white miners. This proposal is resisted as strenuously by the Europeans as a reduction in their own wages. Notwithstanding the opposition of the unions, the operators had expanded their native payrolls from 166,999 in July to 176,410 in November.
>
> Developments of the next few days should indicate how seriously the productivity of the world's leading district is to be affected. If the labor unions are able to force total suspension of operations, as appears likely, the entire Rand may be flooded for an extended period of time. This automatically eliminates more than half of the world's new gold supplies, indicating a paralyzing shortage for the coming year. Purchasing power of our own huge gold stocks should be immeasurably increased by the drying up of productive sources. British trade balances would suffer heavily, with probable reaction of exchange rates. Political effect, particularly loss of British prestige, may become important. Economically, greater reliance may be placed in silver for monetary purposes because of insufficient gold supplies. This action would inestimably benefit the Far East, which has always dealt principally on a silver basis. These examples dramatically portray the worldwide effect that may result from a purely local labor dispute in South Africa.

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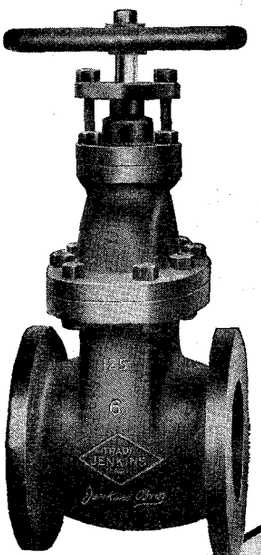

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

February 8.—Armed raiders from South Ireland invade Ulster and kidnap several hundred Unionists and kill two and wound fifteen, besides inflicting much property damage.

February 9.—Ulster's 200-mile frontier is guarded by more than 5,000 armed men, special troops having been called out by the Belfast Cabinet to stop kidnaping raids from the South. In order to help the Irish Provisional Government to keep order, the British Government introduces in the House of Commons a bill giving legislative effect to the Anglo-Irish treaty.

Following serious riots and spread of civil disobedience, the Indian government orders the immediate arrest of Mahatma K. Gandhi, leader of the Non-cooperationist movement.

Negotiations for a commercial treaty between Sweden and Soviet Russia are completed by Swedish and Russian delegates at Stockholm.

The railroad and municipal strikes in Germany collapse.

The Most Rev. Meletios Metaxakis is enthroned as Patriarch of Constantinople. The Athens government does not recognize Metaxakis's election, and its representatives do not attend the ceremony.

February 10.—Eight hundred striking railway workmen seize all the railway stations in Cork, Ireland, the strikers having refused to accept the settlement of their demands made by the Dublin conference.

Clashes between Orange special forces and bands from the Irish Republican Army continue along the Ulster border, and an Ulster officer is killed in ambush.

February 11.—Four Ulster special constables are killed, a number wounded and twenty captured, when the specials are waylaid at Clones by a party of Irish Republican Army men equipped with rifles and a machine-gun.

February 12.—Eamon De Valera opens his campaign against the Irish Provisional Government by addressing in Dublin a great meeting which adopts resolutions saying that the Dail Eireann is not competent to give the Anglo-Irish treaty legal sanction and that, therefore, it is null and void.

Pope Pius XI is crowned in St. Peter's, Rome, the 261st Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church.

February 13.—Because of the serious conditions existing in the border counties, the British military authorities halt the evacuation of troops from southern Ireland.

The All-Russian Central Committee has decided to strip the churches of all creeds of all their treasures and valuables for the benefit of the famine sufferers.

February 14.—Four persons are killed and many wounded in riots in Belfast, the total casualties since last Saturday being twenty-two persons killed and sixty wounded. British troops are brought into the city to help maintain order.

The British Government suspends pro-

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ceedings against Mahatma Gandhi in view of his announced cessation of the campaign of civil disobedience.

President Obregon, of Mexico, causes the execution of three officers who have been found guilty of rebellion by courts martial.

DOMESTIC

February 8.—Construction of fourteen capital ships is suspended by Secretary Denby at the direction of President Harding, in anticipation of ratification of the naval limitation treaty.

The House cooperative marketing bill, a measure designed to aid the agricultural interests, is passed by the Senate.

February 10.—Two hundred organizations in this country, supposedly engaged in Russian famine relief work, are in reality raising money for the Russian Soviet Government, Secretary Hoover reports to President Harding.

February 13.—Having served forty-six years in Congress, a longer period than any other man has served, Representative Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, announces that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself next fall.

More than 30,000 cotton operatives in New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts go on strike as a protest against a wage cut averaging 20 per cent.

February 14.—The United Mine Workers, meeting in Indianapolis, serve notice that the men in the bituminous fields have receded from their contemplated demands for a wage increase, declaring instead for a continuation of the present basic scale. Concerning the anthracite miners, the scale committee's report recommends increases in both day and contract work, and it is said that a strike will be called to enforce the demand, if necessary.

The coroner's jury, investigating the collapse of the Knickerbocker Theater in Washington, brings in a verdict declaring that it was "due to faulty designing and construction and inadequate supervision and inspection." Nine men are ordered held for the Grand Jury in connection with the verdict.

The Telephone's Monologue.—I am a telephone. While I am not broke, I am in the hands of a receiver. I have a mouthpiece, but unlike a woman I never use it. Fellows use me to make dates with girls and girls use me to break said dates. Husbands call up their wives over me and wives call their husbands down over me. I never get to call anywhere, but sometimes the company comes and takes me out. I am not a bee, but I often buzz. I am the "Bell" of the town, and while I do not get jewelry, I often get rings—*Sent from Duluth.—The Northwestern Bell.*

Bernard's Religion.—Gilbert K. Chesterton's characteristic amenity in his phrase "the Radical Snail," meaning Bernard Shaw, recalls to the writer of a letter in the New York *Times* the saying of Israel Zangwill about Shaw: "The way he believes in himself is very refreshing in these atheistic days, when so many men believe in no God at all."—*The Universalist Leader.*

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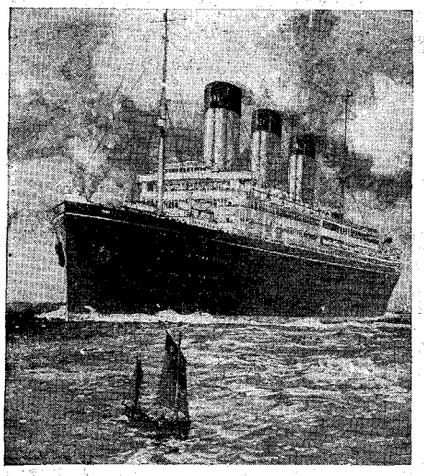

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Simple.—"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

"Don't let them turn in."—*Purple Cow.*

Single-Track Mind.—"When is your daughter thinking of getting married?"

"Constantly."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

A Long Year.—"Eleven years more of life were enjoyed by the average American in 1910 than in 1855."—*From our own* LITERARY DIGEST, *sent in by a kind reader.*

Not Too Good.—WIFE (introducing ailing husband)—"I dunno what's the matter with him, Doctor, but I think he must have got hold of some of that good-natured alcohol."—*New York World.*

Filling the Prescription.—SHE—"The doctor tells me that I need a change of climate."

HE—"You'll get it. The barometer is falling."—*Kasper* (*Stockholm*).

Not the Cake Kind.—MRS. NEWLYWED (tearfully, after complaints about sponge cake)—"It's that wretched chemist's fault—he must have given me the wrong k-kind of sponges!"—*London Opinion.*

Careful Listeners.—"When the eyes are shut, the hearing becomes more acute," says a medical authority. We have noticed people trying this experiment in church.—*London Opinion.*

One Use for 'Em.—A restaurant in Butler, Mo., displays this sign:

"DON'T DIVORCE YOUR WIFE BECAUSE SHE CAN'T COOK.

"EAT HERE AND KEEP HER FOR A PET."

—*Pacific Retail Adviser.*

Bad Case.—"What does young Bjinks mean by sending me one carnation a day, right along?"

Why, don't you know? He's saying it with flowers, and he stutters."—*Oral Hygiene.*

Into the Spot Light.—"I understand you think of retiring from public life and going into the motion-picture industry."

"I shouldn't call it 'retiring from public life,'" rejoined Senator Sorghum. "For a statesman to associate himself with the films these days is like emerging from comparative obscurity."—*Washington Star.*

Her Marital Creed.—Mrs. Worth had just learned that her colored workwoman, Aunt Dinah, had at the age of seventy married for the fourth time. "Why, Aunt Dinah," she exclaimed, "you surely haven't married again!"

"Yassum, honey, I has," was Aunt Dinah's smiling reply. "Jes' as of'en as de Lawd takes 'em, so will I."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Discovered!—A young couple on their honeymoon stopped off at Buffalo for a few days to take in the Falls. To while away time one evening while his wife was dressing for dinner her husband picked up a copy of *Snappy Stories.*

Presently the bride tiptoed over to his chair and glanced over his shoulder. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "I've married a bookworm!"—*The Bookseller and Stationer.*

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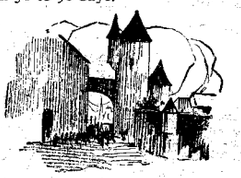

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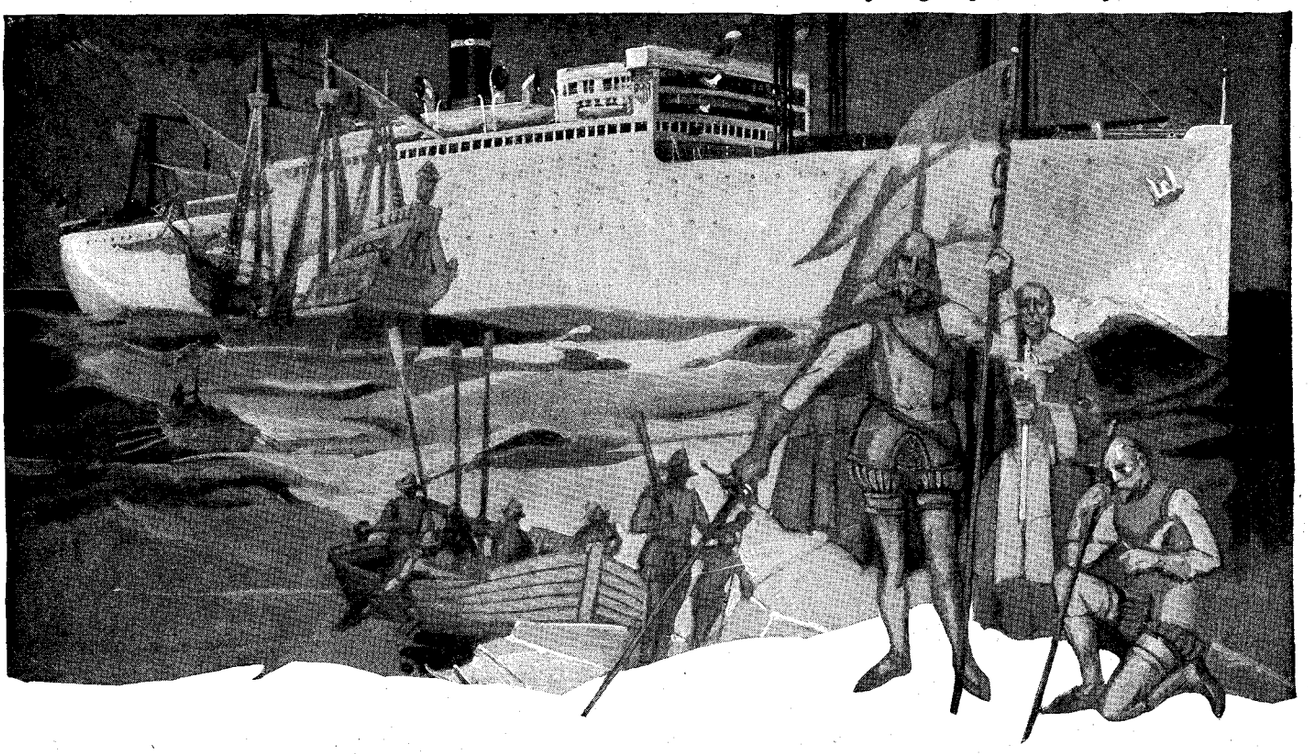

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Your Government wishes the name of every prospective traveller. If you are considering an ocean voyage anywhere, send the information blank now — no matter when you intend to go. You will receive without cost the Government booklet of authentic travel information about passports, income tax requirements, etc.; description of the U. S. Government ships and literature telling of things to see in foreign lands. You will be under no obligations.

If you yourself cannot take an ocean trip, clip the information blank anyway, and ask some friends who may go to send it in.

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*Business or Profession*_____

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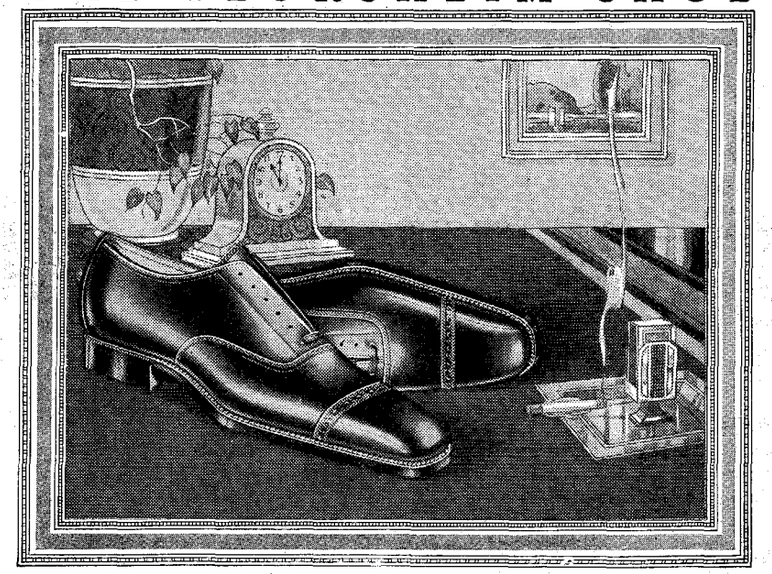

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THE SPICE OF LIFE
Continued

Bovinely Speaking.—HOTEL GUEST—"Has Mike Howe registered here?"

CLERK—"What do you think this is, a stable?"—*Oral Hygiene.*

Helpful Advice.—DOCTOR (to patient)—"It's nothing to worry about—just a little boil on the back of the neck. But you must keep your eye on it."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

The Kind Desired.—CLERK—"So you wish to open a joint account with your husband. Current or drawing?"

SHE—"Oh, deposit for him——,—drawing for me."—*Kasper* (*Stockholm*).

Too Much to Expect.—We note that Secretary of War Weeks has put the official O. K. on the new Pershing cap for officers. But how is a second lieutenant going to get a mere Pershing cap on his head?—*The Kansas Legionaire.*

He Knew.—PLEASANT POLLY (entertaining big sister's beau)—"Oh, Adolphus, guess what father said about you last night!"

ADOLPHUS—"I haven't an idea in the world."

PLEASANT POLLY—"Oh, shame! You listened."—*Oral Hygiene.*

Well-known Pest.—"Why did you decline to express your opinion when that caller asked for it?" inquired the secretary.

"He didn't really want my opinion," replied Senator Sorghum. "He was lonesome and wanted to start an argument."—*Washington Star.*

The Quarter at Church.—An instance of momentary success in the collection has been noted when the minister published the following soliloquy in the congregational calendar: "I am 25 cents. I'm too small to buy a quart of oil; I'm too small to buy one-half pound of candy; I'm too small to buy a ticket to a good movie show; I'm even too small to buy a box of undetectable rouge; but most people think I'm 'some money' when I come to church."—*The Christian Register* (*Boston*).

Rival Bidders.—The clergyman's eloquence may have been at fault, still he felt annoyed to find that an old gentleman fell asleep during the sermon on two consecutive Sundays. So, after service on the second week, he told the boy who accompanied the sleeper that he wished to speak to him in the vestry.

"My boy," said the minister, when they were closeted together, "who is that elderly gentleman you attend church with?"

"Grandpa," was the reply.

"Well," said the clergyman, "if you will only keep him awake during my sermon, I'll give you a nickel each week."

The boy fell in with the arrangement, and for the next two weeks the old gentleman listened attentively to the sermon. The third week, however, found him soundly asleep.

The vexed clergyman sent for the boy and said: "I am very angry with you. Didn't I promise you a nickel a week to keep him awake?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but grandpa now gives me a dime not to disturb him."—*The Christian Intelligencer and Mission Field* (*New York*).

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